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HORSE-SHOE NAILS:

OR

NEW IDEAS ON OLD SUBJECTS.

BY

MINOR HUGO.

" For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
" For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
" For want of a horse the rider was lost,
" Being overtaken and slain by the enemy,
" And all for want of care
" About a horse-shoe nail."

POOR RICHARD.

LONDON:

GEORGE EARLE, 67, CASTLE STREET,
BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

1843.



PRINTED BY W. ROWBOTTOM, DERBY.

PREFACE.

SOME seven weeks ago, perhaps more, certainly not less, we perpetrated a small work, or rather volume, on divers subjects, and wishing to "see how the thing looked in print," we entrusted the manuscript to the care of our worthy friend, Mr. ———, of ———, in the county of Leicester, he promising to furnish us with 12 pages per week for correction and revision. A fortnight elapsed, and a second perpetration appeared, "ready for the press," but as it happened that only two sheets had then been issued of the first volume, and but a small portion of the manuscript being consumed, we began to calculate how long it would take to bring out the two; the result of our arithmetic being any thing but satisfactory, and the work merely an ephemeral production, suited to the immediate period of time in which we now live, we applied to another worthy friend, Mr. ———, of ———, in the county of Derby, enquiring how much time would be taken up in the publication of vol. 2, of the work in question. His reply was, that it was rather uncertain, but at all events, he could promise 24 pages per week, or by working extra hours, 36. We declared our satisfaction with 24 pages, and "so things went on" for

three weeks; when, lo, upon finding our writing-desk refuse to be closed with any thing like the customary ease, we sought for the cause, and found yet a third volume of "Hints and Reflections for Railway Travelers and others," resolutely resisting our efforts to close the desk aforesaid. Upon this, we wrote to a third esteemed friend, Mr. ———, of ——— Street, London, to know what could be done with this additional production of our brain; he promptly sent back for answer, that his printer would engage to furnish 48 pages per week, or 72 if we were in a very great hurry indeed; and we opine from this, that if a fourth had been ready, and we had written to Oxford or Cambridge for similar information, the reply would have been that they could supply 96 pages per week, and so on, *ad infinitum*, each doubling the quantity of his predecessor,—such a surmise at least is not without some foundation, as a glance at this small history will prove.

Now, having done all this, our friends hearing that we were "in the press," naturally became exceeding anxious to know when we were "coming out," and as we are totally unable to give any reply save the reference to Mr. ———, of ———, in the county of Leicester; to Mr. ———, of ———, in the county of Derby, and Mr. ———, of ——— Street, in London, we, by way of appeasing their appetite, just as some people are wont to do with a biscuit and a glass of sherry before dinner, beg to present them with No. 1 of "Horse-Shoe Nails," which we humbly hope will not spoil their appetite for the forthcoming dinner, nor entrench too much upon their monetary resources, so far as to cause

a deficiency, when the plate goes round after the repeat. We do not propose to send in a bill thus :—

Luncheon.

Biscuits	-	-	-	0	0	6
Glass of Sherry			-	0	1	6
				<hr/>		
				0	2	0
				<hr/>		

but when they apply at the bookseller's, and ask, as they would at the toll-gate, "What's to pay?" they will find a similar answer to that which our old crony of the Marsh Gate, Westminster, or he of New Cross would give to a like question, simply, "Tuppence, please," or "threppence," as the case may be.

Again; we beg to deprecate the idea of sending forth these Horse-Shoe Nails upon aerostatic principles, as those ambitious persons who navigate the atmospheric regions are wont to send off a pilot balloon previously to their own voyage, to see "which way the wind blows;" our course being decided by the laws of nature and common sense, to both of which the direction of the vane, or the wind which governs it, are of no consequence whatsoever. We have chosen the cognomen of "Horse-Shoe Nails," because we deem that a few matters are touched upon in the course of this and the "forthcoming" work, which, like the aforesaid very useful, though diminutive articles, are very apt to be dropped and overlooked by Society and her children, in the pell-mell race in which they seem to be at present engaged; and we, having little else to do, and considering that, from the mere fact of inattention to trifles, many an oversight results, have

amused ourselves with picking up these "wee things," thinking they might be serviceable, at some time or other, and being fully convinced of the truth of Poor Richard's axiom, which forms the motto to this work. Moreover, we are of opinion, that our smiths of the present day are but very indifferent hands at their trade, and we are quite sure, that, in addition to the loss of nails, and the consequent loss of shoes, many a nail is driven forcibly in, in a wrong direction, thus causing lameness, sometimes wholly incurable, and crippling the sufferer in society for life, or else, temporarily inflicting severe suffering by heedlessness, hurry, or indifference. We have felt deeply for these poor creatures, when we have seen them hobbling along in pain and distress, and have been inclined to be exceedingly indignant with the smiths who have wantonly caused so much suffering. But the reflection that they only acted upon the system they were taught in the days of their apprenticeship, in some measure appeased our anger, and we concluded, that in lieu of evincing displeasure, a more charitable and better method would be to devise a more rational plan of shoeing, and leave it to their own good sense and principles to adopt the same, if they thought fit.—Trusting, then, that our motive will be fully appreciated, and referring our readers to the "forthcoming" publication for enlightenment on the subject of "shoeing," we, with the utmost deference and respect, take leave to present them with the first of our (not patent) Horse-Shoe Nails.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH,
MAY 6, 1843.

HORSE SHOE NAILS.

CHAPTER I.

FEAR.

A FRIEND of ours, with whom we were a few days ago discussing the subject of association, inquired upon what basis our views were founded, with respect to the governing principle by which the inhabitants of our projected institutions were to be actuated.* We stated, that by the removal of all known incentives to the commission of evil, a large proportion of the evil itself must of necessity cease, and that the *fear* of evil would, in some degree, tend to the promotion of good. He did not appear to relish the notion of compulsion

* To those of our friends who are not acquainted with the nature of our work, or the particular Institutions to which we here allude, it is necessary to state that we uphold the doctrine of Association, on true Christian principles, as a remedy for many of the evils and distresses of Society. We have adopted the term Phalansterian, from a work called "The Phalanx;" and as every Joint-Stock or other Association is literally a Phalanx, or unitary combination of individuals for the common weal of all, so we deem, that the principle, *if rightly entered upon, and judiciously carried out*, will be just as serviceable to society at large, as the Railways or their companies are in their own proper sphere. Any attempt to establish union upon an improper foundation, as in the case of Socialism, is as certain to meet with its deserved fate as that wretched measure has already done; and the same remark will apply to any design to subvert or evade the Evangelical truth of that holy and blessed word, which commands us to "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us," and to do all to the glory of Him, to whom we owe all we enjoy here, or hope to realize of bliss hereafter.

produced by fear, but acknowledged that he had that very morning applied to an influential gentleman in his own immediate neighbourhood, to exercise his authority, with the view of checking the redundant vice and corruption of the village in which he resides. We then inquired what principle actuated the people in this case, but the *fear* of some direct application of the magistrate's authority, in the way of punishment? And whether, in the event of this alternative being resorted to, any tangible method was likely to be devised as a substitute for the immorality, debauchery, and poverty of which our friend so justly complained? He honestly confessed that there existed no such probability, "but," he added, "something should be done;" with which apothegm we cordially agreed. Let us therefore take the matter under consideration, and not saying, as John Bull usually does on all such occasions, "I'm sure I don't know what we *must* do," but putting on a cheerful countenance, and taking heart in the business, let us see what *can* be done; and surely, in these days of invention, expedients are not utterly exhausted, neither is that trite maxim yet falsified, to wit, "Where there's a will, there's always a way."

First, then, as regards fear. We take this to be a very wholesome and natural corrective of evil, when applied in the way dictated by the Divine law; but, as we *now* apply it, we believe it to be a principle aggravation of almost every known evil, if not an absolute origin of many, or the major proportion of evils. Some wag has very absurdly stated, that "Love rules the court, the city, and the camp;" we say it is a downright fib, though we wish, with all our hearts, the

poet were right ; but, as things now are "Fear rules the man, the woman, and the child," and with this rod of iron do we vainly strive to effect that which such a sceptre has, in all ages of the world, failed to obtain, viz. power, *i. e.* the ability to do good, and promote the doing of good by others, which, according to our notion of things, is the legitimate aim of all authority.

Secondly, let us review the method in which we now apply fear as a governing principle of action. We begin in the nursery, and almost the first intelligible words a child hears are, "you sha'nt do that," or, "You must not do this;" and if the young animal persists, we all know, and few of us can say we never *felt*, the consequences of saying in answer to "you sha'nt," "I will."

Some people are apt to tell us, that in every case "the least said is the soonest mended;" like many other maxims of society, few can be more erroneous than this, as reference to the above-cited nursery experience will most abundantly prove; it would scarcely be possible to "say less," in reply to "you sha'nt," and "I will," and yet we see how much we have to mend in this case by saying the least that can be said; therefore, we would again urge upon Society, never to be contented with abstract superficial views of any subject, but when she finds her rivers growing muddy, and the fish sickening in consequence, we advise her, by all means, to go and look at the springs by which the river is fed, and we will be bound for it she finds that the cattle have broken through the fence, and are amusing themselves with stirring up the mud at the spring-head, or that some such cause exists, the

removal of which is entirely in her own power, and, consequently, the effect likewise.

We have declared fear to be a very wholesome corrective of evil, and we mean what we assert, for it is a natural appliance, and therefore *must* be wholesome, and this is the way Nature applies it:—she says to her children, when they are going to do some silly thing or other, which she knows to be injurious, “Now, my dears, if you do that, you will either hurt yourselves or somebody else, and your example will induce others to do the same, and they in their turn will effect a larger circle, just as you have seen a stone thrown into the middle of a sheet of water, first makes one ring of a wave round the spot where it fell in, and that wave makes two or three more, and so on until a very large space is put in motion by one very minute substance; but,” says she, in continuation, “if you do *not* do this evil thing, just look around you, and see how many good things your Maker has provided for you to do instead, and by doing any one of which, you may just create as many large circles of good as in the other case you would have created of evil circles, and, moreover, you will abundantly delight your own selves in the performance.”

This we assert is Nature's way; now let us look at our own. We fancy we see a young lady of some six years of age, who has just been told by her mamma that she “sha'nt” do something or other, which she evinces very considerable aptitude or desire to do; there stands the beautiful little creature, leaning against a chair in the window-seat, one foot crossed over the other, her finger up to her pouting mouth,

her other hand sulkily employed in picking the chair-cover to pieces, and a tear just ready to drop from the corner of those dark eye-lashes, the shade of which is heightened by the rich dark curls that overhang the whole countenance; presently you will perceive that she is gradually and noiselessly gliding up to the forbidden spot, in the hope that her mother, who is very busy at another part of the room, will not perceive what she is about, and she intends to make a dash at what she wanted, and then to rush out of the room; but mamma is up to all this sort of thing, so you will hear—"you had better not, Miss, for I see you:" the child begins to reason, "but why may'nt I, mamma?" The only answer she probably receives is, "because I don't choose it to be done, love, and that's enough." It proves, however, to be any thing but enough, for the child not at all understanding such a knock-me-down argument, again has recourse to stratagem, and just as she reaches the very thing she was so anxious to obtain, in making a dash at it she oversets a small work-table, with a whole shrubbery of flowers, a lot of cabinet-maker's work in the form of work-boxes, and sundry other knick-knackeries, and the china vase which contained the shrubbery aforesaid is smashed to irreclaimable destruction. Mamma starts up in a passion, seizes the young lady, and, perhaps, strikes her with all the power she can collect, drags her up to the nursery or the school-room, or sends for the nurse to do this; the child is in disgrace for the rest of that day, and the mother out of temper for two days, at least, and upon casting up the sum, we find that *fear* has, in this case, produced very fearful results, for it

has done a little world of harm, and not one iota of perceivable good. "But," says the Lady Mother to us, "Why I thought you said just now that fear was a very wholesome thing, and where is the use of it, if we are not to employ it when and how we please?"

You are quite correct, Madam, in one respect, we did assert that fear was very wholesome *when applied in Nature's own way*, but if employed *when and how you please*, as, for instance, in the manner you have just been pleased to exhibit to our notice, you perceive that it only creates confusion, and produces an *effect* the very opposite to what would naturally be desired; there must consequently be something wrong in the application, and we will endeavour to get at the root of the matter. In the first place, let us inquire, whether, if the young lady's wish had been acceded, such a vast amount of damage would have accrued as the refusal of her wish has tended to produce;—in all likelihood this was not the case: secondly, we will ask, are not the desires of children of as much importance to them, and, consequently, quite as worthy of deep consideration, as those of grown-up persons? You say, "certainly not;" we reply, that "in strict and literal justice there is no difference whatsoever;" the child has as legitimate a natural right to have its wishes, desires, and tastes consulted, as the parent, or the wisest or greatest man in existence; but, mark us well, we are not asserting that all the desires of children are to be recklessly gratified the moment they are evinced, but, the child is as much entitled to a reason for refusal, and a proper substitution for the thing refused, as the greatest emperor who ever occupied an imperial throne.

In the case just quoted, we will presume the child wanted a plaything, which was a noisy article, and you at the moment were desirous of peace and quiet; the only alternative you offered for the disappointment of your little girl's wish was the fear of punishment; and recollect, it was not the punishment which would have *naturally* resulted in the order of things, but, a painful infliction of your own devising, so that your child must inevitably do one of two things,—either it must suffer sorrow for the deprivation of its wish, or punishment for the acquisition of that wish.

Now only reflect, Madam, upon your own case in your earlier days, and you will at once see our real meaning. It is not impossible you may have heard of some such place as Gretna Green, and it may so happen, (pardon us for the surmise, but we *have* known such things to occur before now,) that “once upon a time” your own choice lay between the *fear* of your parent's anger, and the intense affection you bore towards a certain person, now your husband; we do not ask you to “confess,” but did not you try every way you could possibly think of to gain possession of the desired object, before you “made a dash” at Gretna Green, and thereby upset, not a work-table merely, but a whole house, and every living thing that that house contained? of what avail was fear then? Nature laughed at it, for she saw that it was no obstacle to her decrees, and you, Madam, were only trying your hand at a practical exemplification of the lesson your own parents and nurses had taught you, and which you, in spite of your experience to the contrary, imagine will produce the proper effect upon the mind

of your own child. Now, we assert, that if you had applied the principle of fear in the manner of Nature, you would have acted somewhat after this fashion: on first perceiving the child's inclination to do that which was disagreeable to yourself, you would instantly have sought for a substitute, which you knew would be equally pleasing to the child; and then, instead of saying "you sha'nt," which is the invariable *natural* forerunner of "I will," and which two are the parents of—"Did ever any body hear of such a thing? little boys and girls must never say I will, and I won't, they must do as they're bid;" instead, therefore, of producing this large family of opponents and obstacles, if you had quietly withdrawn the little girl's attention to the substitute, and taken care that it should at least have been quite as valuable as the thing relinquished, and then rationally afforded the child a reason for what you had done; why, we assert, you would have exercised fear in the *natural* way, not the fear of punishment of your infliction, but the fear of grieving you, and the remorse consequent thereupon; your child would have imbibed a high respect for your wisdom, and a confidence in the rectitude of your judgment; you would have saved your china and your cabinet-work, and you may depend upon it, the young lady would never in after-life pay a visit to Gretna Green without first consulting you on the subject; by doing which another good would result, namely, this,—that probably she would find that as your ideas were a little clearer than her own, the necessity for going to Gretna Green might be obviated altogether.

So much for fear as a governing principle in its

application to the "young idea;" let us now see how the "system works" in the mode we adopt with regard to our children of mature age. How does it act with regard to men and women, do we ask?—let the jail, the magistrate, the penal colonies, the streets of our towns, our penitentiaries, our hospitals, the judge, the lawyer, the politician, the philanthropist—in short, let every grade and every condition of life stand forth and give the reply to our most simple query. You tell the poacher he shall not go out in pursuit of game, and in lieu you offer him the wages of starvation, the alehouse, or the union workhouse; you warn your young people against the sin of fornication, and you have cast such a thick murky cloud over matrimony, and made that, the fruitful source of such intense deprivation and suffering, which the Almighty designed to be one of his greatest blessings, as most effectually deters many from entering upon the condition. You have made gold and silver the chief end and aim of all existence, and mockingly have lifted up your voice against the love of money. Society has done all this, and failing most glaringly in effecting her purpose of subjugation by means of *fear*, she wonderingly asks, "Why am I thus?"

The answer is ready, for Nature's self supplies it, even though the still small voice of conscience fail to attract attention. You have substituted the fear of man, *of Society*, for that fear which alone is true wisdom, and which worketh by love, not by mere compulsion. Can you, then, deem it strange that all your efforts are in vain—that your church pews are empty—that your streets swarm with the poor misguided victims of *your* system of fear—that your jails overflow,

—that “you waited for light, but behold obscurity ; for brightness, but you walked in darkness—that you looked for judgment, but there was none—that judgment was turned away backward, and justice stood afar off?” Why is it, but because society has “departed away from her God, speaking oppression and revolt, conceiving and uttering from the heart, words of falsehood.”

Does not this suffice for a reason? Then, ask your own hearts how far the fear of human punishment deterred you in your childhood's days from the commission of evil? Did it not produce a corresponding increase of desire to do the very thing you were threatened with punishment for doing? Has not the very command induced you to break the law, simply from the overbearing manner in which it has been given to you? And have you never been overcome and vanquished entirely by the total reverse of such treatment as this? When, by a kind substitution of some more valuable gift than the one you sought, and an affectionate reasoning with you on the part of the giver, the tears have been brought to your eyes, and your heart softened by kindness, which heart no fear of punishment would ever have subdued; would not the *fear of grieving* that friend have been infinitely more effective in preventing you from doing any thing to grieve or afflict him, than the fear of any punishment, irrespective of such a consideration have been? And is not this the way in which the Almighty employs fear as a motive to the commission of good and the prevention of evil? We are sadly too apt to regard our Maker as the God of judgment, and not of mercy. He has

said, "These are my laws, obey them, and bliss unutterable shall be yours; transgress them, and you will die."

Do we thus make use of fear, either in our public or private intercourse with our neighbour? Do we offer such reward or obedience to our laws? or are they only mere stringent orders, to the obedience to which no reward is attached, but to the transgression of them, punishment the most severe we dare to apply is invariably appended? And can we, are we so foolishly blind, as to suppose, for an instant, that slavish fear, mere animal dread, will produce effects which we daily and hourly see, prevented by the very application we make use of as a means for their production? The *fear* of punishment may suppress the commission of visible crime in a degree, but in just so great a degree does it foster the atrocities of secret crime. Did we ever try that holy fear, which worketh by love, as an incentive to good, and have we ever yet known it to fail? Never, we will fearlessly venture to assert. But, says one, *I have* tried it, and it does not answer." We reply, "either you applied the remedy partially only, or did not choose to give yourself time enough, or *trouble*, as you thought it, to investigate the effect." Perhaps you say, "I have offered rewards to the diligent, sober, and industrious person:" granted,—but what was your reward? *the object of that reward could have gained a greater by the transgression of your law*; and this is not the mode in which your Maker and great Lawgiver applies reward as a motive for action.

We hesitate not to affirm, that we ought to take shame to ourselves for the small inducement we hold

out to our fellow-creatures for the commission of good, and the great incentives we offer to vice. We think it enough if we tell them that their own consciences are a sufficient reward for obedience to our laws, and we shut our ears, as well as our eyes, to the fact, that a starving, sickly body is but a poor conductor to the electrical voice of conscience.

Many and many a time has been, when a hearty meal would have saved a man from ruin and crime, which all the mere dread of punishment, temporal or eternal, was not adequate to the prevention of. One look, one word of kindness, as we can amply testify, has, ere this, saved a fellow-creature from an act of desperation; and we could point to numberless instances where the fear of hurting the feelings of a benefactor has had more power, as a restraining motive, than all the dread of the jail, the magisterial authority, or any human punishment whatsoever.

Then build your Phalansteries, and make your poacher your keeper; take away the barrier from matrimony, and encourage it to the utmost; destroy and eradicate your ginshops and your alehouses utterly out of the land; give your people an interest in the estate on which you live; reward their endeavours, not with the paltry, ridiculous substitutes Society now dares to insult her children by offering, but let her freely dispense the blessings and luxuries which are so bountifully lavished upon her, as freely as she receives them, and you will then remove crime by *fear* indeed, but it will not be the fear we now employ; the magistrates may assemble, but it will be for a far different purpose than that which now calls for their attention;

they will consult, not upon the punishments they have to inflict, but upon the various methods of giving to all, the blessings they themselves enjoy; your streets will exhibit a goodly array of sons and daughters, but no longer the children of crime and destitution; their homes will be peaceful habitations of comfort and happiness, not the disgusting dens of filth and corruption with which we expect them now to rest contented. Society may then lift up her head when she meets her glorious family, and in blessing them will she herself be blessed indeed. Up, then, Christian friends, and shake off the mesmeric slumber of expediency; let us not "wait and see" how much misery can be produced by the union poor-house, the gin-shop, and by thwarting the laws of Nature, or evading those of our God; let us not "wait and see" how far the power of human endurance may be strained, or how degraded and debased the human faculties by poverty and crime may become; let us not "wait and see" to what extent fear can be made to act as a restraining principle; rather let us make to ourselves strong cords of love and gratitude as our blessed Saviour has done, and with them let us gently lead the toil-worn wayfarer from the thorny path into which, by our negligence and avarice, he has been induced to wander; by them, let us raise him over every difficulty, and bring him back to the straight and pleasant paths of peace, of happiness, and virtue. Tell us not that the heart of the labourer or the mechanic, or the enslaved sempstress, is a barren or an unfruitful soil, and incapable of amelioration; we deny it wholly; it is a garden which we have shamefully neglected, and one which contains the most abun-

dant resources, were we not too idle to undertake the tillage thereof; you may impose your educational schemes, you may terrify by legislative enactments, but ask yourselves, how are these things likely to affect a mind debased by toil, enfeebled by starvation, and degraded by crime? We all know well, that with a mind at ease, a man may work wonders if his energies be called forth, but it is equally undisputable, that the very same man may, by distress or poverty, be brought, in the course of a very few weeks, to a state of utter helplessness, both of mind and body; then betake yourselves to the cultivation of the garden in which you are placed; "wait not and see" until the whole area be choked by weeds, nor leave it desert and uncropped, but eradicate the weeds on their first appearance; fill the ground with wholesome fruits and plants, and you will find that "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

If we be asked, by what means these new establishments of ours are to be set on foot, we reply, the means are in our power; we have hoards of capital now waiting for investment, and for the profit of such outlay, we have the surest vouchers. Should, however, this assertion be unsatisfactory, it is our intention, if life be spared, and this our first sample of "horse-shoe nails" be deemed worthy of a trial, to send forth another on the topic of wealth. In the course of our

wanderings, we have picked up a neglected "nail" of this kind; and although it was so bent and twisted as to be scarcely reducible into any thing like an useable form, still, by dint of care and hammering, we have been enabled to bring it at last into shape; but let us not anticipate—the material of the nail which forms the subject of our present lucubrations is good, but we are woefully apt to mistake its native intent; and in our application of it to the wants of society, we are utterly heedless as to how and where the nail be driven in, so long as it enters by main force being applied: fear is an useful adjunct; but mere animal dread will never evangelize the world, or deter man from crime.

Failing, then, as we have most signally done, in using this nail to any efficient purpose hitherto, let us now try a different mode; let us, for the fear of the law, substitute the fear of the gospel, that holy fear which worketh by love, and bringeth forth the fruit of repentance and every good work; let us try what effect will be produced upon the minds of our fellow men by making them, not the *purveyors* merely, but the *partakers* of our every joy and luxury; let us make their homes as full of comfort as our own; withdraw the toll gate from the high road of matrimony; encourage the holy alliance, for it is a law of nature, and you can neither obstruct the path, or place a barrier in the way of those who wish to travel on that road, without transgressing an unerring law given you by the great Law-giver himself. In vain have you endeavoured hitherto to pervert His right ways; all you have produced by the attempt has been crime, misery, and destitution. Awake, then, ere it be too late; retrace the path you

have so blindly trodden, and an abundant compensation will be yours; recollect, that although you are entitled to the corporeal labour of your poorer fellow-creature in his position of humility, he is entitled to his wages, and not those merely; as you, by incessant demands upon his bodily faculties, give him no time for the cultivation of his mind, or depress his reasoning powers to such a degree, that his development of them is more likely to be injurious than beneficial to society, you are in so much bound to *think for him*, and while he is wearing out his best strength in your service for a pittance which ought to make every Englishman blush for very shame, it should be yours to apply the best powers of your mind to the improving of his condition, the lessening of his labour, and the raising of his position in the social scale. Would he *fear* you the less for this? Would your rest be the more disturbed by the thought, that as your worldly substance was increased by your brother's toil, his position was gradually being elevated by a corresponding degree of the exercise of the mental faculty on your part and on his behalf? We trow not: as his sufferings were alleviated, so would your sleep be sweeter, your condition prosperous, and your country might then be justly proud of her children; they, in their turn, might, with humility and thankfulness, admire the glorious beauty of their mother, and she, on the arrival of that joyful hour, when the Chief Shepherd shall appear to summon his sheep into the everlasting fold of bliss, may be enabled with *fear* indeed, but with a trembling, rapturous, humble faith, to exclaim, in answer to her name being called over in the great muster-roll of nations,

"Behold, here am I, and the children which Thou hast given me."

Let us meditate, then, upon these topics, and not meditate merely, but act vigorously and strenuously upon them. Away with all mystification and absurdities of expediency: nothing can be expedient which has not the sanction of the word of truth; and we have in our worldly wisdom, wandered so far from this unerring guide-post, that, if we take not heed in time, we shall be unable to re-discover it, when lost and bewildered in the mazes of expediency, political economy, competition, avarice and ambition, we shall cry out in *fear* and agony, for some friendly hand to lead us to the guide-post we, in our pride and sinful folly, have left so far behind. Thank God, it yet is left upon the highway, and though, through our culpable negligence, the written words which mark the way, are somewhat defaced by the mud cast thereupon by certain enemies of our faith, who, unawares, have crept in and endeavoured, while we were wandering, to efface the direction and bewilder us yet more on our return; nevertheless let us, while we have time, cleanse off the foul mire, and set watchmen to keep the treasure committed to our care: so shall our path be clear as the sun, the bright pillar of fire shall once more remove to the front of our camp, and summon us to arise and advance toward the glorious land of promise which lies a-head of our track, and which only waits for our occupation.

CHAPTER II.

WEALTH.

IN a former work we took the article of "money" under consideration. This is by most persons thought to constitute the basis of wealth ; but if we examine its nature, tendency, and capabilities, it is much to be feared that we have been building upon a most treacherous foundation, for upon it we place the prosperity, nay, the very existence, of our population ; and, as that population increases, so do we in like ratio find the foundation of wealth, or money, incompetent to the support of the structure. It has been for years gradually giving way ; and we are now arrived at the point, when the whole building threatens to topple over, and crush society beneath the ruins. It is objected, that if we relinquish money, i. e. gold or silver, as the standard of every thing valuable or desirable in this world, we have nothing left as a foundation whereupon to establish a new system. We are told, that barter then becomes our only resource ; and we paint the spectre in such hideous colours, that none dare look it steadily in the face. It must be confessed, that in the guise in which society has dressed the figure, the mere coup d'œil is enough to appal the most courageous, if they are not

aware of the actual appearance it exhibits when in its natural habiliments ; but let us proceed to disencumber it of the absurd and unseemly dress with which society in her folly has tricked it out, and we shall then be better able to judge whether of the twain, legitimate barter, or gold and silver, be the better corner stone of our " House of Exchange."

Money, intrinsically considered, i. e. gold and silver, ought, in order to form a just medium of exchange, to increase in exact ratio with the increase of the population of any country which makes use of it as such medium : failing this, it is unjust and manifestly pernicious, inasmuch as it creates confidence where there is no ground for trust, and leaves the truster in the lurch just at the very time when its services are most required.

Now we find that the value of the whole of the gold and silver mines in Europe, Asia, and America, is only £8,878,000 per annum ; the whole amount of gold and silver in circulation in the known globe, being £444,250,000, the population, at the same time, about 700,000,000, it follows, that if all the world depended upon money for support, and the price of aliment was what it now is, May 1st, 1843, every individual in the world would be bankrupt in a week, and might be starved to death or turn cannibal for want of some better subsistence. It is clear, therefore, that as a foundation, in the present state of population, money is useless, nay, eminently injurious ; that is to say, gold and silver money. The relative evils accruing from such a standard are well worthy of the deepest consideration and study ; but for the present we forego the discussion of them, having principally the broad ic of wealth to deal with.

We deem the labourer or mechanic rich, if he can obtain £100. per ann. wages in exchange for his labour. We say an independent gentleman is rich if he have £10,000 per ann. If we say, "So-and-So is rich; he has £5,000 per ann.," our neighbour directly says, "No, I should not call him rich, he is only *tolerably well off*:" therefore, it follows, that society considers the man with £100. per ann. *rich*, and he of the £5,000 only *tolerably well off*. Evidently, therefore, the views of society in the matter of money are purely comparative. Let us meet her, then, on her own ground, and take her assertion for the basis of our argument; and we will begin with her English children first.—Of these, she has, we believe, 27 millions—a nice little family, which she increases at the rate of 1,000 per day, or 83 and four-twelfths per hour, or one in every two-thirds of a minute, or thereabouts. Now, if she intended to make them all rich, according to the £100. qualification, she must in England provide £2700,000,000.—two thousand, seven hundred millions of pounds annually for their maintenance; but if she *only* meant them to be *tolerably well off*, on the £5000 per ann. franchise, she must then take care every Christmas, or Midsummer, to have no less a sum than £13,5000,000,000, i. e. thirteen billions, five thousand millions of pounds ready for the English applicants only. But it does so happen, that all the property she possesses in Great Britain and Ireland is only worth £3628,000,000, and the annual income is somewhere about £216,000,000; so that here, again, she is manifestly at fault; and if all the world were hers, she could not provide for her English family only. Her

plan, accordingly, is this : to take a few, (a very small proportion indeed), and give them all she can scrape together, without favour or affection, and leave the rest to shift for themselves as well as they can ; the great consideration, according to her notion, being, to keep them at work as hard as possible, and to feed them as penuriously as she is able, in order to prevent them from thinking about the matter, starving or not starving. But it occasionally falls out, that the starvation system makes civilized persons savage,—the testimony of people who have suffered shipwreck will speak to the truth of this assertion ; and when this feeling comes over them, they thirst for blood, or any thing else that comes in their way : the organ of destructiveness becomes largely developed, as well as those of cannibalism and appropriation. In this state they become gregarious, and roam about the country, threatening to do they know not what, until up rise the military children of society, and sally forth against the starved portion. As may readily be imagined, the former win the day ; the emeute being quelled, the insurgents retire until they meet with another land-wreck or labour-wreck, when the same scene again occurs. Society goes to her wits' end, and then talks of sending her children to other countries to emigrate,—that means, she huddles as many hundreds as she can cram into a ship, not calculated to hold half the number ; she takes them to a waste wilderness, and there turns them out to grass, thinking that, having so disposed of the poor creatures, she has done a most praiseworthy action ; and she plumes herself thereupon greatly.—This is one way in which she does to others as she

would (not) wish to be done by. When her friends say, "You are acting unwisely in thus parting with your labouring people, for, after all, they are the real wealth of your country," says she, "Mind your own business; I've too many of 'em, and get rid of some I must." If you answer, "but why not try to make them profitable, and provide for themselves?" Her answer is, "It's too much trouble, and I don't choose to employ my whole time in thinking of providing for my family; let them take care of themselves." So they say, "Give us money, and we will." She tells them directly, that it is not to be had; and here she speaks the truth for the first time during the colloquy, *for it can not be had, and never will be attainable by any means whatsoever, in sufficient quantity for the wants of the whole community, let their wants be never so reasonable, under the present system, while the world lasts.*—There, now! the murder is out, and society may make the best of it.

But though we have opened her eyes to a fact incontrovertible, and not to be denied or disproved by logic, logarithms, or law, we by no means intend to insinuate that her children are unprovided for: they are most *abundantly* provided; but she, "Society" has cruelly dispossessed them of their inheritance. There is nothing, man, woman, or child, in England, can possibly desire to have, in the way of food, clothing, and means of subsistence, which is not equally procurable by all, if society would but dispense the blessings she receives as *freely* as they are given to her. But while she adopts the monetary system of the day as the standard of existence, her family must starve,

and be discontented in the aggregate. Any alteration in the relative value of that standard, which would be within the scope of her exceedingly narrow-minded capacity, would be utterly inapplicable to the emergency of the case. It matters not, therefore, one pin's price, whether the sovereign be worth twenty shillings, or the shilling twenty-four pence: in one year's time she would be over head and ears again, if she were to adopt any alteration in the currency; it would be like pouring one bucket full of water upon a blazing house.

But if she sets to work first to classify and arrange all her members; draw them out from the "cities of the plain," and separate them from the Babels they have built to their own confusion, and, unless they take heed, to their own utter destruction; then, locate them on the land, and make use of the labour of her children as so much *capital*, or *wealth*, not *money*; she will then find that, so far from a superabundance of hands, there will be scarce enow for the work; and if she destroys every gin-shop, beer-house, gambling-house, and one or two other abominations she now encourages, utterly from off the face of her English land, she will suddenly discover that, if money is all she requires, even *that* will flow into her coffers more plentifully; the labour of her children will be doubly valuable; and, as a necessary consequence, upon the removal of a mighty evil, a degree of good will be obtained, of which she now is not able to make the most distant computation. We have been told, that all these theories have a remarkably pleasant appearance upon paper, but fail on being practically carried

out: we maintain that, if they fail, it is wholly, solely, and exclusively, nine times out of ten, attributable to negligence, idleness, or inattention on the part of the carriers themselves; unless, as we have before stated, *the design be formed without reference to the divine law, the rules of nature, or the relative duties of man.* When such is the case, no theory, however plausible; no scheme, be it never so apparently beneficial, will prosper in the end; and if it do so temporarily, it will eventually prove a scourge instead of a benefit—a curse in lieu of a blessing.

Acting upon this principle, let a classification of the different sources of wealth actual, be immediately made by society, or her agents. This must be done on the most minute, and at the same time, extensive scale. Let provision the most ample, of food, clothing, and houses be placed within the reach of all in lieu of their labour; let that labour create the demand for the articles, and let them be most liberally supplied. If you choose to give your labourer or artizan the trifle of money you now do, there is no harm in the procedure; let him have it as a *free gift* to do as he pleases wherewithal; but—and this is a most important point,—you *must* remove all things, such as the dram-shop and the ale-house, totally out of his reach, and in lieu of your now abominable source of revenue, he, the artizan and labourer, will be most willing *and able* to pay his annual quatum to the State expenses of £1. 18s. 6½d., which is the proportion each individual now bears. Thus will the children of England be placed in a position to *pay* their way, whereas now, they cannot *beg* it.

But some one asks, who is to pay for all these additional measures and what not, which you say the labourer is to have ? No question was ever more easily answered.—*They*, the labourers and artizans, pay for the articles by their labour ; *we* pay the foreigner or the farmer, either in an increased supply of manufactured goods, or by a reduction in outgoings, or by the same price they now receive ; but at the same time, our demand would be much greater than it now is, consequently their demand, if we paid them in goods, would be *proportionably* greater, so that all classes would profit in the same ratio by the move. To illustrate this, we put a case.

We say to our Carpenter, who receives 26s. per week, and who has a wife and four children, thus, I will give you your wages, and I will give you a furnished house, food and clothing, besides, or rooms in the Phalanstery. Here, at once, is a demand for the articles, and furnished they must be, if we keep our promise ; for this we are entitled to the whole of that man's labour ; and if we are at all clever, or as society calls it, "up to the thing," we shall take care that our Carpenter's labour pays for the house, food, and clothing, besides the money which we give him. Now, if we could in such a way produce what seems to us an enormous demand for every thing useable, it follows, that in time, all these things would gradually sink in price, which is just what we calculate upon ; for instance wood, bricks, iron, stone, lead, and so forth would be of such a value, that houses might be constructed for comparatively a mere trifle, and still bring in the same rental they now do, or more ; the tax upon

machinery, metals, and building materials would cease of themselves, if the people had the money to advance at once for the revenue, and nothing else to do with it; and the demand for the articles themselves would be so great, that the whole available population would scarcely be able to make the supply, no fear would there be of idleness, for the reward would be too great to be overlooked for a moment, and the incentive to evil being removed by the adoption of the Phalansterian principle, there would literally not be *time* sufficient to bestow upon the subject of crime, unless it were in a few isolated instances. There would be *no* reason for its commission, and *every* reason for a contrary course; so that he who adopted the former, would, as a matter of necessity, be looked upon as a wild beast, or as a madman, and be destroyed or put away accordingly. Again; the health of the people would be so materially improved, their spirits raised, and their minds lightened, that hope would animate them to renewed exertion, both of the physical and inventive faculties; and a rich reward would be ours, mental as well as profitable,—a very distant and faint perception of which is now only discernible by us.

Now, on the head of Emigration, we would request permission, for a few minutes, to expatiate. There is, in the minds of many thousands of our race, a vague unsettled wish to roam; this is a perfectly natural inclination, and ought to be fostered and encouraged to the utmost; and the talent, for talent it indubitably is, should be directed into a proper and a useful channel.

We would, upon the same plan as that suggested in the *Standard* of Friday, the 29th of April, 1843,

organize "An Army of Emigration," and thousands would flock to the standard; but, mark us, we would not take and turn them up in Australia, or Canada, like a flock of sheep or a herd of Cattle,—no; the Committee of Emigration in foreign lands should be compelled to have houses furnished, and provisions for one year supplied, ready to receive the emigrants immediately upon their reaching their destination.—These houses, or this house, for each house might be built like barracks, to hold 1,500 persons, should be constructed of iron and timber, so as to be readily removed, whenever it was found requisite so to do. Here, then, is a demand for iron and timber to a great extent, and for labour to adapt these materials to the requisite demand. Every mechanic, labourer, or artizan, who possessed the locomotive talent, or roaming faculty, should have held out to him, as a reward for good conduct, the post of a non-commissioned officer in the emigrating regiment, or battalion; and he should be required to prepare himself accordingly, every facility being gratuitously afforded, and a grant of land be made to him on leaving England.

Once more,—it is quite clear, that our ships such as we now use, would be of little avail on such a system as this: first, they would be too expensive in the manufacture; and, 2ndly, ridiculously diminutive in proportion to the duty required from them. Therefore, seeing this, we must have the Floating Islands named in a former work; these would convey the articles of commerce and exchange in the ratio which our increased consumption would demand; and the conveyance of iron and wood houses from one

place to another, would be a matter of extreme ease. Going on in this manner, a very material source of revenue would be derivable from our water-trade, inasmuch as we could then afford to undertake the profession of water, or *Sæ*-carriers to the whole world; thereby enjoying a monopoly, and saving an amount of animal life, which might be the envy of all the humane societies in the world.

The present most expensive method of ship-building would be almost annihilated, excepting for vessels used in traffic from the Floating Islands to the shores and rivers of the different countries; and the number of mariners required for the service would be very greatly increased. This would relieve, in its turn, the pressure from the population, and England might still retain her position as Mistress of the Seas, so long as she did not forsake the Commandments of her God; but in her every action, public as well as private, was guided by a single eye to the glory of Him to whom she owes life, light, and every blessing; whose she professes to be, and whom she *ought* to serve.

Wealth is hers, unbounded and without limit, when her eyes are opened to the right use thereof; but while she continues to abuse the best gifts of her Maker, and of his agent nature; while she destroys her children by thousands, for the love of pelf, of silver, and of gold; wealth never will be hers: she will pine in the midst of plenty; she will be destitute when surrounded with every appliance to wealth; the seeds of wealth are in her land, but the sun of strict justice and religious principle are clouded, and, until the cloud be removed, the seed will never produce the mature

plant ; it may vegetate, but it will at best be but a sickly shrub, struggling in an atmosphere of crime, of misery, and destitution. The cloud which obscures our sun has been generated by the mists which arise from the foul swamps of avarice, competition, and inordinate selfishness : we must drain these swamps, and cultivate the land they now so destructively occupy, so shall we do away with the mist ; and the mist being absent, the cloud must, of necessity, pass away, from want of its usual sustenance ; and then will burst forth upon our admiring gaze, a flood of glorious light, and of life-giving, renovating warmth, which shall cause the seeds of love, and mutual good will, to spring forth from the regions in which they now lie buried ; they will produce the flowers of association : and the fruit, we trust, will be glory to our God, peace on earth, and good will towards men.

Such we take to be the true source of wealth, whether considered relatively to society at large or individually with respect to the actual, tangible, possessions of each person. Without the outlay of capital, we well know that there can be no return of interest. Hitherto, we have never thought that this principle was tangibly applicable to any thing but gold and silver ; or, if we had some few fleeting notions on the subject, they have been vaguely indulged, and never vigorously adopted ; all that we require now is the will to be "up and doing." To persevere in our present system of making money as we now use it, the basis of all actual wealth, is just as absurd as if we were to make quails, which fed the Israelites during their wanderings in the wilderness, the principal article of food in our own country.

You may hold up a toy or a sweetmeat out of your child's reach, and you may torment him by telling him he may have it if he can reach it, but beware lest, in your senseless sport, he falls in climbing or in jumping, and thereby causes a concussion of the brain, a dislocated limb, or a confirmed and incurable lameness. Society does this by her children; she places the gold high out of their reach; she tells them to strive for it, when she knows she has it not in sufficient abundance for them; they strive and struggle painfully for it; she, meanwhile, mocks them and enquires why they do not exert themselves more? they increase their exertions; and then, exhausted in the effort, sink—many to rise in another world. Does the Almighty so to us? Does nature create wants which she refuses to supply? Where is our gratitude, and the faith of which we so much boast? Where are our works, the fruit of that faith; and where is the love we say we have for Him who gave up all His heavenly bliss to sojourn with and die for us, that we might reign with Him for ever, in the land of boundless wealth, where money never entered yet? There is an axiom of Adam Smith, which has been much praised, and often quoted by Political Economists, which reads well certainly, but which would be found to be eminently inefficacious if tried by experience; it is this: "The subjects of every state
 "ought to contribute towards the support of the Gov-
 "ernment, as nearly as possible in proportion to their
 "respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the
 "revenue they respectively enjoy under the protection

“of the State ; and in the observance or neglect of
“this maxim, consists what is called the equality or
“inequality of taxation.”

This has been stated to be the only just and humane principle for the guidance of statesmen on the subject. Nothing seems fairer, on a first reading, than the above ; but let us scrutinize the application, and then see how it would work with regard to ourselves. Suppose all “were taxed in proportion to the revenue they enjoy,” we say that this would bear *no* proportion to their respective abilities, because, if the poor man, who received 12s. per week, were taxed one penny in the pound per year, he having then about 2s. 6d. to pay for taxes, this would bear no proportion, in point of “ability,” to the possessor of £30,000 per annum, who had to pay £125. per annum, which latter payment would be much less felt by the rich man, than the half-crown would be by the poor man. Now, to tax the poor man to any higher amount than this, would be decidedly a still greater act of injustice, although the owner of the larger property would not feel the loss of double or treble the amount ; so that we see the principle is erroneous in its basis, and consequently incompetent to the end in view. But if, on the other hand, all the members of the community were rendered independent of money in the abstract, and each could obtain the means of existence, exclusive of it as a means, then the poor man could afford to pay his share of the gross total of taxation, viz, £1. 18s. 6½d, just as easily as the rich man could do, because the rich man would have a large estate to provide for, and, consequently, have many demands upon his purse that the

poor man had not; and the poor man being able to obtain all the requisites of existence *without* money, would be as willing to pay such a sum as the above for the protection of his property and privileges. As for any other purpose, all would subscribe a sum which would amply suffice for the exigencies of the State, upon this method; whereas, upon the plan of Adam Smith, if it were adopted, in our time there would be a great deficit in the revenue; the result of an unjust measure, which, like all acts of injustice, would work out its own punishment, on an unalterable law of the nature by which all sublunary actions are controlled. Adam Smith's argument is logical, and his intention good; but both fail when he assumes that the proportion of the respective abilities of differently situated persons is the proportion of the revenue which each possesses; because, however plausible the theory, it will not be borne out in practice. One word, now, as respects the providing of due accomodation for society, in the way of houses. In a population of about 500 persons, it appears that, of Gentlemens' Houses there may be, on the average, 4; of Public Houses 2; of Farm Houses, 16; and of cottages, 129. We will value the first six of these

Items, at £2000 each, - -	£12,000	0	0
The Farm Houses, each £1000.	£16,000	0	0
The Cottages, £80. each, -	£10,320	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£38,320	0	0
	<hr/>		

thus to build a Village for 500 or 600 persons would, under the present system, cost us thirty eight thousand, three hundred and twenty pounds; and if we

had to provide separate dwellings for one of our industrial regiments of 1500 people at this rate, the expense of each association would be £114,960; one hundred and fourteen thousand, nine hundred and sixty pounds. But we have said that a Phalanstery, capable of containing and of affording infinitely greater accommodation to 1500 people, can be built for £45,000, thus effecting a saving of £59,960 in every 1500 inhabitants,

Now, the average number of cottages to every 1500 persons would be 321, and these at £4. per annum each *ought* to produce £1284 per annum; but how few cottage properties are there in England, which pay to the owner of an estate half, even, of such a rental as this? and how many more are there which are a positive expense in the repair, without bringing in a shilling of rental? In the Phalanstery, such a state of things could not ensue without the grossest mis-management, because all the labouring population, being constantly in full work, and in the receipt of ample means, they would be in a condition to pay the regular rental, always excepting the aged, sick, and infirm, who are otherwise provided for. The £1284 would be deducted regularly, by the Secretary of the Institution, from the income of the 321 labourers, and be placed to the general account of the Establishment, together with the other proceeds. But we have said, that the actual value of village property, for a population of 1500 persons, averages £114,960, and this in bricks and mortar only. Now if every house were only rented as a cottage, this capital at £4. a house, *ought to* produce a rental of £5136 annually. But where are the country villages which do this, even with the assistance of every

acre of land they possess? Be it remembered, that our rental for the Phalanstery is wholly exclusive of the proceeds of the land, or any other source whatsoever, save the building itself; and the sum we have named is the product of the working portion of the community only.

A step further—the cottages now pay ~~no~~ assessed taxes; but if you must continue these atrocities, the Phalanstery is both able and perfectly willing to accord them; its receipts are regular and certain; the means of payment, therefore, always at hand; here is a source of revenue, whence no revenue formerly was derivable; and a very material source it is, because it is one which may always be depended upon, and which is invariably collected with the least possible trouble, and no extra expense.

This, then, is one source of wealth, actual and tangible, within your reach, whenever you please to call it into existence,—a stream from a fountain which now lies buried and hidden under the dunghill of poverty and wretchedness, which we are wont to point at with so much pride, and call it “a Country Village!”

But this is our usual method of calling good, evil, and evil, good; putting darkness for light, and substituting mystification for truth and uprightness.

Proceed we now to investigate another fountain, which now affords so small a rivulet, as to be scarcely worthy of the trouble we take to collect its waters. We allude to our mining, or metallic wealth. Wherein do we now say consists its actual value? Is it not in the difficulty with which the article is procurable, and its consequent scarcity? most assuredly, you reply, it

is ; and probably you are surprised at our apparent folly in putting such a simple question ; but let us analyse the matter.

Proceeding upon the broad principle, that the gifts of nature were intended by the bountiful Creator of all things, to be each in their degree attainable by all, we ask, are not air, light, food, fuel, (all gifts of nature), placed equally within the reach of all by our Maker, and what have we to compare with these things in value of earthly good ? Man has chosen to "lade himself with thick clay," as it were ; and, contrary to the rule of nature, and the Divine Law, which places the most valuable requirements in the way of all, he, i. e. stolid man, has chosen to select that which he knows to be most difficult of procurance, and in his senseless *wisdom* has said "this is the *ultima thule* of wealth," acting precisely upon the same principle by which, in our junior days, we were guided when we "made believe" to set out a *real* dinner service on the table of our sister's doll's house. To such an extent do we carry this insane folly, that we presume to imagine that our Missionary and benevolent exertions depend mainly upon the amount of this gold and silver which we are able to collect together annually for the purpose, *as we say*, of furthering the cause of our God ! Now, in pursuance of this subject, if we are right in fixing upon such a standard of value as this, ought we not to adopt some means, more adequate than ours now are, in order to procure a greater quantity, and with far greater ease, than we now do, of the "one thing needful ?" For instance, are the machinery and the human power we employ in our mines in any way proportionate

to the demand for the article? It would be absurd to say that they are; for they bear no proportion whatever to the wants of society. But why is this? simply because we apply artificial power, the inventions of our own puzzled heads, in lieu of the powers of nature, which are every where around us in the greatest profusion,—the wind, the sun, water, electricity, all stand ready to aid your inventions, and the removal of the side of a copper, or a lead, or a tin mountain, is just as easy and as practicable as the slicing off of one of the Cliffs of Dover; and you may, if you please, cover fifteen acres of land with the debris of a rock, or a mountain, as quickly as with fragments of chalk. A windmill might be made applicable to a thousand different purposes, besides the grinding of corn; and there is no necessity, that we are aware of, for any particular size of these articles being adhered to. Ropes are to be made of any requisite length, and of various material from metals to silk; and stationary wind, or water power, might be made to do two-thirds of the work we now require to be done by horses and labourers; and we maintain, that wealth unbounded, even of the metallic kind, might be ours, if we would but enlarge our operations, and simplify our present very expensive method of procuring the natural riches of the land.

But if we pin our faith on legislative enactments; if we expect our rulers, or those of the whole world, can shew us how, under the present system of procuring metallic wealth, i.e. gold or silver, we can find enough to purchase food, raiment, and shelter withal, we are most grossly deceiving ourselves; for the whole

of the money now in circulation in the known globe, would not suffice for the support of the inhabitants of our little island alone. To barter, of one kind or another, must we come at last, if our population continues to increase in its present ratio, and if, instead of staring at the apparition as it looms through the mist of ignorance and prejudice, we were to advance and meet the figure as a messenger of peace, we should find a friend ready to aid us in our toilsome path; it would teach us many a lesson of profit and of ease; but it would tell us we must throw off the mantle of selfishness, in which we are now so closely enveloped; it would relieve us of the uneasy garments of mutual antagonism and competition; the *fair* trader would be the *free* trader; and our noble vessel would no longer be infested with those dire scourges, the scorpions of anarchy, agitation, and sedition.

The only other available alternatives which present themselves are these: either we must furnish the metals in some adequate proportion to the wants of society, and so make them a just medium of barter, (a thing by the way utterly impossible, as we now act), or we must go on for a short time as we now do, mystifying the entire question, and distracting the public attention as much as we are able, by irrelevant topics, such as Chartism, Corn-Laws, and so forth, until a crash comes which will shake all the kingdoms of the earth.

We are well aware that it is the interest of many to put off the *evil day*, as they deem it, when we shall be compelled to grapple fairly with the question of barter; and again, we know that there are very few legislators, or others, who would like to undertake the apparently

overwhelming amount of trouble which, it is thought, would be inevitably consequent upon a thorough inspection, consideration, and revision of the principle. Moreover the establishment of anything like barter, destroys many ancient privileges ; and, like the railways, it silently and imperceptibly takes away power from one side of the scale, and quietly deposits it in the opposite,—to the better balancing of the whole, it is true, but not at all to the liking of those who formerly carried all the weight on their own side.

This may savour of Radicalism to some ; but to exorcise such an evil spirit at once, we beg leave to say that we consider it, i. e. Radicalism, has monopolised by far too important a portion of weight hitherto, and that our adjustment of the balances would pare off a very large slice from its present substance. However, to return.—We do not believe the difficulty would, in the event, be found near so great as our fears lead us to anticipate ; and we are quite certain that, be it what it might, we should richly be repaid for any amount of labour we undertook, as well by the “*mens conscia sibi recti*,” as by the manifest improvement which would be the immediate sequent of our adopting the measure of a systematic, liberal, and well organized system, and on a scale commensurate with the requirements of society, as well as the dignity of such a nation as this, and of the profession which she puts forth to the world.

If we create a glut of any one description of the necessities of existence, and at the same time, a demand for such glut, or superabundance, by the bringing into the market some other product more in

demand, it is self-evident that the superabundance ceases to be a superfluity, and a little tact would, we imagine, enable our manufacturerers to adopt some such method as this, in order to dispose of their wares; but if we are able to produce an overflow of all the different kinds of manufactures, whether of luxury or of utility, and actual necessity, and we have one single article upon which to depend, as a fair exchange for our goods, to wit, money; why, it is equally self-evident that, whenever a scarcity of the latter material or medium of exchange takes place, there must, of necessity, follow a stagnation or an overflow of trading produce, and the community must constantly be exposed to harrassing fluctuations, thereby experiencing great injury, and losing that which is a most valuable consideration in commercial affairs, viz. confidence, both in respect to its relations, and in its own stability; because, if the only channel of exchange which it now has, fails, it has no other to fall back upon. This could never ensue upon an extended system of fair barter.

There is a singular fact connected with the question of our modern monetary system, when viewed in comparison with that of days gone by; and it is this: as population increases, and the article becomes scarcer, instead of growing intrinsically more and more valuable, it literally and in actual deed becomes of less positive use; and, in spite of amended tariffs, tough and unwholesome American pork, cheap coffee, and divers similar et ceteras, a man with £100. per ann. income finds himself worse off, by half, now, than he was fifty years ago with half the income, and the

articles he then required at double the present price. Formerly, the mechanic or labourer who could reckon upon £50. per ann. was really well off, and a thriving member of society; *now*, the man who earns two or three guineas per week has a difficult task to perform in maintaining his family; and yet we are told, that every possible want of life can be had for almost nothing. This again, in the abstract, is perfectly true, as for example, we have known solid rosewood chairs, which cost at one time 48s. each, sold six months afterwards by auction for eleven shillings, without having been used for more than a single week, or so; and a mirror, the cost price of which was £105, offered for £30; so that it would undoubtedly appear as if these articles could, by some degree of management, be afforded at the lesser prices. There is no such thing in nature as a glut of any of her produce, except in case of convulsions; for a glut naturally causes a convulsion; and we then see the most disastrous effects follow. These are, properly speaking, warnings and judgments from the Almighty, to remind us of our human frailty, and often, punishments for the transgression of His decrees. But the supply is never over and above the demand; for, be the former but never so great, our sins have created a most overwhelming demand; and if there were no sin, there could be no punishment; the cause removed, the effect ceases.

Our course is diametrically opposed to this. We create an enormous demand for money, well knowing that it is totally out of our power to make anything like a commensurate supply; but, blindly trusting to chance, or, as we impiously say, to "Providence," we

get out of the scrape the best way we can; and that, very often, is not at all; hence ensue bankruptcies, destructive competition, and a host of other evils equally injurious to the community, and we stupidly expect the effect we have produced, to cease, while the exciting cause is permitted to remain.

Having now cursorily reviewed the subject of wealth, let us endeavour to elucidate the system of legitimate barter, with respect to domestic consumption, by investigating how far the associative principle of a regular classification of the whole community would aid us in attaining the end all so abundantly desire, but which few are now able to realize; while, to the mass, the idea even is utterly hopeless, viz. the securing by a fair exchange of all natural advantages, comfort, sufficiency, and respectability to all, irrespective of money, i. e. silver and gold.

Taking the entire population of England at 27 millions, we will consider the adult males to form one fourth the portion of the whole, or 6,750,000; from these we deduct as follows: the Army, 125,000; Navy and Merchant Service, 203,000; Criminals, 25,000; Police, 4,394; Peers, 496; Baronets, 700; Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy, 16,438; Universities, 20,000; Bankers and their employers, 1,000; Private Individuals, independent, 57,972; this will leave us 6,250,000 to be provided for, in some way or other. From this six millions and a quarter, we will again deduct the sick, aged, infirm, lunatics, and Lawyers, (a mighty Phalanx these two last items would form, if combined,) Commissioners, the Medical Faculty, Heads of Public Offices and Charitable Institutions,

Travellers, Fire Brigade, and a few other classes of society, which are adequately provided for under the present system; and, allowing these to form the odd figures, (which many of them do, without the smallest misapplication of the term,) or the quarter of a million aforesaid, we have six millions of adult male persons to find provision and profitable employment for.

Looking at our map, we find in England, 40 counties, including the three Ridings of York, and 13,207 parishes or townships; this gives us about 330 parishes or townships to each county; six millions of persons distributed among all the parishes, would give an average of 454 to each parish, and 150,000 to every county.

Proceeding, then, upon the Phalansterian principle of association, and adopting the present division of Counties, Parishes, and Townships, we might it is presumed, fairly average the above six millions en masse, somewhat after the following programme, and advance afterwards to more minute subdivision in detail.

Suppose we allot to agriculture one third of the whole, or two millions; to Mechanics, one sixth, or one million; Schools, i. e. Teachers, Trades, Mines, and Servants, one million; miscellanies, such as Banks, Merchants, resident or otherwise, Post Offices, Railways, Foundries, Artists, Travellers, &c. &c., one million more; we shall then have a million left, or the proportion of 76 persons nearly to each parish, as a corps de reserve, for general distribution among all classes of society, or one able man's services ready,

whenever called upon, for every 27 persons of the entire population : and we imagine that a system which could thus devise means for the constant and full employment of such an organization of the population as this, is deserving of some small degree of attention. We are of opinion also, that an extended application of the mechanical powers, which are only waiting to be called into action, would provide entirely for the surplus we have here retained. The data upon which the above calculations are founded, would occupy more of the time of our readers than they would probably be inclined to bestow upon a mere abstract list of figures ; suffice it to say, they are deduced from comparisons made with respect to the numbers of each class now actually employed, and such as would be requisite in establishments similar to those we have ventured to draw the public attention to. No calculation has been made for liquor-shops, or public-houses, because all the inhabitants of each institution would have such wants supplied from the Steward's department of the Phalanstery ; neither has any allowance been considered requisite for such as would voluntarily emigrate to distant lands, or, becoming independent, might naturally wish to occupy detached dwellings or lands. The sum required to build mansions, sufficient for the accommodation of the whole population, would be £40,000. for each parish ; or £528,280,000. in the aggregate, if raised from the ground with entirely new materials, but if one half were allowed for the materials now in existence as dwellings, £264,140,000., or in round numbers, 270 millions of pounds, which gives us an average of £10 for each individual member

of the English population. This, at first sight, will be exclaimed against as an utter absurdity; but we are inclined to believe that, upon minute calculation, it would (i. e. £10) be found amply sufficient for the purpose. We find a circulating currency of gold and silver, amounting to 62 millions, now supports a population of 27 millions; and we are therefore, certain that, in the above calculation, we have rather over-estimated than not, the sum which would be requisite for the establishment of Phalansteries.

: Taking now into consideration the average surplus of the population, or increase, we should rather say, at £300,000 per ann, it would consequently, require the sum of three millions annually to provide for all these,—a sum at all times procurable with the greatest ease, either by loan or subscription. This we imagine to be a far more profitable investment than foreign emigration, inasmuch as the sum of three millions would never, in the first place, furnish half the commonest requisites to 300,000 emigrants, but it would lodge and locate them in our own country in the most beneficial manner; for, from the moment of their entering the Institutions, would they commence to make a return for the outlay, in labour and consumption of surplus produce, as well as in bona fide rent, or monetary income.

. That this is a manifest source of wealth, easily procurable, and certain in its nature, as well as most beneficial in the tendency, it is presumed that none but the most captious will ever attempt to deny.

. But there is another advantage besides all those we have hitherto named, and it is one which is much too

material to be overlooked in the consideration of such a subject as ours: we allude to the extreme facility which would immediately accrue to the collection of the State revenue in lieu of Assessed Taxes, Income Tax, Excise, miscellaneous, &c. We should have but one impost, viz. a tax per head, or poll-tax, collected, or rather deducted, by the Secretary of each Phalanstery, and payable by him to the account of the Government. There, at one stroke, is done away with, the whole of our present most objectionable inquisitorial method of collecting the revenue; the Customs, Stamps, Post Office, Crown Lands, &c. would remain as they now are, and, if need were, a much larger sum could be afforded for the exigencies of the Government than they now realize by dint of the most questionable resources. Again; the establishment of every Phalanstery would increase the revenue necessarily, as a poll-tax inevitably must do, and this would be another profitable fountain of wealth always flowing, and gradually, but certainly, increasing in volume. All the present annoying and detestable vexation attendant upon both the paying and the collection of Taxes, ends; for, although all would contribute their quota to the revenue, none would feel that they did so, in any greater degree than the passenger by a railway train considers that he is taxed by the Government for the privilege of locomotion; the Company is the responsible body to Government, though the passenger actually pays the Tax, but he does so in the least possible objectionable manner; for, in the first place, so many bear the burden with him that he is unconscious of the weight; and, in the second, the method of applying the weight is so equal that he

is not aware of its actual existence, any more than he is of the (apparently) enormous atmospheric weight which his body has always to support. Here we perceive the wisdom of adopting the laws of nature ; for, although the traveller does actually contribute a very considerable revenue to the State, the precise weight of each individual's share, is really almost next to nothing. The Secretaries of the different Phalansteries would have to adjust the graduated scale, whereby the rate of tribute of each person would be regulated, just as the railway people do their first, second, and third-class passengers ; a vast amount of trouble, odium, and uncertainty, would be saved to the Government by the system of classification, and a great addition made to the moral and intellectual comfort of the people.

The same restricted system of wealth and monetary value, which answered the purpose of a population of 10 millions, is by no means equally applicable to one of three times the number : besides which, it must always be borne in mind, that it is not in the nature of money to maintain any thing like an impartial distribution, or an equable current within the reach of all ; on the contrary, it invariably flows in the strongest and widest stream towards those who possess the most of it already. Nature, it is alleged, acts in this manner also ; she does,—for all her largest rivers flow either to the sea, or to large lakes, but she provides never-ending sources for her springs, and she has one invariable law of evaporation and filtration, to overturn which, would destroy the whole world. We, however, do just the reverse ; the large lakes and oceans of our commerce and landed wealth absorb all the supply and evaporate so

little, that there is literally nothing wherewith to supply the filter, and thus the evaporation is blown away as a mist, instead of rising in a sufficient volume to return in the form of refreshing rain; and so light are these mists, that a major portion of them are blown off to the continents, where they are amalgamated with foreign loans, the reckless expenditure of absentees, and a variety of other large clouds of absorption; thus are they lost to the land from which they originally sprang, and the land is thereby impoverished. But it is further to be observed, on the subject of a restricted monetary or social system, in reference to an increasing population, that not only do 20 millions of persons require *double* the amount of pecuniary, or other accommodation, than do 10 millions; but it will be found, on investigation, that their actual wants increase in a fourfold ratio to the multiplication of society, and it by no means follows, that because a race of men, in times gone by, were obliged to put up with oppression, intense privation, and suffering, they will consequently do the same now, in our enlightened times; if we expect this, we are doomed to be disappointed, and fatally too, and we conceive (as Tories) that our duty to our neighbour is not to wait until he is so distressed as to be in danger of losing his all, or being lost himself, but to remove every stumbling-block from out of his path, to smooth the way for him; and it is the part of a wise government *always* to be beforehand with the increase of population, and not to "wait and see what will turn up," until the time arrives when, perhaps, the power to act will be taken away. At the present day, we are doing one of two.

things, both of them conditions which are equally to be deprecated.—

Either we are totally unable to devise any possible method of providing for our increasing numbers, or, we are wilfully and knowingly withholding our resources and refusing to act when we are loudly called upon to do so. For the honour of our nation, and the profession we make of Christianity, we will hope to be absolved from such a suspicion as the latter charge would imply. But, although the former be not so derogatory to our honour, the result is the no less injurious to the community; because, while we are waiting in plenty, endeavouring to collect wits, or putting off the evil day of reckoning, many are starving, perishing alike in soul and body; to remove which glaring evil in a great measure requires but the exercise of our own free will; for the *causes* of that miserable state of things *one solely of our own creating*, and there is not one natural ingredient, so to speak, in the cup of suffering we offer to our brother's lips. If money must constitute wealth, it is the duty of the State to see that gold and silver, or their representatives, are procurable in amply sufficient quantity; but if nature points out that there is not sufficient of gold and silver to afford wealth to the population, it is then as imperative upon the State to see that other sources are, without delay, opened out, whence *all* may be immediately supplied, according to their several wants and necessities. We are told this is impossible—we deny the assertion, wholly and deliberately. We say, that nature has provided amply for the wants of a population a hundred times larger than ours now

is, and we further declare our entire conviction, that the means *are at this moment, and have long been, entirely at our own disposal*, for making the most adequate provision for all, if—and it is an important pivot, for the whole question is balanced on its point,—if the “*will to act*” were not wanting.

CHAPTER III.

RIDICULE.

THIS may, in truth, be considered as a nail frequently, nay, almost invariably driven in the wrong way; and so thoroughly lamed do we often see the animal in consequence, that throughout life it halts in a manner most painful to behold. Is a child naturally shy and sensitive? he must be "laughed out of it." Does a boy evince delicacy or seriousness when he first enters the public school?—he must be "laughed out of them." Is he uncomely in his person, or peculiar in his mode of diction? he is a proper butt for those who are his superiors in strength, but far beneath him in genuine intellect.

Is there a poor deformed cripple in our village street? the idle scamp who, if he had his due, would be sent to our "correctional Phalanstery" is the first to mock at what he, in his wicked ignorance thinks to be a natural defect; and your Sunday-School children may be seen and heard jeering and scoffing at the work of the Almighty hand, because he differs from themselves. O! hard indeed is the lot of him who feels these taunts,

these devilish scoffs, as they are intended to be felt by the tormentors who thus wantonly inflict them; but harder still will be the lot of the scoffers when they see the object of their scorn in the bosom of Abraham, and find themselves realizing the agonies of that unslaked thirst which endures throughout the countless myriads of ages of eternity, without so much as the alleviation of one single drop of water to cool the parching of those throats which once were loudest in the Satanic chorus. Again; mark yon pale girl who, in the most comfortless corner of the School-room of one of our fashionable Seminaries, sits diligently conning the task she finds so difficult to commit to memory: her intellect is not deficient; she has talent, though not for the precise study which her teacher has thought proper to chain her faculties down to; she is poor, and may be, of uncertain lineage. The teacher, to stimulate her to increased exertion, is pleased to ridicule her inability, and to call her a poor sickly thing; and, by way of encouragement, to say she will never be "fit for any thing," or a credit to her establishment; her fellow pupils are incited to despise and taunt one whom a look or word of sympathy or kindness would bind in friendship to their hearts for ever; but, whisperingly, they keep aloof, and think that the object of their jokes is not aware of their occupation while she appears so wholly engrossed with the difficult task entrusted to her to learn. Little indeed do they deem of the power of the human mind; intent as she may appear upon her allotted trial, for a trial, and a severe one, it is to her, there is not a movement, a glance, or a whisper of theirs which does not carry a thrilling pang to that heart which never yet felt other

than the kindest sensations for her fellow creatures, and to whom the thought that those sensations were for a moment appreciated, would be almost overwhelming in its degree of joy. Have you never watched the countenance of such an one, pallid, apathetic, and unmeaning as, at ordinary moments, it might, to a casual observer, appear, when, upon the utterance of some word of kindness and encouragement, sounds almost unknown to her sense of hearing, she has looked up into your face, and, without a word of reply, has wonderingly sent forth a glance which shot through your own heart, with a power unspeakably painful? and when she has instinctively perceived you were really in earnest, and meant what you said in the literal tenor of your words, where was the pallor, the inanimate apathy of her now beautiful countenance at such a moment as that? Have you never marked the suppressed gasp, the heaving of her full heart, and the gushing tears of unwonted joy, which spoke in language far more intelligible than mere words, the answer she was unable to express? Yes! despised as she may be in the narrow circle wherein she is condemned to move, that apparently stupid talentless being would, at such a time as the one we speak of, almost be content to lay down her life for those who could understand the genuine sentiments of her breast, and "think it bliss to die." Pshaw! what sentimental folly! exclaims the man of the world and the teacher: such silly girls ought to be "laughed out of such arrant folly!" Laugh those who can at such a scene as this; do it, we say, and mark well the effect you produce! Nay, turn not your back upon that fair girl; she is a fellow-creature, a human being,

possessed of an immortal soul, as priceless as your own. Now see you how she is to be "laughed" out of the best feelings of her heart; mark the convulsive shudder with which the dull unmeaning torpor returns, and clouds the bright smile of hope that word of kindness had produced! See how her inmost nature shrinks within itself; and think you that the effect of such a recoil as this is a mere transient shadow of a thought, remembered but to be forgotten? Alas! a few short moments have done the work of years, and years will not suffice to obliterate the wound those few short moments have produced. That wound may be cicatrized; but the scar remains, an enduring token of the world's mis-judging cruelty, of its blindness and its wantonness.

There is another species of ridicule, to which we would endeavour to attract the most earnest attention. In the neighbourhood of our temples of worship may be seen, at the hour of prayer, groups of idle, dissipated young vagabonds, who assemble themselves for the insane purpose of jeering and passing obscene and unjustifiable remarks upon those who are going to the house of their Maker. We have heard them speak thus: "Now, John, she's coming! (alluding to a lady of the highest character and respectability); let's have a *good stare* at her!" and the remarks we have heard made upon the person, the dress, and the manner of people, who were simply engaged in progressing to Church, have, many and many a time, roused our indignation and unfitted us wholly for participation in the services of that Church, in any thing like a right frame of mind. Where, we would ask, are

your Police? Where are your Sunday-school teachers? Let any person, of delicacy or sensitiveness, pass through the aisles of your Churches, between a double line of your "well taught" charity children, and we hesitate not to say, that a first presentation at the Court of the Sovereign is by far the less formidable ordeal. The child who would pass an offensive remark upon a female, or any other person who happened to tread those aisles, knows *nothing*, (we use the word advisedly,) of its duty to its neighbour. You may have taught it the Catechism; it may be able to repeat the Bible by heart, or rather by tongue, from the 1st Chapter of the book of Genesis to the last of the Revelation of St. John; but, we assert, that child knows no more of the true relation which exists between itself and the world, than the native Australian or the Hindoo. It may be civilized in dress, in appearance, and in language; but it is an heathen at heart; and though you may have fed it on strong meat, such as becometh not babes, it has need, and sore need too, that "one teach it which be the first principles of the oracles of its God."

Again; we have heard the Clergy themselves, when walking along the public street, or highway, make the most objectionable, nay, offensive, remarks upon those whom we may have met; and what was the natural inference which at once forced itself upon our mind? Why, simply this,—that if our back were turned, and we out of hearing, that they would do the same by us which we had seen and heard them do to others. We pray them to abstain from this folly. Where is the stability of friendship, if such facts as these be true? Whom are we to trust, if we see the smile of contempt

on the face, or hear the sound of ridicule from the mouth of those who hold forth in seeming cordiality, the right hand of friendship? Do they think to pass unnoticed, or that trifles such as these are unworthy of any notice? let them consider that our whole life is one mass of trifles; their own corporeal frame is an entire combination of trifles—minute to such a degree, that the most powerful microscope which ever yet was formed, fails to trace out its constituent particles! A trifle, (as we deem it,) is as a star in the visible firmament of heaven's glorious arch: it is at once a point almost beyond the ken of mortal eye; extract or unhinge that point, and you remove the key-stone from the arch, and bring the whole fabric in ruin on the Universe. "But," we are asked, "Are we never to pass a harmless joke upon a casual wayfarer, or a friend?" Assuredly, it is allowable, if—and mark the "if"—you can find a personal joke which is harmless,—a fact we take leave to doubt, never having yet met with such an article in nature. Among the Clergy, in an especial degree, the custom is most unmeet; for the joker must feel a proud consciousness of superiority before he dares to risk trifling with the feelings of another. And is that "taking the lowest place at the feast," and waiting until "the Master saith, Friend, go up higher?" Is it not rather taking the seat of distinction, from which, if a move be made, it must be one of humiliation: our clerical brethren would do well to remember that, to the ever watchful consideration of trifles such as these, will be mainly owing their success or eventual failure in bringing the flocks committed to their charge into their Master's fold. They may depend

upon it, if they be fed with food unmeet, be it never so palatable, they will wander in search of that which is natural to their condition; and, it may be, while the Shepherd is whiling away his time in unseemly joking, the sheep in their erring path may be partaking of some poisonous plant. A grave, austere, external demeanour is no more requisite to the Clerical character than is the giddy trifling spirit; but he who indulges in the latter, when in the street, will have no credit from his hearers for sincerity in the Pulpit, be he never so grave or never so devout. We entreat them, then, to pause, and take time for consideration upon topics such as these, and to reflect how far their example is influential on the laity, and to check, as they would the foulest weed, the first out-break or springing forth of the unwholesome plant in their families and their schools. Unless they do this, vain will be all their endeavours to bring the flock together; here and there a lamb may be housed safely in the fold, through the infinite grace of the Master Shepherd, but these examples ought not only to give cause for deep gratitude and thankfulness,—they should lead us to search more and more for the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*, which last has been attained by walking in a certain *Way*, and by the strict and literal adherence to the *Truth*, not in word only, but in actual deed; not in great matters only, but in the minutest trifles also. Preaching will not effect this; neither will your Sunday, or other schools, aid you, as the sole means to attain the end you so fondly look for: these are but the planks, the highway of the Bridge which crosses the Straits of Life; the trifles of which we speak are the small stones which form the Parapet Wall on

either side ; and, if you take not heed to erect that parapet, the larger proportion of your flocks will, in their heedless career across the Bridge, fall into the depths of the Ocean of Sin which flows through those Straits, and perish, because you, like careless builders, thought that, as the plank was wide enough for you to cross, it might suffice for all your sheep. Alas ! the few who reach the other side in safety may feelingly speak to the danger of the passage ; and ought not we who know the danger to use every precaution in our power, trifling as it may appear to many, but all-important as it in reality is, to render the crossing of the Bridge of Life not only safe but smooth ; less hazardous than it now is, and so to provide for our charge that the loss of a single sheep should, if it occurred, be owing to its own insane obstinacy, or voluntary destruction. It is not enough that we point out the dangers and difficulties of the path which beset the flock ; it is not enough that we make a Bridge across the Strait ; it is not enough that we build the parapet wall ; more is required of the Shepherd : it is his to render the roadway smooth and even—to cast out all obnoxious hurtful things, which might lame or cause the sheep to fall ; but if he knowingly and willingly place the stumbling-block of ridicule in their path, and if any should fall thereover, he may rest convinced that, for any damage they sustain, he will be held responsible.

Some there are, (to change the class whom we are addressing) whose greatest delight appears to be what they in their refined intelligence are pleased to term “*selling* a person,” To the uninitiated in such a fashionable pursuit we would briefly state that the term

implies, telling a person a thing you know to be untrue, thoroughly convincing him or her (if you can) of its reality, and then going your ways, and recounting at the next party you meet, the triumph you have obtained in the name of the Spirit of Falsehood over the meek, gentle and unconscious Spirit of Truth itself. To such an extent is this infatuated habit carried that we could point to individuals of whom we may honestly affirm that *we never know whether they are in earnest or not in any single sentence which they utter.* The "Seller" in society prides himself highly on his talent, his friends applaud him and fear him at the same time, they pander to his vitiated appetite; and, as is justly due, they in their turn become the victims of the Spirit they have fostered. It may be thought we have treated this branch of our subject more harshly than it deserves; but we ask, whether of the two is more guilty of an offence against society, he who by the creation of a false idea has caused his brother to make himself an unconscious object of ridicule, or he who in order to drown the thought of poverty and suffering, is drinking himself drunk in the gin-shop or the ale-house which we have placed in his way, in order that the coffers of our Treasury may be enriched by his most grievous fall? The "Seller" in Society will license that gin-shop, and the ale-house, and he will fine the poor sinner who is taken by the bait he has himself offered to his acceptance. Greater, far greater need were there, that the "Seller" were placed at the "Sinner's" bar, and be made to pay that penalty which his office authorises him to exact from another. But leave we these mistaken persons; and let us now consider another kind of

ridicule, if possible, more injurious in its tendency than any we have yet considered,—injurious because a mighty number of the most valuable members of Society are carried irresistibly away by the headlong torrent which at times overflows the banks, and threatens destruction to the flocks which depasture the fair meadows of Society. We allude to those degrading blots in our national character, the Sunday newspapers and radical publications, where we shall find all that we are taught to reverence as most holy, all that our forefathers esteemed most sacred and honourable, every dearest feeling the human breast is capable of entertaining, all relative associations, and the ties of kindred at once mocked, trampled and spitted on, all decency outraged, every vice extolled, the throne, the altar, and the temple of the Living God defiled, Kings, Princes, Potentates and Powers treated with scorn, contempt, and disdain, the domestic hearth forcibly violated and profaned by the obscene touch of the foul harpies whose very breath is the essence of all contamination. Well may every social tie be loosened; well may distrust and suspicion anxiously darken the brow of wife and husband, father and child, master and servant, the lover and the beloved! Shame be to many high in station, and blessed with every good gift from above, that, instead of rising in a Phalanx of true Christians, and utterly destroying this pestilential garment, that they continue to wear it, as they think, unobserved, and to encourage a manufacture of the deadliest poison the human mind is capable of inventing. Is this the best use we can make of the talent committed to our care? Is this the return we make to Him who left his Father's

glorious throne to redeem us to Himself, a peculiar people zealous of good works, and glorious in holiness? Dare we as Proprietors or purchasers, and thus coadjutors of these Satanic emanations, offer the gift of benevolence upon the altar of our God, and say we have washed our hands in innocency, and that the gift itself is clean and unpolluted? Forbidden for ever be such an impious Sacrifice! The thought, for a moment indulged, would be blasphemy against our Maker's Word.

We have spoken with those high in authority on this matter, and all we obtain in reply is this, "What can we do? the people must have their amusements, and we cannot interfere with the sacred liberty of the Press!!" And is the liberty of the Press so "sacred," we would ask, that to this idol you would sacrifice all you hold of value here or to be anticipated of glory and of blessedness, in that kingdom which you say you hope through the merits of your Redeemer to attain? is the "liberty of the Press" so dear and sacred in your eyes, that to this heathenish idol you would sacrifice your sons and your daughters in body and in soul upon its polluted altar? Indeed may it be said of you that you sacrifice them unto devils, and cause them to pass through the fire, heedless whether they be consumed or not. Think you that if you overthrew, by one vigorous effort, these high palaces of Baal, that the Press would be less *free* when purged from the corruption in which it is now partially enveloped? Would it have less of true Christian liberty, or less of licentiousness? Because our Sister nations in their darkness, choose to offer such sacrifices as these, shall we, in the face of the meridian glory of our Sun of Righteous-

ness, join in their unhallowed rites? You may preach against these rites; you may enter your protest against the abomination, but unless you rise in a body of Legislators, Magistrates, Clergy, and all those who truly fear God, and honour their Sovereign, and act as Phineas did in the matter of Zimri, the son of Salu, and put away from you this accursed thing, which turns to blasphemy and ridicule all that is most holy, just, and true, we may depend upon it, that the plague which is now raging will desolate our camp, and the time will come when we shall have no strength left to go forth and "stand between the living and the dead."

Much has been said, and more, perhaps, written, on the subject of mimicry—a variety of the pernicious weeds of ridicule, and abundant proofs have been substantiated of the injury which Society has, from time to time, sustained from those of her children who imagine that the talent of imitation was given to them for the sole purpose of being prostituted to the evil workings of their own corrupt imaginations. There are those among us who will mimic the best friend they have on earth the moment he has left the threshold of their own dwelling; they will practise the rites of hospitality before his face, and sacrifice him at the shrine of their perverted talent almost before he is well out of sight or hearing. His admirers will say "what an excellent mimic he is," and, in their stolid short-sightedness, will deem he is fulfilling the intention of his Great Creator, by mocking and pointing in ridicule to those who are of the same flesh and blood as himself. He may consider that "there is no harm" in the indulgence of what he thinks or rather what he chooses to term the

natural bent of his disposition, but this we will say, that neither he, or those who urge him on in his, absurd career, ever yet paused to ask themselves for what specific purpose it was probable that Almighty Wisdom had ordained that such a talent should be bestowed? Was it, can we suppose, designed for the mere after-dinner jest, the rough, rude, boisterous merriment of an idle hour? Was it that our fellow-creatures should be pained, their peculiarities held up to scoffs and scorn? Was it that we should make merry at the expense of him who is not so talented as ourselves, or as we *think* ourselves? Was it that their personal defects or afflictions should serve for our amusement, and that of reckless thoughtless beings who neither know nor care whether others have hearts to feel or souls to be grieved by their mistaken folly? or, think you, was it not that by their facility of adapting their manner and tone and looks and language to an exact similarity with those whom they might meet, they should go forth as self-taught, or, more properly speaking, heaven-taught agents, into distant lands, to tell the savage of the blessings they themselves enjoy, to spread the glad tidings of salvation in those regions where mental darkness reigns supreme, and thus to employ their faculty of accommodation to the glory of Him who gave them the talent, that He might see how much they gained for Him by trading with the same? Do we imagine that, in the great day of reckoning, it will be enough for us to say, "I have indeed employed my talent, for I have mocked and mimicked my fellow-man, until I have imbibed the very peculiarity which I so jeered at in him?" Of

what avail to us will then be all the praise, the admiration of those who so loudly chorused forth their approbation of our cleverness? Think we that they will then be able to stand by us and support us in the hour of trial, or that the satisfaction of having done our duty by our neighbour, and to others as we would they should do to us, will form items in the catalogue of profit we are called upon to produce? Far, far, indeed, will any such comforting reflection be from us; it is to be feared we shall rather curse the talent, and the day on which we were born to the inheritance thereof.

What is the best you can say of the mimic? What is in every man's mouth when he is the topic of our conversation? "Really he is such an admirable mimic he ought to have gone on the stage!" at once unconsciously consigning him to the lowest rank of any grade which can be classified under the head of "Professions." And yet, low as that position be, we have known men who plumed themselves upon the equivocal decree, and considered that they were highly complimented by the degrading sentence thus unanimously passed upon them! O that our countrymen would look for higher praise than this! that they would soar in praise-worthy ambition for the glorious commendation of those blessed spirits with whom they hope to pass an immortality of endless bliss; and, above all, that they would seek for a far loftier mark, even the favor of that Creator, who bestowed the talent for his own glory, and the happiness and welfare both of themselves, and those among whom they sojourn, in this probationary state.

When we first picked up this "Horse-shoe Nail," we found it, indeed, rusted, bent, and twisted in every direction; and we deemed that the foot from which it had fallen must have been sorely bruised and wounded where it had been so cruelly forced in. We would fain re-make the nail, and produce it in a brilliant, shining state, meet for the use of those who would go forth in their Master's cause, shod with the golden shoe of that preparation of the gospel of peace, which, the apostle tells us, all must put on, who hope to pass unharmed through the rugged roads we shall find in the course of our warfare here.

Not unto us, then, be ascribed the praise of our powers of mimicry; but let us employ the talent to the glory of the Giver; so shall the profit be ours, and the search after direction for the right employment of our trust will be attended with abundant success. But let us take heed of perverting such a splendid gift, lest, in those miserable regions where woe eternal is the only reward for all misdirected talent, we find those whom we have mimicked here, are absent, and enjoying what we would give worlds to possess, were they ours to give; while our portion is with the spirits of anguish who will jeer us as we have jeered others, who will ridicule our sufferings, and mock at our remorse, will laugh at our calamity, and tauntingly enquire for the proof of our talent; and tell us, in our agony, to call on those who cheered us on while upon earth, to aid us then, when mimicry and ridicule shall put off the mask, and wear for ever their direful native visage in all its horrible reality.

Next in the array of the spirits of ridicule, steps

forth that most absurd incentive which prompts our fellow-mortals to hold up, as especial objects for mirth, those who, in following nature's dictates, think proper to select each other as the partners of their journey through this world of trial. Such is the strange custom of our land, that neither man or woman scarce dare to acknowledge that they are about to enter into that state which all confess to be holy, honorable, and in accordance with every law Divine or natural. To what this fact is owing, we are, for the moment, unprepared to say; but we believe that to the fact itself is owing many a miserable hour, both previous to, and after matrimony. We are very much inclined to think that jealousy of the happiness of others is a main ingredient, if not the entire substance, of this foolish habit. It would be difficult to imagine what other motive could possibly actuate mankind to treat a matter of so much importance with this senseless levity. Many a match has been spoiled by the shaft of ridicule, which might, if it had been left to take its course, have led to happiness, prosperity, and honour. Many another has been undertaken in the spirit of reckless determination, after being "laughed out" of the former, and the result has proved fatal to the happiness of all concerned. Yet, in the full consciousness of the fact, we still pursue our customary course; and society daily reaps the fruit of those pernicious lessons she, in their early days, instils into the minds of her children. For our own part, we are at a loss to conceive what greater cause for ridicule there can be in the fact of two persons being attached to each other, than there is in the mere process of their eating their daily food, or the pursuance of their daily

avocations. We look upon matrimony to be as essential to their well-being in this life as food is to their existence. We are told that, if young people form unadvisable connections, it is best that they should be either "laughed out" of their mistake, or forcibly prevented from falling into the error. To this we answer, that it is the duty of those who have the charge of young people to take good and early care that *none* but advisable connections should *ever* be presented to their notice; thinking, as we do, that one beneficial preventive is worth a thousand, at least, of probable remedies, for the preventive is always certain, the remedy dubious, until the effect be developed; and the effect is oftener the reverse of our anticipations, than the realization of our wish. The preventive is always in our power: the remedy has generally to be searched for when the application is too late, or the severity of that application produces a disorder more lasting and destructive than the evil which we sought to allay. It may be said that, in our search after "Horse-shoe Nails," we strain at Gnats, and think nothing of swallowing a Camel; we opine that in the warfare we have for years waged against Camels, we have fairly poisoned ourselves and society with Gnats; and, though we are not of those who would willingly gulp down the larger animal, yet we would, if possible, avoid being choked or bitten by the hosts of Mosquitos which swarm in the mansions of society; and, in some countries, the act of devouring the Camel at leisure would be a far more endurable infliction, than the incessant painful attacks of the little insects we affect at a distance so much to despise. The identical thought that we are

the topics of joke to others, often unfits us for appearing in a favorable light before those whom we are the most anxious to please; and we can speak to instances where this feeling has led to the separation of parties who, in tastes, habits, and disposition were so suited to each other, that it was a matter of perfect marvel that the simpletons who, in their eager zeal to exhibit their powers of wit, were so stupidly blind as not to perceive the ruin they were working. The education of our youth may, however, account for the seeming want of perception; accustomed to ridicule and scoff at all the finer and more valuable sentiments of their nature, and taught to believe that the indulgence of native feeling and intuitive refinement would unfit them for what we are pleased to denominate "this every-day world!" their first lesson is to deaden, if not actually to destroy, such qualifications as these, and substitute for them a false and unsubstantial code of rules to which the wisdom of society has affixed her seal; and we laugh at the grave solemnity with which our forefathers and foremothers much more wisely than we, arranged such all-important events of life. Let what will come, we must "have our joke;" no matter how unseemly, how unjust, or ruinous, in the sequel it may be. We are free to confess our opinion, however, that it would evince a clearer perception of the rule of right and wrong on our part, were we at once to set our faces against the maxim of fitting ourselves, or others, for this every-day world, and steadily to betake ourselves to the task of making the world fit for us and them, and instead of casting the "murky cloud" of ridicule over one of the best feelings of our nature, were we to invest it with the

glorious halo which is its hereditary and dignified prerogative. Were we to encourage virtue with half the zeal we set about the fostering of vice, and if we did but ridicule sin as we now neglect and despise true virtue, grace would abound where sin now flourishes, and happiness spring up and bear abundant fruit in that soil where she scarcely dares to shew her face, for fear of being looked upon as a valueless weed. But at this rate, we are told that, "we would spoil all *fun*,"—we would,—that is to say, all fun obtained at the expense of another's joy; we would eradicate it from the garden of society, as we would the deadly Upas-tree, within whose pestilential influence no other plant can live. In lieu of ridicule, we would set rejoicing; in place of coarse, unfeeling jokes, we would have congratulation, not ambiguous, or the spurious imitation, but the true and genuine tree; the look should be the herald of the word, and both should convey but one and the same conception of the heart. The candidate for the holy condition of matrimony should be greeted as the benefactor of society; and, if society did her duty by the candidate, his choice could never be erroneous. The shaft of ridicule is a dangerous weapon in the hand of him who seeks to destroy another's happiness; full well does he who wields it know the unerring nature of the venom wherewith it is charged, and he is well aware that, if its merest point but reach the object of his attack, a wound will rankle there, which ages would not suffice to cure. Ridicule is one of the chief weapons of the Arch Fiend himself; it is forged in the infernal regions of despair; no wonder, then, that the poison is irresistible. Let us beware how we have

any thing to do therewith; especially let us keep it out of the reach of our young people. The shaft is tempting to the eye, and balances well in hand; but, when once hurled forth, not one of us can tell where it may fall, or how deeply it may penetrate the bosom of society; fall where it will, the wound it creates is never fairly healed; a scratch will fester when we least suspect it; and the tiny arrow of the wild Indian's blow-pipe makes not greater havoc amidst the feathered tribes of the tropics, than does the javelin of ridicule among the social tribes of man.

Revise we now, as briefly as we may, the foregoing remarks upon the third "Horse-shoe Nail," we in our peregrinations have discovered. Let us, for a moment, suppose what would be the probable effect of a totally opposite course to that we have described, upon the mind of a child, alike at the present moment, and with reference to his mature age. Suppose we were never to expose our children to the sneers, the contempt, and ridicule of the world, in respect of any delicacy or seriousness of thought they might naturally exhibit. Now, if you deem not the task unworthy of a Christian's deep attention, watch that child narrowly; you have, at the first dawning of his intellect, endeavoured to impress upon his mind the importance of obedience, and every Christian virtue; you teach him to view religion as the one thing needful, and the salvation of his soul as the one great end of his existence here. He ponders on these things, and unconsciously, perhaps, imbibes a reverence for the precepts you so wisely set before his notice; and think you that when you have done this, that your work is ended, and that you are at liberty to

send that child forth into the world of sin and crime you know awaits him when he leaves the threshold of his Parent's home? You say, you "trust in Providence that he will be preserved from harm," and "that you hope he will do as well as others have done before him!" Alas! *how well* have others done? Have they not, when cast off by the guides of their youth, forsaken the smooth paths of truth, of righteousness, and peace, and followed the broad track of the world's multitude to the brink of that precipice which leads to utter destruction, or, at the best, uncertainty, merely because they were not proof against the ridicule of those who scorned the narrow way their better judgment would have induced them to pursue, had you, their guide been there to strengthen and support them in their first day of trial? It may be, that the home-taught member of Society, who shrinks in innate horror from such jokes as, by the learned, the rich, and the great, are considered the very salt of life and Society, may be "unfit for the world;" we dispute not the fact; but we assert that he was not made for that world, but the world for him; he is as much a lord of the creation, as the Emperor on the throne, and he has a prescriptive and an hereditary right to the subjugation of that world. If he is not fit for it, let it be made fit for him; and we shall then see on whose side the laugh will be, whether on his, who now deems himself wise, and thinks he has an undoubted prerogative to laugh at others, while he leads them on to folly; or on the side of him who, wisely shunning all contact with temptation, pursues the "even tenor of his way" towards the haven whither he was first taught to steer his bark, and where he knows, for the chart and

compass which direct him are unerring, that all is rest and peace. In our treatment of children, we would check the first symptoms of a tendency to sarcasm, and watch its first budding with a far keener scrutiny than we would bestow upon what we now deem idleness, for we feel convinced that idleness is no gift of nature, but that the talent for mimicry and imitation was given for some good purpose which we are bound to investigate, and pay the strictest attention to. It is not a weed to be allowed to straggle at random, to astonish us with its luxuriance, or its gigantic growth; but it should be ours to curb and prune the plant, so that the fruit it bears should be the glory of the garden, and the pride of the husbandman. Like our own much-valued strawberry, if it be neglected it will stray over the whole area of the garden; it will, if left to itself, destroy every wholesome plant which comes across its path; it will then blossom abundantly—but examine that blossom, and in the heart of every flower you will perceive a jet black spot, which tells us, plain as words can speak, that in the time of fruit you may seek for it in vain; for fruit the straggling plant will never bear; in company with it will you find rank twitch, and the poisonous poppy; its leaves will be the harbour of the snail, the toad, and every noisome reptile; but try your hand at the education of the plant; and what have you in your garden which will so profusely repay your well-directed labour? Look at the blossom of the cultivated plant; do you perceive the black spot there, or rather do you not behold the golden orb of promise, which assures you that, in due time, the sweet fruit will appear, and a wholesome nourishing repast, or rather, luxury, will be

yours, in lieu of a mass of tangled weed which was neither of use or ornament to your garden? We say we cultivate the talent and the intellect of those whom we instruct; how is it done? Let the result speak for the truth of our assertion. It is much to be feared that we bestow all our care and attention upon curious exotics which Society has imported, and which bear more thorns than fruit; and in lieu of a goodly perfume, send forth an almost intolerable odour. We have cherished these useless things, to the utter neglect of the more precious and indigenous natives of the soil; and now, when the Autumn appears, we look in vain for the harvest of that golden fruit which we senselessly have expected to be produced by trees and plants upon which we have not thought it worth our while to vouchsafe an hour's toil. The thorns, meanwhile, of those we have so assiduously tended, have wounded even the dearest of our friends; and we may observe how carefully they keep aloof, even at the very time we are most earnestly attracting their attention to the beauties of these questionable malformations upon which we are wont to expatiate so proudly. Let us, then, adopt a different system; and, by cultivation, subdue the redundancy of the plant; thus shall we render it subservient to the good of society, and, though it will cease to be remarked as an exotic, or a mere thing of wonder, it will become a useful and an estimable product of the soil, and, instead of wounding, it will tend to the healing of our people.

CHAPTER IV.

 "SERVES HIM RIGHT."

SOME time ago, or "once upon a time," whichever the reader prefers, a little boy furnished us with material for this "Nail;" and, as the manufacture purported to be the best "cast steel," which Rogers could select, we thought that, for our inferior purpose, it could not be inapplicable. The little boy referred to, was leaning against a dining-table; and, in trying to display his mechanical talent by such means as were within his reach, and nearest at hand, he laid hold of a dessert knife for the medium of effecting his design, and a flat piece of timber, that is to say, *stick*, for the object to be operated upon.—The catastrophe was, of course, a most natural one; the dessert knife would have been an ugly and a clumsy tool in the hands of the most talented joiner; but in the tiny fist of our little friend, it was perfectly evident to the commonest capacity, that the means were *more* than adequate to the end, and that not only would the boy be compelled to "cut his stick," in more ways than one, but that he would as certainly cut his fingers in addition. As might

be expected, he did so.—Says his Father, “Served you right.”—“You naughty boy,” exclaimed the Mother; “now you’ve cut your finger; how *could* you be so stupid?”—“You’ve done it, now,” re-echoed the nurse, when she was summoned to take Master Edward to the nursery to have his finger mended after the most approved fashion. Frightened by the accident on the one hand, tortured by the pain on the other, dreading unknown consequences on all sides, and wondering whether he had not done something very wicked and shocking indeed, the young gentleman walked off to the nursery in a state of pain and perplexity which might have sufficed to turn the brain of a person of more mature age; and we dismissed the affair from our consideration for the time being. Upon the demand, however, being made for ‘*horse-shoe nails*,’ we, on rummaging over some old stores, hit upon this small atom of material; and, as it did not seem much worn or rusted, only in some degree twisted, we opined that it might yet be rendered serviceable for the place which we designed it to occupy. In our endeavours to effect this laudable purpose, we will first ask, who or what was in fault in the case first mentioned? If you ask the Parents, doubtless they will eye you sharply, as though their ideas were not altogether made up on the subject of your fitness for a Lunatic Asylum; and if you ask the child, he will at once inveigh bitterly against “that *nasty* knife, great clumsy thing.”—The nurse would tell you that little boys should not play with edged tools; and, in short, the greater the number of enquiries you made, the more would you involve yourself in mystification, and the further would you consequently remove from the truth.

Now, if you ask *us*, we say that the knife could never, in the nature of things, be in fault; and the child was wrong in his surmise on that head; but, if we recollect, his nurse used, in his "frock" days, to teach him to beat and abuse any inanimate object by which, and through *her* carelessness, he had either hurt himself, or received damage; therefore, in practical illustration of the precept instilled, he invariably blames the inanimate medium of pain; and he will continue to do this, probably as long as he lives, *because*, it was one of his earliest lessons; consequently, in after life, you will hear him swear heartily when he knocks his shins against a stump, or his head against the mantel-piece—not at his shins or his head, nor yet at his own want of carefulness, but at the stump and the stone aforesaid. This is just as it should be.—“Surely you don’t mean that?”—Unquestionably we do; and, probably, were we to stop here, you would depart with the sage notion that we would defend the practice of swearing at stocks and stones. But we would do no such thing; we would merely assert that nature is perfectly right in setting up these beacons to shew us, how the most trivial act, in our estimation, may be productive of results, lasting in their effect, and soul-destroying in their ultimate tendency.

Again; we go on to say that, if the knife *could* not by possibility be in error, the boy as assuredly *was* not. Here you are again probably “brought up by the wind, all standing;” but we affirm the child was no more in fault than the knife; and we are by no means certain that he was not acting in a most praiseworthy manner; for he had a certain end in view, very harmless in itself, •

an exercise of the faculty of ingenuity which ought most decidedly to be encouraged in every possible lawful manner ; and the fact of his using the dessert knife when he had no other tool to work with, evinced a decided determination either to overcome difficulty by any means in his power, be the danger what it might ; or to endure the suffering consequent upon a failure. Taking this view of the parties, therefore, we arrive at the conclusion that, as in every case of accident, *somebody* must be in fault ; and, seeing that the nurse *could* not, the boy *was* not, and that to blame the knife would be ridiculous, we have nothing left for it but to see whether the Parents had not thrown away the "Nail" which we, in our unpardonable, poking curiosity, picked up. Nevertheless we feel not the smallest compunction when we declare our entire conviction that they, and they only, are responsible for the whole transaction. Thus, we say the Father, when he saw how his son was engaged, should have (time and circumstances permitting,) called the boy quietly to his side, then asked him what he wished to do ; and, upon remarking upon the inapplicability of the means to the end, that is to say, of the knife to the stick, and vicê versâ ; we say he should have taken a proper knife, and done that for his child which it was vainly endeavouring to effect by its own unaided talent ; thus would not the rumpus have ensued, pain would not have existed, the mother's fears and the nurse's sneers would never have been called forth ; *we* only should have been the losers, for we should have lost the opportunity of picking up the material which forms a portion of a "Horse-shoe Nail."

The next candidate for examination under this head,

is one whose case is mentioned in conversation, with the vain hope of exciting an interest in his favor ; but never apparently was there a greater mistake made ; for, upon stating that the object was a person who had known better days, and had just lost his all at a single stroke, by the failure of some eminent Mercantile or Banking House, we are regularly taken aback with "Serves him right, too : I've no patience with such people ; they deserve to suffer." An oath, perchance, clenches this " nail ;" and we look stargily in our friend's face to assure ourselves that he is not either talking in his sleep, or to investigate whether he has not totally mistaken the drift of our special pleading altogether, but not a bit of it, there he sits as unconcerned as if he had uttered the most common-place phrase that ever was composed, and as if it were wholly impossible that a doubt about the matter could ever exist. Now, the majority of mankind would, upon the occurrence of a dead block like this, consider it best to drop the matter, and " say no more about it." Not so we, however, for we like to investigate the rationale of every thing from a plum pudding to--to--what shall we say?—matrimony. This will serve our turn for the nonce. Were it practicable, then, to amend the condition of the beggar, or the bankrupt, by an application of the sage axiom which forms the subject of our present lucubrations, we should hesitate not on every occasion to make use thereof, and, instead of saying when we met them, i. e. (the bankrupt or the beggar aforesaid) casually, " How d' ye do ?" or, " I pity you," we would at once unequivocally greet them with "Serves you right, it's all your own fault," and so on, as we have known

some kind, good creatures do on similar occasions ; though, for the life of us, we never could tell wherein consisted the good of doing thus. For, in the first place, neither is the condition of the sufferer one whit the better for the information so feelingly bestowed ; nor, in the second, does the bestower raise himself either in his own estimation, or that of Society, by the utterance of the sentiment ; therefore, it follows, that the sentiment is a total waste of words ; and, as such, contrary to all nature, for this simple reason, that in nature there is no such thing as waste of any kind. Summing up the total, we find that as the conclusion is wrong in the aggregate, an error must lurk somewhere ; be it ours, then, to work the sum over again, with all due caution, and let us detect the mistake, and at once bring it to light for the benefit of others. We say our acquaintance has got into a scrape ; he has either lost, or spent all his money ; the world soon finds this out, and taxes the defaulter with the fact—he says “I have.”—Says the world, “then it serves you right, and the more fool you.” “Humph !” says the beggar, “I know that without your telling ; so, where’s the use of aggravating a case already bad enough, and almost too bad to be borne !” On they go, each recriminating, until perhaps, the poor wretch, harassed beyond the power of rational thought, walks straightway into the Serpentine, or ties himself up to the bed-post, and thus cheats the world and himself at one and the same time. Ask Society, then, if she considers she has done her duty to this child of hers ? she will immediately tell you, she has : and she will enquire of you whether she has not done all she could for her offspring.—This is how she did that *all*.

She first began her system of education as described in the case immediately preceding this ; she then sent the boy to school, where all he possessed of native worth was obliterated ; thirdly, she placed him in a counting-house, where he learned how people make invoices, and a few tricks of trade, besides other extraneous tricks which had no reference to his vocation ; fourthly, she made him the junior partner of a Mercantile Establishment, where he was taught the mysteries of competition and money-making ; fifthly, she told him to embark all his earnings in this or that speculation ; sixthly, and lastly, she ruined him by that very adventure ; and thus, having "done all she could for him," in her most clumsy, awkward, manner, she induced him to "do for himself" by suicide. This is one way of making provision for a family. Be it kept in mind, that all this was done without the slightest regard to the natural bent of the boy's disposition, or any investigation of his tastes, habits, or particular inclination ; and, if you mention such things as these to society, she turns up her nose directly, and tells you that "people *must* do as others have done before them ; they must cut their coat according to their cloth," and so forth. When she has strung together a wondrous chain of such 'wise saws and *ancient* instances' as these, she turns exultingly round, and looks you in the face with an air which says "Now, answer that if you can?" a task, however, of no great difficulty ; for, we assert that, because people have hitherto chosen to walk with their eyes shut, it is no reason why they should continue to do so ; and, as to the cloth, we have, if we remember aright, told her before, that she ought to provide them with a suffi-

ciency of the material to make a comfortable, well-fitting garment withal; and not only so, but there ought to be some laid in at the seams to let out occasionally, if need requires; and we are of opinion, that the proof of a good and well-judging tailor consists more in the suiting the cloth to the dimensions of the man, than in the endeavouring to make the latter squeeze his corporeal frame into an impossible coat. We decide, therefore, that society is foiled in the argument; and that, if she would take more care in the selection of her children for the important office of merchants or tradesmen; and, if she did her duty, and at once threw overboard *all* competition, we might then, with some degree of truth, say that she "served them right," and they would corroborate the rectitude of our principle by causing bankruptcy and failure to be obsolete; the Insolvent List would then become a list of wealthy and flourishing men on 'Change, and we will stake our credit, as a member of the honorable guild, or fraternity of "Horse-shoe Nail" manufacturers, upon the ability of furnishing ample employment and profitable occupation, upon the associative principle, for all the sons and daughters of society, if she will but authorize her legislators to attend to our behest. But if she comes to us, and complains of the conduct of her family, grumbling that she "does'nt know what in the world she shall do with them all, that this one is in jail, the other a bankrupt, a third a convict," and so on; why, the only answer she will obtain from us will be a reiteration of her own most favorite motto—"Serves you right." Nevertheless, having thus turned the tables upon her, we will not leave her to chew the

cud of reflection upon this indigestible food merely. We have shewn her how the evil may be remedied, and that, not prospectively either; and more, we have endeavoured to aid, and will still, if our life be spared, continue our efforts to extricate her from the muddy ditch in which she has so long been pleased to wallow; nor will this be altogether an enviable undertaking, for we expect to be well splashed and bemired in our work of benevolence; moreover, it is not at all improbable that she, in her ingratitude, may, when she finds herself once more on terra firma, and surveys our bespattered condition, turn round and jeeringly exclaim—"Serves you right, for being such a fool!"

CHAPTER V.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

"GOODNESS, child! I wish you would not teaze one so."

"Yes, mamma, but you promised you would give it me, if I was a good girl, and said my lessons well, you know you did."

"Yes, my dear; but people can't always perform exactly what they promise; so, take this (some foolish trifle or other, which is not worth having when given), instead." Upon this, the child turns away in a pet, bursts into tears of genuine disappointment; and, by making a promise you neither knew or cared whether you ever could or should perform, you have unconsciously driven a nail into the very quick, and the odds are against your ever being able to take it out again without leaving behind a wound, which will shew a scar as long as the sufferer lives. From that moment, you have legalized deception; and the result is a most natural one—your child will practise the "*lex talionis*" on every future available opportunity, if not on yourself individually, at least, on Society at large. Now,

had you entered into a contract with the ruler of your land, or with any public body, you are not one jot more bound to fulfil the covenant of that contract than you were to keep your word to the little girl. We assert this deliberately and premeditatedly ; for, in the eye of your Maker, the obligation in both these cases is equally binding, and the consequences of a breach of covenant in either, equally disastrous to society, if not at the moment, yet prospectively. We are apt to overlook the nature of that authority we possess over children, and we presume far more than is becoming upon the power, inasmuch as we seldom stop to ask ourselves for what purpose we were invested with that power and authority. Was it that we might indulge in oppression and deception ? Was it that we might feel a proud consciousness of superiority ? We deem that children might teach us many a lesson which would be of infinitely greater value to us, than the major part of those instructions we vouchsafe to bestow upon them. *Their* lessons are trite, intelligible, and speak at once to the heart they address ; *ours* are to them, often totally inexplicable ; and the mind of the child is utterly unable to devise a shadow of a reason for much that we say or do to it. But, explicable or not, reason they will, both upon our words and actions ; and, if those be incomprehensible to the minds of the children, the result must, of necessity, be, that they arrive at an entirely erroneous conclusion upon the topics of meditation. This they do unconsciously ; and many of the strange freaks of their after lives are traceable to this small streamlet from the fountain of knowledge which we deem too insignificant for a moment to

regard. "But," we hear a father say, "if we are to spend all our time in such ridiculous triflings as this, there would be no end to it." "Possible"—as the Yankees have it; and we opine that, without meaning it, the father above-mentioned has, for once, hit the "nail" right on the head;—there is no end to it; that is to say, to the care and watchfulness with which you should regard every movement of the mental faculty of your children. "If I had my own way," says another, "I'd flog such nonsense as this out of the child's head, at all events." "But what," asked we once of a friend, "if your flogging should fail?" "Why, I'd flog him within an inch of his life!" was the reply.

Then, thought we, according to the law of retaliation, *you* would amply deserve to be "hung within an inch of *your* life," for your absurd, wicked, and most unjustifiable folly. Now we will illustrate the birch-rod-atory system. A little boy was once asked by his governess how much twice two would produce in multiplication. By one of those unaccountable freaks of the understanding we sometimes meet with, the child, who could have answered a much more difficult query, lost his presence of mind; and, we believe, he knew no more what was the right answer than he did of a quadratic equation; threats, boxes on the ear, tears, (a woman's unfailing resource), every thing was tried, and all to no purpose. At last the lad turned restive and savage, and he boxed the governess's ears as pugnaciously as she had done to him. A message was despatched to the father, and the young culprit summoned down stairs to be flogged; his blood was

up, however; and, though the old butler stood for twenty minutes on the stairs with the child in his arms, and told him the solution of his sum, and begged him to be a good boy, and tell the governess that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he would say what twice two was; all was of no avail; even when in his father's study, the sight of a new and most formidable birch, was of no earthly power; he endured the flogging, but he never swerved from the resolution; and, when after being kept up till ten o'clock at night, two hours after his usual time, the governess came into the school-room, and endeavoured to try what "soft-sawder" would do, as the flogging had failed; why, our little friend boxed her ears again, laughed in her face, and told her that nothing should make him say it. We have often been amused when reflecting upon this scene; for, we verily believe, the child would have endured death sooner than he would have flinched from his resolve. But one word of kindness, of real, genuine, heartfelt love, at the outset of affairs, would have acted like magic; he would have been instantaneously overcome, and the evil spirit of obstinacy would have been exorcised. Now, mark the sequel; from that day forth, the boy was looked upon as the most obstinate disobedient young donkey that ever was driven; he saw it in every body's face; he knew he had been unjustly, and most improperly treated; and, thenceforth, he acted upon the lesson he had imbibed; he was aware that violence or force were the only weapons which would ever be used against him, and he prepared his own armour accordingly. His friends were everlastingly pursuing their most insensate

method ; and he, as was to be expected, knew his power, and exercised it to admiration. So much for rewards promised, but not afforded ; and for punishment applied, with a view of "driving nonsense out of a child's head ;" you may "spare the rod and spoil the child," it is true ; but it is equally true, that you may "use the rod and ruin the child." Every stroke of the rod, which you apply unjustly, may "drive the nonsense out of a child's head ; but each stroke will send it direct to the heart, from whence no power of yours will ever avail to eradicate it ; and, were you flogged in lieu of the child, we should unquestionably say that the probable benefit would be many times greater ; not but what there are times when, upon a transgression of the laws of God, punishment is not only allowable, but indispensable ; though we assert that, even in cases such as these, the child should be made to understand the full reason of its infliction ; he is as much entitled to this privilege, as a criminal to a judicial trial ; and, upon any real transgression of the Divine law, we would adopt the principle of an old and worthy Admiral, now no more, "never forgive a first fault without chastisement, and then you will never have a second to forgive." This seems a harsh maxim ; but we believe in its entire efficacy, with respect to any breach of the Divine commandment, though we do not consider the sins of children against ourselves in the same serious light. We are assured that the majority of punishments we inflict upon children are more the ebullitions of our own culpable passions, than applied with any view of benefit to the young people themselves.

Now, let it not, for an instant, be supposed, that we

uphold the doctrine of "plenary indulgence," in respect of every display of passion with which their "little naughtinesses" are wont at once to amuse and annoy Society; nothing is more distant from our wish or intention; but we do contend for the truth of the assertion, that rewards should never be promised, or even hinted at, if they are not to be afforded; and punishment should never be inflicted, but after the most mature and deep deliberation. We will now see how the principle, upon which the world at present acts, affects Society at a maturer period.

We have now indisputably taught the young idea, that, although truth is a most estimable virtue; and that, though little boys and girls are bound never to say "the thing which is not;" yet, now and then, Papa's and Mamma's may, if they please, jump over the hedge, and wander from the path of truth. As the young things grow up, therefore, what is more likely than, in the superabundance of their activity, they too should be seized with an inclination to try their skill at jumping likewise? No ostensible harm seems, to their partially developed intellect, to have actually accrued to their parents from the jump; and, to argue with children upon untangible premises, we hold to be all moonshine; so they, now and then, by way of exercise, take a run and a jump, and over they go; finding the performance easy, they do it again and again, until the fence of truth is no more a barrier or an impediment in their path than the moonshine aforesaid itself would be. Therefore, we have known boys at school act thus, or similarly. They have wanted, i.e. a big boy has, some article from the shop in the

village ; so he holloa's out to his fag, "I say, you Sir ! go to Mother Gilbert's, and fetch me so-and-so ; and when you come back, I'll give you the change." Off runs the little lad in high glee, little thinking what a "change" will "come o'er the spirit of his dream," on his return ; he hies him straightway to Mother Gilbert's, makes the purchase, and receives what he thinks will be quite change enough for him, and he feels amply rewarded already ; up he runs to his tyrant, gives him both the article purchased and the surplus money, expecting, of course, to receive the latter.—How is this done, though ?—"And so you think I'm going to give you the money, do you, you young flat ?" "Why, you said you'd give me the *change*, I'm sure you did ; didn't he, now, Jenkins ?" Jenkins, however, is non-respondent ; so the colloquy continues.—"I said I'd give you the change, did I ?—And so I will." Here he suits the action to the word, and, like a brute as he is, he gives the poor little urchin a kick, enough to send him at once into the next world. "There, take that ; and, when you go home, tell your mother how they give change at school."

Were we in power, and our Associative Institutions in vogue, we will now state what our mode of action would be, in a case like this.—The kicker should be immediately arrested by the police, placed in solitary confinement for one month, and then despatched on official business for the remainder of his educational term, to a foreign land ; his parents should be heavily fined, say to the amount of £100. for the practical illustration their son had given to Society of the lesson they themselves had taught ; and we have the greatest

possible reason for believing, that, from such a prompt and decisive step as this, much good would ensue ; for it is to be conjectured, that a second similar fault would not, for some time, occur for the exercise of forgiveness.

Our disagreeable subject, however, escapes any such salutary instruction ; so he goes to College, forgets all his evil deeds at school, and enters upon life much on a par with his fellow-men ; by and by, he “stands for a county,” and fancies himself a very great man ; in the course of his canvass, both he and his opponent, (for your candidates for Parliamentary honours generally go about in pairs, and the consequence is, that one pulls one way and the other another, while the machine stands still between them, and progresses not one inch forward, though it may retrograde, or take an eccentric course) ; we say, both these worthies, having long looked upon the hedge afore-named, as no sort of obstacle whatsoever, promise all sorts of impossible things, and their constituents, who have considered promises as a sort of legal tender, are foolish enough to take the base medium for genuine gold ; nevertheless, what between the thick-headedness of the constituency, and the soft-sawder of the candidates, the latter (one of them at least), reaches St. Stephen’s Green in safety : but, only just ask him when he arrives there, and is comfortably seated under the Bude light, for certain tokens of reminiscence, and see if he does not either shew you what “change” means, in a Parliamentary as well as a Scholastic sense ; or, if he does not openly declare his entire conviction of the admirable nature of his mother’s early lesson to his sister, when she so wisely

allayed the young lady's importunity by stating that "people could'nt always perform their promises." Now, we hold truth to be a most essential "Nail" in the shoe of Society; it is the "*frost-nail*" in icy weather; without it, she must slip and slide like one intoxicated; and, sooner or later, fall she must. But this is by no means all; the evil we are discussing ends not with the single successful candidate; every sheep which feeds upon St. Stephen's Green, becomes more or less infected by the injurious maxim of the Lady-Mother, whom we have honorably mentioned; they, in their turns, are apt to forget the promises they make; and more than that, so very curious is the effect produced upon their minds, that you will hear them gravely debating the expediency of doing the most impossible actions, and, at the same moment, will you see them throwing overboard all the most obviously valuable projects, from the mere habit of perversion into which they have insensibly glided. And yet, these men have talents of the highest possible order; nevertheless, the abundant stream was, in early youth, diverted from its native channel; and, when as a young rivulet, we might have so guided it as to have refreshed the gardens, and irrigated the fair meadows of Society, to the greatest imaginable benefit; what do we behold, as the result of our allowing the river it has now become to "take its own course,"—to "find its own level?" Why, simply this: the garden is growing waste, and filled with weeds; "the situation of the city is a pleasant one, but the water is nought, and the ground barren;" the fair meadows of Society are parched and burnt up for want of irrigation; and

the feet of Society are sorely wounded from the loss of shoes, occasioned by heedlessly dropping this valuable "nail" of truth, which the slightest exertion might have sufficed to secure.

Devote we now, some attention to the method whereby we reward the industry or talent, and punish the misdemeanours, of our poorer brethren in Society. We will begin with our Village Schools. The Parents are induced to allow their children to attend these schools, and, oftentimes, they gladly avail themselves of the privilege, in order that they may obtain some respite from the harassing cares of a large family and a small abode. The highest object of ambition which we hold out to these children, is a domestic situation, or the trade or occupation which their Parents have followed before them: as to raising them above the sphere in which they now move, Society denounces any such attempt; for, says she, "I wonder how we are to be provided with Servants, if this takes place?" Fancying, therefore, that she has said a very wise, instead of a very foolish thing, she dismisses the subject (as she thinks) *mem. con.*, thereby furnishing us with material for a "Horse-shoe Nail."—Let us try how it "works up." Day after day will you see the poor, ill-clad, half-starved inhabitants of our Villages, wending their way to the Village-School, there to obtain their daily allowance of hard knocks and rough words from the semi-educated president of the establishment. Money is here, again, made the standard of this functionary's worth; for a man of real ability "cannot afford" to accept the salary our rural pedagogue is compelled to deem sufficient. After a few years of, to them, most

unintelligible mystification, our young people separate, some to the plough, others to trade, the factory, the army or the navy; and what, would we ask, is the *reward* they take with them for all their toil, their daily sufferings, and the many fruitless hours they have spent, in the vain endeavour to do that which was impossible? They may, in addition, have attended the Sunday-School, and the house of their Maker, but have you never looked upon the shoeless foot, the half-clad, suffering body, the pinched look and sickly carriage of the child whom you thought might be converted, and brought to the true knowledge of its Redeemer, by the mere fact of your compelling it to attend your school and Church, and sit for a stated number of hours, or of minutes, to listen to that which, if it heard, it never could understand; but to which it paid no heed; for the bodily suffering it underwent obliterated or deadened every faculty of the mind? Is this the example set us by our blessed Saviour, who, "when he saw the multitudes, had compassion upon them, and would not send them away fasting to their houses;" but, by a miracle, fed them with food convenient for them?

Alas! Alas! we make a fatal false step here; we think that a poor starving body can appreciate the mental food; that by a forced attendance on the worship of our Creator, we can create a hungering and thirsting after righteousness; that by teaching the Bible and the Collects of our glorious Liturgy, as hard tasks, we can superinduce a love of the invaluable precepts they put forth! But where is the harvest, after all our toil? Do we not, here and there, see a single isolated ear of corn, and the whole field, we think we have so cleverly

cultivated, one mass of poor dwindling weeds? And is this the return we ought to look for, or the profit on the talent we can offer to Him who entrusted that talent to our care? Ask we why, in defiance of all our schools, and pitiful rewards for diligence, our streets still swarm with the vicious, the depraved, and the poverty-stricken beggar? O why will we close our eyes to facts, the most self-evident; facts which all nature forces daily and hourly upon our attention? why will we stupidly continue to assert, that the rewards we offer to virtue are to be considered as adequate to the end in view? Why will we childishly fritter away our time, in saying that we are endeavouring to effect that which we know the means that are now within our reach, render wholly and undeniably impossible? But, you may perhaps ask us, in reply, if we would point to the loaves and fishes as the great end of all endeavour? Mistake us not; they are but a means conducive to the end; and it should be ours to take good heed, that, not only should these means be furnished in abundance, but that "baskets full of fragments" should "be taken up," when all were fed to the full. Is it sufficient, in the sight of Him who gave us this example, that we pay our workman his daily wages, which scarce suffice to keep the spark of life alight; and that we *reward* him, as we term it, with a new smock-frock, a new hat, or a yard or two of flannel once a year, for his years' good conduct? and then "go on our way rejoicing," as though we had done a really meritorious action? Is this all that lieth in our power? The assertion of the wisest man now in existence, would never induce us to give credence to the fact; for fact

it most assuredly is not. Were we really in earnest about the matter, and did we honestly and in truth wish to better the condition of our work-people, can you, *will* you, try to make us believe that the means are unattainable, the idea Utopian, *but* impossible? You may try, but your experiment will fail; for it is neither borne out by common sense, or truth itself; the sophistry of worldly argument may invest the subject in the cloud of mystification, and then cast it into the labyrinth of error, to divert our attention the further; but all will be of no avail; we *know* the power is yours, i.e. Society *has* the power, in spite of every affirmation to the contrary; and we, also know that disinclination, and a false fear of losing power, are the sole motives which induce her to keep back the legitimate exercise of the gift with which she has been herself so largely blessed. Do we, then, wish to improve the condition of the poor?—Make use of means proportionate to the end; think not that the workhouse jail will be considered as an adequate alleviation of distress at the bar of Heaven, or that your village schools and annual presents will be accepted as an acceptable sacrifice. But, you say, how can we do more with the money we possess? Once more, we congratulate you upon the hitting the right “nail” on the head.—Ah! what, indeed? And we mark, with feelings of high delight, the praiseworthy efforts of those who, with small means, i.e. of monetary wealth, so liberally contribute of those means to the relief of their fellow-creatures; and it is “the five small loaves, and the two small fishes,” which, after all, are blessed to the provision, inadequate as it may be, of the great

multitude. But, is there no way in which we can assist these anxious well-wishers of their people and their country, but by setting up an impossible standard of existence? Must we still bow down before the golden idol which Society has set up, and make it the boundary of our missionary exertions, and our benevolent desires? Can we, who find it so easy to overleap the hedge of truth, and evade the strict paths of probity and justice, find no possible method of scaling the wall this idol of ours has caused us to erect for its support, to the total shutting out of those glorious fields which lie beyond? Must we enquire of that senseless image, whether such and such a mission must be relinquished, or this or that school or institution be established? Has the Almighty acted thus in respect of us? Has He set up a standard He knows to be impossible; and told us, unless you can possess yourselves of gold, you shall perish? True, He has, in His infinite love and mercy, said "Here is gold, true gold, well refined, and tried in the fire, and without it you can never enter into my kingdom." But let us enquire, has not He, at the same time, placed it within the reach of all, in an equal degree, from the poorest Beggar to the richest Emperor? And are we to place limits which He has not placed? It is not, as we have said before, by raising one class and depressing another, we would seek to benefit any; but we would *never* attempt to elevate one portion of Society, without evidently and unequivocally raising all portions or classes simultaneously. Tell us not it is impossible; we *know* the reverse; and, if we ever offer rewards to our inferiors in station, we would en-

treat, for the honour of our nation, that they should be such as would redound to that honour, and our own credit with Society.

A few words now on the head of Punishment, and we will dismiss this "mill" from the anvil. The main object of punishment, we take to be the prevention of crime; but it may be not amiss to enquire, how far our expectations are realized, in this respect, under the present system of Society. Is crime lessened? Is the preventive adequate to the end in view? It is not. Why does not the fear of imprisonment prevent poaching, or petty theft? Why do transportation and the gallows fail to prevent murder? Why is the face of the magistrate set at naught by the drunkard and the brawler? The answers are obvious: the magistrate licences the haunt of the drunkard; the legislator permits crime, on the payment of certain penalties; the preserver of game, by the permission of its sale, offers a higher premium to the daring talent of the poacher, than he does to the industrious tiller of the land. Can we wonder, then, that the spirits of evil laugh us to scorn? that, in the day of our calamity, we are in danger of perishing, from want and distress, "in the land which floweth with milk and honey, and which is the glory of all lands;" that, in defiance of legislative enactments, amended tariffs, and a host of ingenious expedients, each succeeding year should find us with an insufficient treasury, and perplexities arising on every hand? Is it a matter of surprise, that the domestic happiness of our families should be invaded, and our hearths defiled, by the foul, treacherous assaults of Puseyism; that our national peace should be

threatened by the spirit of disunitive repeal ; that, notwithstanding all our concessions to foreign powers, our credit should be lessening, and the prowess of our arms questioned, by those who ought to be, by this time, our comrades in the armies of peace, even the armies of the great Captain of our salvation ? Are these subjects for surprise, we repeat, when we drive our women to seek for sustenance from the wages of sin, and thus to punishment, as an inevitable consequence of their fall, by refusing to succour them when tempted by distress ? when we offer a premium of gold and silver to the poacher, the thief, and the robber ; and thus court him to the jail, refusing him the means of existence in lawful labour, and an honest livelihood ? when we punish our children for faults which have their origin in our own indolence or indifference ; and lastly, when the coffers of our treasury are enriched by the price of sin, as the gin-shop, and other questionable sources of profit, will testify ? Methinks when we see England thus " waxing fat, and kicking, and playing the fool, like one of the careless ones," it were enough to provoke a smile of ridicule and contempt, were such sensations not overwhelmed by the awful consideration of her danger. Would that her sons and daughters, who are blessed with more than common advantages, and a degree of light which is vouchsafed to no other nation under the heavens, would take pattern from Her, the anointed one, whom God in His mercy has set upon the throne of this realm ; would that Her example, and that of Her illustrious Consort, had more influence with us ! We should then tear off the veil of custom and expediency from the face of

Society; and act as becometh Christians, as responsible beings, who know that they possess an immortal soul!

We may place the incentives to crime, and every wickedness, side by side with punishment; we may tempt our brother thus, and feed him with the bread of affliction, and the water of affliction; we may tell him that "Providence," and not we, is accountable or responsible for his choice; and, when he asks us to put these evil things far out of his sight, and give him the inducements to virtue in lieu of them, we may refer him to the approbation of his own conscience, while his mind and body are enfeebled by keen want and distress; but we may "set to our seal," that, "as God is true, and His Word, truth itself, for all these things will He bring us to judgment." England has done much, it may be alleged, as a teacher of righteousness; but she has done more as an encourager of vice. It was not her own arm that raised her from the dust, or placed her as a Queen among the nations; and if she, in her pride, presumes upon the strength which has been given her from above, she will find, in her day of trial, that her own strength is perfect weakness. Let her, then, beware; let her take higher ground still, by treading in the paths of humiliation for her sinful backsliding; and, awaking from the slumber in which she is now indulging, at once address herself to the task of extrication from the maze of error in which she is bewildered. So shall her light shine forth once more unto the perfect day; her sons shall grow up, even as the young plants, and her daughters become the polished corners of that living Temple, which she, in humility and lowly fear, may then present as an

acceptable offering unto Him who has so transcendently favored her, but who has so eminently warned her from 'undue pride,' by asking "who made thee to differ, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

"We may be thought to have treated this subject somewhat harshly; but punishment is a serious talent; a mighty responsibility attaches thereto, when entrusted to the management of men. Too apt are we to plume ourselves upon authority, and to take pleasure in the exercise; but if the talent were duly considered in all its various bearings, few, we deem, are there, who would willingly take upon themselves the charge of such a trust. The power of rewarding good is a blessed and an enviable distinction; but the vocation of the dispenser of punishment is one from which nature's very inmost nature shrinks. Who is there among us that can say, "I am fitted for the post?"

CHAPTER VI.

WASHING-DAY.

It is the practice, we believe, of certain enemies of our faith, who of late have unawares crept in to spy out our liberty, when writing to their friends, to date their letters thus, "ST. CRISPIN'S DAY, Eve of ST. JANUARIUS' DAY," and so on, having a saint for every day in the calendar. A certain Revd. joker, whose equal one rarely meets with, on the receipt of an epistle commencing in this fashion, dated his reply thus, "WASHING-DAY, eve of BAKING-DAY," thereby hitting the nail a "a right-down blow;" but it was reserved for a much-valued friend of ours, not only to drive the nail up to the very head, but to clench it at one stroke; for on writing to give us the above information, he says, "I think I can do better than that, for I should write thus, "St. PUSEY'S DAY, Eve of ANTICHRIST'S DAY." We challenge our readers to beat that, if they can. In our estimation it is inimitable; for it hits the giant in the very middle of his forehead, and with its own sword does it decapitate the Philistine. However we are not

about either to waste time or paper at the present moment on a slain enemy, our business being 'with washing-day in its literal and most commonly understood acceptation. Who was the luckless wight that first introduced the day into our calendar, doth not appear ; the worst we wish him is, that

“ Soft may be his slumber,
 “ With the wash-tub for his bed,
 “ May washerwomen without number
 “ Heap soap-suds on his head.”

Strange that we English people who pride ourselves on “comfort,” should thus voluntarily succumb to an infliction which (poverty and sickness alone excepted), is more than any other, calculated to eradicate, the semblance even, of all domestic happiness. Thus we see a breakfast-party in high glee, on a beautiful morning, in the merry month of June. Says the father to his spouse, “My dear, this is a very beautiful day, suppose we give the children a treat ; and, instead of lessons, let us have a pic-nic party?” “O do! do! mamma,” exclaim the little ones in chorus, “please do now, it will be so nice, and we have’nt had a pic-nic this year.” Now, the mother’s face is a picture well worthy an artist’s study, for it is at once an index to the thoughts which pass across her mind. What is her reply? “My dear Mr. H ; how can you be so forgetful ; don’t you know it’s washing-day, and we can’t spare any of the servants to prepare our dinner, or to take care of the baby?” “Drat the washing-day!” exclaims the husband ; “I wish the fellow was hang’d that first invented it ; and so, I suppose, because all

the wash-tubs are at work, we are to lose all our pleasure, and to have nothing but that everlasting boiled round of beef and rice-pudding for dinner?" "Well, my dear, and what would you have?" is the wife's reply, calmly uttered, though you see she means every word to be a dagger or a carving-knife. "Have? why, I'd have all washing-days abolished; and I would *not* have three days in every fortnight of utter distraction and confusion; people should have proper places for such horrible work, if it must be done; and, instead of spoiling the peace of 200 or 400 families for a fifth portion of their lives, I'd have a Phalanx of laundries in every county, or a single laundry on a large scale for each town, where people, by the payment of a small annual tax, should have all their washing performed in a much better manner than it now is,—that's what I would have, madam, if I had my own way." It is evident from this, that the gentleman is a sensible person, and a Phalansterian to boot; the lady, however, merely enquires if "any body ever heard such absurd nonsense?" and, not waiting for an answer to what she considers a totally unanswerable apopthegm, she bounces out of the room, leaving her husband out of temper, the children out of spirits, while she herself is out of sorts, because the small still voice of conscience tells her that her partner is in the right, and she is in the wrong; but as to a lady ever making such a confession as this to any but a Romanist, or a Puseyite priest, no one ever yet heard of such an occurrence taking place: the event would be at once worthy of calendarization, and the fair confessor, of canonization, forthwith. We have said, that the fortnightly wash takes up, or spoils, one-fifth

of our domestic time; we might say more; for the effects are visible for the whole week, at least. In the first place, on Monday morning there is a most unusual and peace-destroying scuttlings all over the premises; as soon as your breakfast is concluded, a steam is perceptible, even in your own study, which savoureth of strong yellow soap and hot water; this makes you fidgetty—whatever your wishes may be to the contrary, you are told that you must *please* to dine at one o'clock, because it's washing-day, and however fastidious your appetite at the time, you must have the round of beef, of which we have made honorable mention, and then “the servants can have it after you.” Upon this, you begin to wish all rounds of beef were at Jericho; and then you begin to argue very senselessly; for you have sundry fleeting doubts as to whether you improved your condition by matrimony, or the contrary. People should never do this, for the practice is very unsatisfactory; it begins in dissatisfaction and terminates with disgust, at what ought to be the primum mobile of earthly happiness.—But the spirit of the wash-tub laughs at earthly happiness, and the father probably begins to swear at it, and every thing that intrudes upon his notice at the time. Here, again, he is wrong; for he forgets that every profane oath is base coin, forged in hell; it is uttered on earth, and—it is registered in heaven.—But such ideas as these form no part of his reflections; his present discomfort is all-absorbing; and his wife consoles herself with, “It's of no use caring for his grumbling; let him have it out; he'll come round in time.”—“Egad!” says he, drawing his breath between his clenched teeth at the sight of the

huge underdone heap of beef which decorates his dining-table, in addition to a very dirty table-cloth, "I wish I'd known this before I married, I'd———" "It's lucky you did'nt, my dear," interposes the lady; "and now you'll be so good as to say no more about the matter, whatever you choose to think." Foiled again, what can the poor fellow do? Master he is of the house, and every thing in it, that is true; but, as to doing as he best likes with the house and its appurtenances, that is quite another affair; and no woman in her senses would allow a husband to interfere with the domestic economy of soap-suds if——she could help it. But we have taken a queer notion into our heads, that that if any lady-wife of ours were to introduce such an utensil as a wash-tub into our house, the true and literal intention thereof would be instantly misinterpreted; for, most assuredly, the very first idea we should imbibe, and the first act we should commit, would be to direct the gardener to fill the said utensil with the choicest mould, and therein insert a myrtle or an orange-tree, or some such valuable exotic, or rare shrub. We strongly recommend the practice to all masters of houses; for the satisfaction they would have in presenting the said rare shrub to their partners in weal and in woe, would compensate, in a great measure, for the feelings of indignation with which they regarded this first step towards an infringement of their undoubted prerogative as lords of the creation, and, consequently, of the wash-tub.

In a retired nook of our own dear native land, stand the remains of an "ould ancient castle," renowned, in ages past, as the scene of many a tournament, and the

resort of many a fair dame and belted knight. The ruin is a very beautiful one; it speaks of times when the mind of man soared to a far loftier height than is now its wont, in our degenerate day; and, as if in faithful portraiture of the distinction between that day and those of chivalry and honour, there rests by the side of this glorious remnant, a model of a Manor-House, which looks, for all the world, as if the artist had taken it from a shelf in the national gallery, and placed it in its present situation to mark the striking contrast between the thing that *is*, and that which *was*. Should a visitor chance to pass an idle summer's hour at ———, and roam to the Castle Grounds on a Monday morning, or at any part of the day, he will find a regiment of——not belted knights, nor dames, nor squires of high or low degree, nor yet the falconer, the forester, the huntsman, or noble stag-hound, and the gaily-caparisoned impatient steed; but in lieu of these soul-stirring objects will he see “a long, long line, full many a yard extending,” well clothed with sheets and shirts, and other nameless things, which mock at human greatness, as they shamelessly desecrate the neighbourhood of that noble castle. But this is not all; the line aforesaid is but the main body of the army of old clothes and flannel petticoats, of stockings and of ———. Let the observer wheel upon the left flank, and he will, at some thirty yards distance in advance thereof, behold a squadron drawn up in close order, ready to commence the attack upon his refined sensibility; a half-wheel to the left again, and a hedge adorned—not with green leaves, but a vast conglomeration of indescribable products of the wash-tub, meets

his gaze.—Confused, he turns him to another point, and there, among the trees, is discernible the banner of the wash-tub spirit waving mockingly to the breeze; and if our friend the visitor be a stranger, he will leave the place with the afflicting consciousness that a legion of these unhappy spirits have taken up their abode in that beautiful spot, where once revelled in every luxury the rich, the great, the noble of the land. It is marvellous to our narrow-minded capacity, how the fair ladies of the place can sanction the exposure of articles of clothing, by wholesale, to the vulgar gaze, which, singly exhibited in a drawing room, would drive half the inmates into fits, and cause the other half to illustrate practically that beautiful Song of Mrs. Arkwright's, which invokes the spirit of the rose and says—

“ Then bring me showers of roses bring,
 “ And shed them round me while I sing ;”

for, most assuredly, the fair damsels would need all the contrast of the damask rose to neutralize the effect of flannel and other petticoats, upon their delicate nervous system, and their glowing cheeks.

We have stated that Monday is the washing-day; Tuesday, then, is ironing-day, and Wednesday is clearing-up-and-sorting-day; on Thursday afternoon, just when the father, of whom we wrote a page or two ago, has placed his feet upon the fender, and with newspaper in hand, after the discussion of a tolerably comfortable meal, is sitting alone in the dining-room, and fancying how he shall enjoy the quiet hour before he is summoned to the drawing-room to tea, he hears a knock at the

door ; "What's up now ?" says he, "come in." "O, it's only me," says the wife, more than half afraid to *come in* ; " poor Mary's taken very ill, and I came to ask if you would let John go and fetch the doctor ?" "This comes of your *washing days*, Madam ; I expected how it would be ;" (by the way, though, this is a bit of a stretcher, for the idea never entered the worthy man's head, and that is a fact ;) " didn't your own sense tell you, that the women were sure to knock up ?" "Well, my dear, it can't be helped now ; all I want to know is, can John be spared to go or not ?" " Why, yes, if he must, he must, I suppose," is the very sage conclusion our friend arrives at. But it so happens that John must ride the chestnut mare, and his master wants to go and meet the hounds the next day ; this is now, however, out of the question ; all ideas of quiet or domestic peace are knocked on the head for that evening, and the children are huddled off to bed any how. John comes back with a sanguinary nasal feature, for the mare has run away with him, thrown him and herself too, breaking his nose and her own knees. The doctor arrives, and consoles the master with the intelligence that he is not sure Mary is not beginning with the typhus fever, imported by the char-woman from the village ; the mother is in agonies for her children ; but extreme quiet is absolutely essential for the sufferer, (extreme quiet !! only fancy the absurdity of such an idea, in a small house in the country, half full of children !) and instead of three days ending your washing-day miseries, three weeks scarcely suffice for the purpose ; and then, no sooner are you beginning, worthy creature that you are, to fancy that quiet in a

slight degree is attainable, than up comes your wife with, "My dear, will you tell the butcher to send a round of beef this week, for Monday is the washing-day!" Now, we are quite sure Job never had a trial like this; and the very remotest idea of a man being tolerably contented only, under such circumstances as these, is, in the highest degree, ridiculous; it is utterly contrary to all human nature: quite as much so, as the washing-day itself is out of all nature. When we reflect upon the immense saving which would accrue to all from the establishment of a Joint-Stock Washing and Ironing Establishment, in every town and village, orphanstery, and how it would remove an odious disgusting veil from the fair face of nature's landscape, it is a marvel that the idea should not have been hit upon ere this, and our country spared this additional national disgrace; for it is neither more nor less than a reproach to her to continue this slovenly, unnecessary and domestic-happiness-destroying practice of washing days at home; it ruins the peace of whole households; it produces differences, quarrels, and all kinds of animosity: it creates illness, ill-humour, and vexation, unutterable; moreover, it is not sanctionable on the score of cleanliness or economy, but the very reverse; and we are morally certain that in these days of steam and machinery, of hot closets and automatons, that there is no more necessity for the continuance of our present disgusting habit than there is for negro slavery. In conclusion, we would seriously recommend to Her Majesty's Government that a tax be immediately imposed upon all wash-tubs and clothes-lines, used as such, and that all washerwomen be compelled to take

out a license for the exercise of their vocation. Such a measure would be quite as rational as the tax upon light and food, and if we may judge from the vicinity of ——— Castle, the mania for soap-suds would produce by no means a despicable revenue. We would send the assessor round on a Monday morning, and, if that did not clench this nail, and induce the masters of houses to exercise their legitimate authority, and at once abolish the nuisance, we should pity them as beings overwhelmed by oppression, and incapable of being aroused by any appeal, however awakening.

CHAPTER VII.

"TOO THICK UPON THE GROUND."

PONDERING, this afternoon, upon what should form the material for our next nail, and looking over a list of divers topics, which lay upon the table, not feeling in a humour to attack any, and being wearied with letter-writing, revising proof-sheets and composition, a visit from our worthy publisher, in Leicestershire, for a few moments, produced a fresh train of thought. We asked his opinion of the subject of our labours; his reply was a very natural one,—“he did'nt know what was to be done; that *something* should be devised, was unquestionable; for the good people of——were too “thick upon the ground.”—The words were music to our ears; for he had unconsciously hit a nail, and that nail gave out a clear metallic sound. When he, therefore, had taken his departure, we hied us to the Baths; and the first question we put to the attendant was, what he thought upon the subject? His answer was an echo to that of the publisher; for he too was “too thick upon the ground.” “Why,” said we “there’s plenty of

room for you all if you would but regulate and arrange yourselves rather more systematically." "That's just it, sir," said he; "that's exactly where it is;" and we began to imagine that the spirit of association had been beforehand with us; and, finding there was a demand for "Horse-shoe Nails" of this description, we determined to see if one could be manufactured out of the modicum of material we had stumbled upon in the course of the day.

Upon consulting nature, (our invariable custom when any abstruse subject presents itself), she said, at once, the thing was impossible; and she pointed to the Dunstable chalk-hills in support of her assertion. Says she, "are they too thick upon the ground?" Take a microscope, and you will find every atom of chalk once formed a living animalcule; and yet, incalculable as is their number, I managed to find support for them all.—Then, again, examine a single drop of water, a beverage you seem so partial to; and in that one drop you will perceive hundreds of living creatures;—are they "too thick upon the water?" The air you breathe is loaded with embryo insects, and their eggs,—are they "too thick upon the air?" Quite satisfied with her reply we sat us down to ruminate upon, and digest these striking and incontrovertible facts in support of a theory we had long entertained, that it is utterly impossible, because out of all nature, that any thing in nature should be "too thick upon the ground."

On the following day we had occasion in the course of a drive, to pass through divers villages; the first we came to may contain four or five hundred inhabitants; on one side of the road only, and within five hundred

yards of each other, stand no less than four beer-shops ; thought we to ourself, " You, at any rate, are sadly 'too thick upon the ground.' "

A mile and a half further on, as the road-books say we came to a wood side, where grew sundry oak trees, or rather, had grown ; for there was the woodman busy with the axe, the bark-stripper hard at work, and the young giants of the forest, prostrate and humbled in the dust long ere they had reached their prime ; not far from them lay, at full length extended, several huge monsters of the same species, which had stood the storms of centuries, and had nobly ornamented the hereditary estate of the E. of ———. ; sighing, as we moralized on this destruction of nature's work, we mentally exclaimed, " and are you also 'too thick upon the ground?' "

The next village we skirted, contains some 1800 inhabitants ; here there are, to our certain knowledge, no less than TEN beer-shops and public houses. Now, who is there, who will not agree with us in declaring, that these are villanously "too thick upon the ground?"

Again, we dashed up the street of a third rural concatenation of dwellings ; there may be some thirteen hundred persons resident therein ; seven houses in that place open their doors to the public, as beer-shops and liquor-houses. Are they "too thick upon the ground," or not ?

Now, we have stated our utter disbelief that any thing in nature, and, most especially, of the human species, can, by any mischance or possibility, be "too thick upon the ground ;" and, before we finish this nail, we hope to make good the assertion, — but that all

the beer and liquor-shops in England are, nine times out of ten, "too thick upon the ground," we most cordially concur in declaring ; and if the aforesaid nine-tenths were devoted to entire annihilation, demolition, spoliation, destruction, or any other ation, ition, or unction whatsoever, we should, for one, most heartily rejoice ; feeling assured that, while they exist, all attempts at reformation will be unavailing ; for one might as rationally expect to grow grapes in the crater of an active volcano, as to improve the moral condition of the poor while we allow all these houses to remain open as so many gate-ways to the infernal regions, to which place they direct the unwary enterer straightway. Reflecting upon this topic, it appears to us that, either the magistracy are much too thinly scattered over the ground, or, that consciences bear no proportion to the wants of the community,—ergo, we would strongly advise the cultivation of this latter commodity, and it will be found to be a singular fact, that as *they* increase, in the same ratio will the abominations we speak of, inevitably diminish. Nature never yet made or planted a beer-shop, *and let it appear where it may, it is an excrescence, an injurious and totally unnecessary intruder in Society, were Society duly organized.* This may seem a rash conclusion, but we arrive thereat advisedly. In a former work, we have spoken of the advantages derivable from systematic association and home colonization ; and we have said that, so far from being "too thick upon the ground," under a proper, classified arrangement, we should literally not have hands enough to do the work which Society now requires to be done. A glance at the following rough sketch will shew how

far our calculations are just, or the reverse. We proposed, if we recollect aright, to build Institutions in lieu of Villages, each mansion to accommodate 1500 persons, or thereabouts; we should then have 18,000 of such establishments in England; provided the 27,000,000 of inhabitants were all located thus. Now, for the Army, the Navy, the Church, the Law, and the Mines, and one or two other items, we will deduct 1,000,000; this leaves us $17,333\frac{500}{1500}$ for the total number of Phalansteries of 1500 persons residing in each. Of every 1500 people, we will take one-fifth as the grown-up men, and able to work; and in every Establishment would be required a certain number of persons constantly employed for the support of the mansion and estate. We subjoin here a list of those whose services would be indispensable; and where we have estimated for 2, 3, or more, of one occupation, we do not mean that they should be separately interested, and so compete with each other; but one would be the master-man, and the remainder his journeymen. Thus, then, we should require for every Phalanstery these trades and professions:

Chaplain,	1	Wine and Liquor Merchants, ..	4
Secretary,	1	Farmers,	7
Assistant do,	1	Brewers,	2
Surgeon or Physician	1	Bakers,	2
Surveyor and Engineer	1	Butchers,	2
Governor,	1	Shoemakers, ..	3
Bookseller,	1	Hatters,	2
Printer,	1	Hosier,	1
Compositor,	2	Haberdasher, ..	1
Farm Superintendent	1	Green Grocers, ..	2
Mathematical Professor	1	Carpenters, ..	3
Schoolmasters	2	Bricklayers, ..	3
Organist,	1		

Stone-Masons, ..	2	Glass,	2
Plumbers,	2	Pottery,	2
Keepers,	2	Labourers, ..	90
Clerk,	1	Drains and sewers, ..	1
Millers,	2	Lamps,	1
Glover,	1	Chimneys,	1
Weaver,	1	Cooper,	1
Tailors,	3	Turner,	1
Blacksmiths, ..	2	Carrier,	1
Ironmongers, ..	2	Tanner and Currier, ..	2
Tinman,	1	Chemist,	1
Gas-men,	2	Travelling agent, ..	1
Painter,	1	Museum keeper, ..	1
Malster,	2	Librarian,	1
Barber,	1	Button & Stamp-maker	1
Wire and Brass-worker	1	Clothier,	1
Stocking-maker, ..	1	Steward,	1
Candle-makers, ..	2	Cooks,	5
Oil-men,	2	Waiters,	4
Paper stainer ..	1	Grooms,	4
Paper-makers ..	2	Porters,	4
Saw mill,	2	Helpers,	2
Distillery,	2	Gardeners,	8
Soap manufacturer, ..	2	Engines,	2
Store keepers, ..	2	Brick-makers ..	2
Larder,	1	Stone-quarries, ..	2
Watch-maker ..	1	Cheese-rooms, ..	2
Basket-maker ..	1	Flour-dealer, ..	1
Sugar refiner, ..	1	Post,	1
Carpet manufacturer ..	1	Water-works, ..	1
Linen do.	1	Shepherds,	2
Blanket do. ..	1	Sick,	5
Upholsterers, ..	2	Aged and infirm, ..	10
Cabinet-maker, ..	1	Hospital attendants, ..	4
Wheelwrights, ..	2	Brush-maker, ..	1
Baths,	1	Nail-maker,	1
Woolman,	1	Thread & cotton-maker	1
Confectioner, ..	1	Blacking-maker, ..	1
Carvers and Gilders, ..	2	Cutlers,	2
Saddlers,	2	Deputy Governor and	
Silk work,	4	Inspector,	1
Cotton	2	Reserve,	6
Rope and twine, ..	2		
Wool department ..	2		
Coalmen,	2		
		Total,	300

Now, we will suppose that none can deny the necessity for every one of these professions or trades, in every association composed of 1500 persons; and we will go further yet; we will affirm that, not only are their services actually required, in the several vocations here pointed out, but every person so employed will find ample occupation for the whole of his time; then, what becomes of the argument, that we are "too thick upon the ground," and that there are too many of us already, and all such Malthusian positions? Why, with a reserve of only six men in each Phalanstery, we have provided for the whole English population; and, be it remembered, we have not accounted for one single beer-shop, gin-palace, lead-work, knife-grinding, needle-making, or pin-making establishment, vitriol manufactory, paint-work, and a host of other deleterious and hurtful trades; not one factory, or public institution; not one club or hotel, neither railway establishments, or coach ditto. Be it not for a moment supposed, that we seriously recommend the adherence to the exact classification we have just hastily sketched; but we trust we shall have credit for the redemption of our pledge, "*that it was and is possible so systemativally to classify and organize the whole of our Society, that ample occupation and provision shall be attainable by all.*"

A word, now, to those who, at the outset, accused us of being Babel-builders.—Which, we would ask, savours most of Babelism, our system of separation and regular classification, or the present system of crowding and huddling your population, by hundreds of thousands, into large towns, where hundreds of

those die annually from starvation, disease, and crime, the sure concomitants and inevitable consequences of our present most inhuman practice? Now, we are perfectly aware that these very persons will here turn round upon the opposite tack, and accuse us of so *scattering* Society, that all public trade must be at a stand-still—so easy do they find it to turn their coats upon occasion. But we were provided for and foresaw this movement on their part. We have said that we do not put forth the above-mentioned programme as an exact standard for practice; we merely formed it to prove how easy a measure organization is, if it be set about in good earnest, and with a will. Under a systematic regulation of the whole body corporate, it would, of course, be requisite to have mining Phalansteries, Establishments for the fabrication of particular manufactures, &c. &c.; but NOT ONE of these should contain more than from 1200 to 1800 persons, and EVERY ONE should be under the control and superintendence of governors, and the proper official Staff. Our railway friends have stolen a march upon us; they *have* formed themselves into Phalansteries, and they are reaping the benefit of the system, in a manner which exceeds every expectation which could have been indulged. Again, we would entreat attention to the total annihilation of competition by the adoption of our system. As a matter of course, every inhabitant of an associative establishment would, during his residence there, be obliged to trade with such tradespeople as resided there also; and, as there would be only ONE of each, it follows, that each one would receive the whole of the profits which were derivable from his own par-

ticular business ; and if his goods were not of the very best description, the governor would be responsible for the fault. What then becomes of competition ? It dies a natural death, as the old stage coaches have done, and is replaced by a phoenix which rises out of the ashes of the former, eclipsing it in as great a degree as the railway establishments now do the coach establishments of former days ; and this, too, without the slightest loss or injury, but a most manifest gain and improvement in the condition of the whole community.

Tell us not, then, that we are "too thick upon the ground ;" ages must pass before this can ever be the case, provided we keep awake, and make use of such appliances and common sense as our Maker has so abundantly placed within our reach. Again, on the head of revenue ; take off every impost excepting the customs, and substitute a poll-tax of one pound per head, and you have at once a larger income than you now can reckon upon ; a certain source, and no trouble whatever in the collection, as the bank of each institution would be responsible for the revenue, and every inhabitant would be obliged to place his or her savings in that bank, which, in its turn, would be accountable to the National Banking Phalanstery, or the Bank of England. We might then *rationaly* propose an alteration in the currency, suited to the increasing population ; but, *be it ever borne in mind, that alteration should be made exclusively in favor of residents in these Establishments, and in no wise to apply to them when travelling in foreign countries, or in their foreign mercantile transactions ; nor should it be applicable to foreigners, unless they had become naturalized with us.*

In the foregoing statement, we have left emigrants wholly out of the question; neither have we made honorable mention of idlers, tattlers, busy-bodies, thieves, jail-birds, huntsmen, racing ditto, nor any of those tame tigers, who live (many of them) by their wits, or rather, without any. The whole community of such beings is extirpated, or rather, they are so thinly distributed, that detection must be inevitable wherever they appeared; and it is devoutly to be hoped, that, by the taking away of all gin-shops and pot-houses, that the incentives to their peculiar dispositions being absent, they would change their skins, and be transmuted into useful animals; or, failing that, they would find that the English climate disagreed with their constitutions, and, therefore, voluntarily betake themselves to some more genial clime, more *congenial* at least to their own habits and tastes; for most assuredly, Society, upon our system, would not recognize them as brethren, under their present most unbecoming disguise. It would be very practicable to multiply arguments to a much greater extent in defence of our hypothesis; but a hint from our publisher this morning warns us to be as concise as possible; besides which, there is no necessity in nature for any Horse-shoe Nail to exceed a certain length; they are mere trifles, individually considered, though collectively in their proper places, of most essential consequence; and the man who neglects to pick up such an article, when it chances to lie in his path, lays himself open to the same imputation as he who declines stooping to pick up a pin, of whom some one has said "that he will often stoop to a much more

ignoble action." We hope, however, for the future, never to be told that we are "sadly too thick upon the ground," for it will be *naturally* and morally impossible to believe anything of the kind.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THERE, NOW! DID'NT I SAY SO?"

SOME one, who lived in days gone by, has said the "wish is father to the thought," how very often do we find that the "thought is parent to the deed." Be either of these proverbs true, it would, methinks, preach caution to us, and make us pause ere we committed ourselves so far as to utter the very (apparently) common-place sentence which stands at the head of this chapter, and which serves for the manufacture of our eighth "Horse-shoe Nail."

But it is a wonderful anomaly in the annals of mankind, that, let what will happen, whether of ordinary or extraordinary occurrences, (the more strange and unlikely, the better,) some one or other of Society's numerous children will be found ready to exclaim "There now! didn't I say so?" or "I thought so." Now, we venture to say that five-sixths, at least, of those who use this proverb, either did "not think so," or they might, if they had so pleased, entirely have obviated the occurrence, which called forth the ejaculation alluded to. Let us analyse or dissect the feelings

of these very gifted persons, who are thus invariably beforehand with all the rest of the world, who possess a kind of magnetic second-sight, which however, they appear sadly to neglect; for, if it really does exist, there is no question that it is a *talent*, and, as such, the *direction* thereof is as plain as a pike-staff, viz. the prevention of the evils which they assert they *did* foresee. "Come, come," says an objector, "you are now beginning to attack peoples' *motives*, and that will never do." Pardon—"motives" will form material enough for another nail; what we have now to do is to prove that if these very sagacious personages, who always "think so," really possess the faculty, they are in all honour bound to employ it to the benefit of mankind, and the glory of Him from whom that talent emanated, and wherewith they were entrusted. But we have a shrewd guess that the claim to the "patent right" is unfounded, and that many of these Seers are only false prophets after all; and our reason for holding the opinion is this: many and many a time have we heard them say, "There now! didn't I say so?" when, to a positive certainty, not a syllable about the matter ever escaped their lips, nor had the subject been so much as once named, or ever thought of. But the expression creates a certain sensation of knowingness; moreover, we were taught it in our childhood's days; and, although it be one of those (as we deem them) meaningless assertions, uttered as we would any ejaculation, still there is a nameless pleasure in the utterance, which *we* suppose to be the cause of its peculiar fascination, and its frequent application to the troubles of this life. A little infant, partially gifted only with the

power of locomotion, is toddling with a most hazardous and uncertain gait across the dining-room; the father and mother are sitting on either side of the fire-place; dinner is over, and dessert is upon the table; after a good dinner, the wish to move, or use exertion of any kind, is mesmerised, and, for a time at least, annihilated; one of our friends is very busy reading the paper; the other, half asleep and just beginning to be very comfortable. Says the lord of the creation, "My dear, the child will be down presently, and then he'll hurt himself." "Ay?" is the lady's response, uttered in a most soporificated key.—The assertion is repeated, in a louder and more distinct tone, which produces one desired effect at least, for it rouses the wife, who looks round at the infant, and merely saying, "O, no, he won't hurt himself, will you darling?" again sinks into the blissful state of composure, from which she has been aroused; the child is unheeded, until a smash is heard, and the smash is followed by an outrageous squall; both these lead to a startling rush of the parents towards the fallen infant, who has pulled down a music-stool covered with books, which, if he had not been composed of something very like india-rubber, would have crushed him to death; and, as soon as ever the mother has picked the child up, the first thing you hear from the father is "There now! didn't I say so?"—

Here is an illustration of both kinds of evil at once; the father *did* say the child "would fall and hurt himself," but that he foresaw the method by which the catastrophe would be effected, we deny; and, therefore, he was wrong in his declaration, and the declaration was untrue.—Then, on the other hand, the evil might

have been entirely obviated, by either or both of the parents themselves, had they chosen to take the trouble of preventing it; but they did not so choose; they preferred rather to have the child down stairs, in the dining-room, at a time when, of all others, we should have imagined they would seek rest and repose, or the enjoyment of rational converse, in lieu of the inevitable restlessness and anxiety which must ever ensue upon the entrance of young people into localities which we deem unsuitable to their tender age, and at a time when, most assuredly, as we old bachelors decide, it were devoutly to be wished that they were comfortably situated in their cradles, and fast asleep. If at any time the expression we are now employed in considering, were really admissible, it would be on the occasion of "the children being brought down after dinner;" for something or other is almost sure to take place to disturb the equanimity, and, consequently, the digestion of some of the guests or the party assembled; and then, "there! didn't I say so?" would, one might fairly assert, come in very pat to the purpose; for it requires no peculiar exercise of the gift of second sight, to be able to foretell what will come to pass as a result of the practice to which we refer. If the ladies could but witness the smiling faces and the air of satisfaction with which the guests "close up," after their departure, and that of the small fry, they would, we deem, consider us an unmannerly set of brutes; but that such is the case, is an uncontrovertible fact; and, though *we* in particular here record our sentiments, that a dinner-party, *without* being graced with the female presence, is, of all stupid assemblies, the most utterly stupid,

still we must, in all conscience, affirm, that a dining-room *with* children, is in the same ratio, an intolerable infliction. On all sides there is restraint, sometimes coercion, and, when one would wish to hear the sallies of intelligence, or the effusions of wisdom, to have one's ears dinned with "My dear boy, you are *not* to do that; now, sit still, and be good children, ca'n't you?" "My dear, you are not to ask for any thing," &c. &c. &c., does, we say, so painfully remind us of the school-room and the "ills which flesh is heir to," that we would sooner go without a dinner, any day in the year, than voluntarily undergo such an uncomfortable reminiscence, and thereby risk an attack of dyspepsia. The entrée of the dear little creatures is the signal for confusion, and attention is kept on the *qui vive* during the whole of their stay; perpetual watch must be maintained over the glasses, and especially the cutlery; and if we escape a cut finger, or a sweeping destruction of crystal, we may consider ourselves particularly favored; but if accidents should occur, or the tempers of the parents be in any wise discomposed, why then, the spirits of mischief whisper mockingly in our ears "there *now* didn't we say so?" and we, in our turn reply "it is just what we expected."

All this, however, is a mere flea-bite to a broken limb, or as a mole-hill to one of the Andes, in comparison with the marvellous wisdom and foresight with which our later years are ended. Does a poor speculator fail in business?—"Didn't I say so?" greets him instantaneously upon his declaration of insolvency. Is an infectious fever caught?—"I thought how it

would be," is in the mouth of every wise woman within reach of the intelligence. Do two railway trains meet in progression, and, as the Americans say, "go to everlasting smash?" "There now! that's *exactly* what I anticipated?" In short, according to the most acknowledged authorities, we are prepared for any event, be it never so out of the ordinary routine; and the sure consequence of our preparation, or, more properly speaking, of such preparation as ours, is just this, that when the *foreseen* event does take place, it is curious to observe how thoroughly we are at a loss to know how to act, and how very opposite our actions really are to the exigencies of the situation in which we happen to be placed. Thus, in the case of the infant and the music stool, we very probably call the former a little stupid thing for falling when it could *not* help it; and when *we* could have helped it, had *we* not been stupid; and then the poor child is despatched to bed, where it ought to have been before, as a matter of course, but which summary dismissal it now naturally looks upon in the light of a punishment, and it feels as if it had done something very wrong, whereas not the smallest blame can justly be attributable to it, but much to the parents. The father most likely terms the music-stool a 'nasty thing,' and wonders 'what people put such things in the way for;' and an especial degree of surprise is evinced at the idea, that people should heap music-books upon music-stools, such practice having a decided tendency, as we must all be acutely aware, to produce such effects as we have endeavoured to delineate, viz. the downfall of children. We presume, however, that the worthy parent is

suffering under the same sort of hallucination, a certain Major is reported to have done, when, on turning out at four in the morning, with his regiment on the march, he ordered the band to play; they obeyed—but each performer chose his own tune, so the major stopped the performance abruptly, and instead of endeavouring to ascertain what was the matter with the men, he took the French horn in hand, sounded a blast thereon, examined it carefully inside and out, and, finding nothing very particular, he returned it to the owner, and gave the word for the troops to march without the music. Now, had he looked in the men's faces instead of the French horn, he would have found that *they*, and not the instruments, were deranged, that is to say, drunk, or intoxicated. Thus we say, had the father in question looked within himself, instead of regarding the music-stool, he would at once have perceived mirrored upon the looking-glass of conscience, the true and legitimate cause of his child's damage. But with the fall, the child learned a lesson, practical as well as painful, and as soon as ever it can talk, and has collected a small circle of brothers and sisters, you will hear, on the occasion of any little mishap which may chance in the school-room or the nursery, "There now! didn't I say so?" and in the place of assisting the poor unfortunate who experiences the mishap, will that child actually pride itself upon the great degree of foresight which it thinks itself possessed of. Many people will now be exceedingly cross with us, and say, "how very natural it is, that they should make use of such expressions;" we deny the nature of the thing entirely, ay more, we assert that nothing can be more

unnatural ; the fact is, in all such cases as these we have mentioned, nature's guide-post stands beside us, but we are in such an unequivocal hurry in all times and seasons that we never stop to look up at the directions, for if we had done so in any one of these instances, we should have seen two arms branching out of the guide-post ; on one would have been printed in legible letters, "To FOLLY," and on the other, "To DISCRETION." We, however, took the wrong turn, and, as a matter of course, the child followed us ; it again misled others, and then, when we reached the terminus, nature said we should reach in due time, if we went on in that particular road ; we turned short round, and blamed nature, which at once proved where we had got to, namely, to "Folly," for no man in his sober senses who took the opposite direction, (and none others ever travel that way,) ever yet blamed nature for any thing ; of this we are morally confident. However, as soon as we reach the end of our road, we find Recrimination waiting to attend upon us ; and, to show our sense of the attention, we begin saying to each other, "I told you how it would be ; it's all your fault ; I wish I hadn't been so foolish as to follow your guidance," and so forth. The father says "it's very odd he cannot enjoy a moment's peace ;" the mother says nothing, but thinks that "matrimony may be all very well, though it would be a great deal better if the children were not such plagues as they are," and the poor infant would have thought itself infinitely more happy in its cot or cradle, than suffering from music-stools or books. Our friend the Insolvent, wishes that bankruptcies were impossible. The wise women catch the fever, and

ever after dread contagious diseases ; the railway passengers, for a time, look shyly at the engines, as if they had any thing to do with the smash ; and the managers at the Station are callous enough to wonder why people should care so much about being killed by wholesale ; and Society, if she opens her eyes at all, and reflects for an instant deliberately, must, by this time, be convinced that, if she would but teach her children to look up at nature's guide-post, whenever caution was requisite, even on what may seem a most trivial occasion, and then invariably take the road to Discretion, they would find that, as there was no reason to be alleged for the use of that very UN-wise saw, " There, now ! didn't I say so ? " so the practice would of itself be discontinued, and instead of it, we should substitute such a mode of action as would entirely prevent the occurrence of any event which could possibly call forth the expression. This would not, however, be the only advantage we should realize ; for by the substitution of rational action, in the stead of irrational words, the next generation would show to Society a race of beings as far above us in intellectual acquirements as we are now raised, in the appliances of luxury, above the sons of men who lived in olden time. On the road to Discretion, too, they would pick up many a bright gem ; Happiness would meet them at the terminus instead of Recrimination ; Gratitude would be there as her hand-maid ; and should we, the poor author of this ' horse-shoe nail,' be so fortunate as to meet any of those who were wise enough to travel along this road, we might, after giving and receiving the congratulations which would, in the ordinary course of

civility, be considered as indispensable ; and, after enquiries made as to the different discoveries made by each wayfarer on the journey, not be deemed arrogant or intrusive, nor as making a misplaced or inappropriate remark, if we were to ask, "There, now ! didn't I say so ?" and, "were we not correct in saying, that this was the right road ?"

CHAPTER IX.

HOUSES AND LANDS.

IN a recent number, we entered into some general statistic details, having especial reference to a systematical classification of human beings; it may possibly further the views of some benevolent, clear-headed Phalansterian, if we now presume to offer a hint or two on the subject of a regular apportionment of the land we have at command, in the United Kingdom. We stated that the population was computed at 27,000,000; that the number of Phalansteries, or Associative Communities, requisite to contain the whole amount of population, would be 1800, averaging the number of heads in each establishment at 1500. On reference to an exceedingly useful little publication, entitled "The Statistical companion to the Pocket-book," by C. WELD, Esq. F.S.S., to the talented author of which, we here beg leave to express our sincere acknowledgments for his valuable services to us, and to the country at large; we find, that the quantity of land comprised under the denomination of the United Kingdom, is about 77,400,000 acres; dividing this equally among 18,000 associative

bodies corporate, would give 4300 acres to each ; and, again, upon a sub-division of that latter number, we find that to every Phalanstery would be allotted somewhere about 2600 acres of land, now in cultivation, 850 acres not cultivated, but capable thereof ; and the like number, or 850 acres of unprofitable, that is to say, mountain, moor, forest, water, and roads. From this calculation, it is perceptible, that if the entire area were measured out into squares, or triangles would be better suited to the form of our island, and every mansion were situated in the centre of such compartment, each would possess an exclusive domain of 4300 acres as aforesaid. This in proof of our sum, and also in corroboration of the assertion that we are not yet “ too thick upon the ground,” and that the land is capable of maintaining the population.

It has been asserted, that the natural produce of a single acre of land has been proved, beyond a doubt, to be 63 pounds sterling ; and we, in a former work, alluded to a statement published in the course of the past year, to this effect,—that such a sum was actually realized by a labouring man, within twelve months, from an acre of ground planted with potatoes and turnips only. Again, in conversing with several persons in our own neighbourhood, who hold small portions of ground, they confess to us that their profits are nevertheless, upon the average, than 30 or 35 pounds sterling, per annum, upon every acre of land they occupy ; and the data they adduce, furnish abundant evidence as to the truth of their assertion. Now, therefore, we will, as the basis of our calculations, take the lowest sum we have named, viz. £30. per acre, as the amount of

profit which might be realized by each of the establishments we have alluded to, (supposing them to exist), from the land alone. We have allotted 2600 acres of land, now in a state of culture, to each; and a profit of £30. per acre gives us £78,000, annual revenue, from this source alone, independently of trade, manufactures, or commerce; mines, metals, or minerals; or of the 850 uncultivated acres which are capable of improvement; or, again, of the additional reserve of 850 acres of mountain, moor, bog, rocks, or roads, which society, as yet, deems utterly unprofitable; in other words, she has not yet discovered the true purpose of their natural formation; but as they were framed by the same unerring wisdom which created all things, they, in their proper and natural appliances, are as valuable to us, as the finest soil we now till, or the rarest plant we cultivate; but, our eyes are, as yet, closed to their legitimate use, consequently, we consider them useless, and they remain unused. The fault is our own; for there is not, neither can be, a fault in nature.

But, to return; from the foregoing statement, it is clear, that we are by no means really so "hard up," as yet, as some of our agitators, legislators, and estimators would wish us to believe; doubtless, they have purposes of their own to serve by putting forth the theory; but facts are stubborn things; nature's theory is indisputable; and she says, [that her Maker never created any thing in vain, neither did He ever send a single mouth for which there was not, in nature, an adequate provision made before-hand, of food for its support and sustenance. If therefore, in our times of

difficulty, we would but look to this source for direction, we should most assuredly discover at once, a remedy for that difficulty; and, making the discovery, the fault would be our own, if we permitted the evil to exist for a moment longer.

Upon reference to statistical publications, we find, that the average annual value of the agricultural produce of the kingdom, is £6. per acre, or, in the aggregate, £279,137,830, i. e., two hundred and seventy-nine millions, one hundred and thirty-seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty pounds sterling. But, upon our computation, the return might, with only common attention to that portion of land now in a state of culture, be this, to wit, £1404,000,000, or an annual revenue, derivable from agriculture only, of one thousand four hundred and four millions, or five times what it now is. So much for the land; now let us look at the houses.

In the year 1841, there were, in England, above 2,753,395 inhabited houses; of those which are uninhabited, we have, at the moment, no return; but we know they form a very large proportion of the buildings of the kingdom; and the rental of these houses, excepting in the larger towns, does not produce any thing like a commensurate per centage upon the outlay which was consumed upon their erection. If our measure were adopted, and 18,000 only of the mansions to be built, the rental of the labourers' rooms alone, at £4. per annum for each family, would produce an income of seven millions, two hundred thousand pounds,—nothing having been said of the apartments of the officers and superintendents, which may fairly be

estimated at half as much more, or about eleven millions annual rental of the houses only, or a clear profit of £1415,000,000 from land and houses, irrespective of any other source of revenue whatsoever.

“But,” says one, “this is all very fine, upon paper; I should like to see the thing *done*; there’s the proof.” Undoubtedly; or else, where was the proof of the success of railway, or other associative combinations? But was that proof ever attained without the outlay of some capital, in the first instance; and do we call upon the capitalist to make any thing like the sacrifice he did for them?

We ask you to purchase 2600 acres of cultivatable land at £100 per acre, if you please, i.e. £260,000, then you shall build a house, which will cost you £40,000, provided you can get the material duty-free, as you ought to do; here, then, is an outlay of £300,000, and your interest from the land and house only, upon the most moderate computation, is £78,600, or rather more than £25 per cent per annum upon your outlay; besides 1700 acres of land, the half of which is convertible, but which we assume to be thrown into your bargain, as waste, or as roads, rocks, water, bog, &c.

Now, shew us a system which, upon fair and open calculation, will offer any thing like an honorable return for investment such as this, as free from risk or mystification, and we will at once yield the palm; but not until it is proved, as clearly, at least, as we have humbly endeavoured to illustrate the position with which we set out, namely, *that we have nothing whatever to fear from an increasing population; and that the land is amply sufficient of itself alone to furnish*

sustenance for the whole of that population, provided only—that we kept our eyes open, and made use of the bounties and gifts of our Maker, in the manner clearly pointed out by nature, and the common sense with which mankind are blessed.

If, however, we shut our eyes wilfully to facts, and then assert, that we cannot see our way, there is no other alternative than blundering and stumbling, falling into every trap and pit-fall which lies in our path, and there perishing from starvation, in the midst of “a land which floweth with milk and honey,” solely because we choose to amuse ourselves, as, in childhood’s days was our wont, with trying what walking blindfold was like! No other than the grossest infatuation can account for the present state of our country, unless we look upon it as a judicial slumber, in which all, from the legislative body to the meanest member of the executive, appear to be fatally enwrapped, and from which, unless the Almighty be pleased to arouse us in time, we shall awake to destruction inevitable, overwhelming, and most richly, on our part, deserved. This may be deemed strong language, by some; but it is not more so than the case requires; he who is suffering from the deleterious effects of opium, (and is not England literally, thus suffering at the present moment, from that very cause?) needs rough treatment and energetic measures to keep him from sinking under the influence of the poison; and we deem, that the noble efforts of the Right Hon. Member of the lower house of legislature, to keep our country from sinking, needed no apology for their introduction to the notice of that body. England has cause to be proud of her

son; and, side by side with that of him, who, in the days of Moses, stood forth to rescue the chosen people of the Almighty from destruction, even of Phineas, will be found written in the book of life, the name of **ASHLEY.**

This is no time, however, for the exercise of courtly phraseology, or polite adherence to the "established rules of Society;" the case is urgent; a moral asphyxia pervades the whole body politic; and, unless measures co-efficient with the danger and the great necessity, be had recourse to, the result is as certain as it will be deplorable in the event. With facts such as those we have hastily collected, staring us in the face, it is folly to tell us that the grievances of the country are irremediable; it is worse than folly, it is cruelty the most refined, to bid us hope for better times, and aid from increased manufactures, when you know, that there is no help in them; and, even if there were a ray of hope, that ray is a mere transitory passing beam, which conveys neither life or warmth, but only speaks of what we might experience, if our rulers willed it so. With them, however, the matter does not rest; the private capitalist, the man of rank or wealth, may take the business into his own hands, if he pleases; he will need neither Act of Parliament, nor approbation, save that of his great Lawgiver, and his own conscience. Let the experiment be only once fairly tried, by some man of eminence and of acknowledged energy, and we will answer for the result. Thousands will follow in his wake; and our only care will then be, that the system be duly adhered to, in all its minutiae, and not undertaken upon too sparing a scale. True it is, we

must exercise self-denial, and offer *self* upon the altar, as an acceptable sacrifice ; but whether is better, such an offering as this, or the hecatombs of bodies and souls we annually offer up to the spirits of darkness, even the demons of poverty and drunkenness, of crime and and destitution ? And what do we gain by our present sacrifice ?—a paltry modicum of gold here, which, we acknowledge, does not half suffice us, and—an eternity of never-ending want and wretchedness, in the woful regions of those direful spirits, to which we have consigned our fellow-creatures, for the sake of gold.

We ask you not to make any sacrifice, but that of time, of talent, and expediency ; if you possess the former, they were given you for the benefit of all, to be employed to the glory of your Creator, for the good of yourself and your fellow-men ; we ask you to give up expediency, falsely so called, and substitute justice in its room ; we ask you to do to your neighbour as you would wish your neighbour to do to you. How many questions, about which we are now profitlessly striving, would for ever be set at rest by some such great measure as that we have ventured to propose ! How would the hands of the minister, the legislator, the judge, the magistrate, and the philanthropist be strengthened ! How would their toils be lessened, their cares alleviated ! How would the mother's heart leap for very joy at the thought, that her loved offspring was secure from the fear of starvation ! How would the husband's grateful eye return the greeting of his partner ! How would the widow's suffering soul be comforted, by knowing that, at least, the fear of the workhouse could not be added to her pangs ! and how would the

aisles of the temple of the living God resound with the voice of praise and thanksgiving, unto Him who put it into our hearts to do thus for His creatures, to His great honour and glory ! Where would be the gin-shop, then ; the house of crime, the beer-shop, or the hell ? Where would the poacher be, the midnight watcher for his brother's life ? Where the dark look, the sullen scowl, with which each man now surveys his fellow ? Which would be the more joyful landscape, that which our streets and public-houses now present, or such as we would fain shew to you, of young men and maidens, old men and children, roaming uncontrolled, save by the fear of their Maker and Redeemer, over our well-tilled fields, happy in each other's happiness ; the young encouraged to marry, and knowing that an ample provision, protection, and happiness would, as bridesmaids, await their union then, instead of the mocking demons of poverty, the workhouse, and distress which drag them to the altar now ? The old, free from pinching want, clothed and fed, to their hearts' content, would then, with minds at rest, have opportunity of preparation for their change ; children well taught, and educated in the true fear of God, and mutual love, would bless us as we passed, in lieu of scoffing, jeering, and cursing, as is now their wont.

This is no idle sketch, the fancied product of an o'erwrought brain ; the minds of men, well skilled in nature's lore, have held our hand, while thus imperfectly we have limned the outline ; nature's self looked on, and silently approved our work ; she pointed to the course which heavenly wisdom had marked out for her, and bid us walk therein ; she shewed us what to

expect at the termination of our work, and encouraged us not to shrink from it for fear of ridicule or reproach of men. They may assert, that the picture we have drawn is beautiful indeed, but fanciful, and impossible of realization; we say, that cannot be, for the sketch is one from nature, and with her correcting hand, it cannot fail of accuracy, to the very life.

If we would but spend more of our time in her great gallery, and study well the subjects there presented to our view, than we now do in the schools, and the sad picture galleries of human art, how would the survey bring its own reward! Society then might, indeed, exult in the magnificence, the splendour of her collection. Again would Old England be an "Exhibition," worthy of the notice of the nations of the earth, and foreigners might flock to copy from her gallery. Contrast this with our present wretched shew of work-houses, spirit-shops, and streets; are we not ashamed of our productions, and does the foreigner deign to ask for copies of such daubs as these? Or, does he not rather say, "Why, you have been in our galleries, and from us have taken, as models, the very worst specimens, we should blush to own as ours; and, if any difference is perceptible, your copies are more hideous still than the originals from which they are derived."

Some of our readers may deem this nail a rough one; perchance it may be such; we trust that it will remain the firmer in its place, from this very quality of roughness; the smoothest nails are the soonest lost, and those which are easy to bend, are the most apt to twist in shoeing, and to take a wrong direction.

CHAPTER X.

MOTIVES.

IF we, according to the present rules of Society, were to say to a man who had just favored us with some information we knew to be untrue, and of which we were perfectly aware that he also was conscious of its untruth, "Now, you no more mean what you say, than I do when I say black is white," we ween that an unenviable lot would be ours: for, if he were a man of the world, a challenge or a blow would be our reward, and if he were *not* a man of the world, he would probably go on to ask us "what we meant by that?" We should, of course, reply, "mean? why, I mean what I say; and you thought to deceive me by telling me a——; but it wo'nt do, for I see what you are driving at." The next query put, would naturally be that which we have so often heard, "what right have you 'to suspect peoples' motives?" The answer to which, is quite as ready, in the form of another query, "what do you employ police for; is it not as much because you suspect peoples' motives, as for the sake of quelling disturbance?" Thus the suspicion of motives, or rather the

objection thereto, falls to the ground at once. But the fact is, Society has decreed that one may suspect the other's motives, as much as ever he pleases; and upon such suspicion, her children are perfectly at liberty to act; but this is a thing which, she says, "*is not to be talked about,*" though, like many other topics upon which she lays the same embargo, liberty of action and free-will of thought, are, to them, unreservedly accorded. You may suspect a designing person as thoroughly as you like; and you may act the hypocrite to perfection, by meeting that person with the appearance of the most cordial love and esteem; but once be candid with any one, and tell him or her that you suspect and see through their motives, and Society with her numerous family are up in arms against you *sinê diê*. Should you be daring enough to argue the question with her, she would directly say, "Oh, that would never do," meaning it would not answer to suspect peoples' motives, "for," she would add, "if every body did so, Society, that is, I myself, could never hold together, and if once they took to telling what they really thought of each other—my stars!—what confusion we should have, to be sure." So she tells her children to go on in the "good old way," and take the world as they find it. Some few, therefore, of the consequences of thus hiding her talent in the earth, are as follow.—In very early life, the child begins to doubt the motives by which its nurse is influenced; but bribes and threats effectually smother "nursery tales;" the children may be put hurriedly to bed in the absence of the parents at a party; and, as mice will play in the absence of the

cat, so will nurses and other domestics, when their employers are otherwise engaged, than in attendance upon their respective relative duties. Now, we fancy the Genius of the nursery bristling up with indignation at our surmise, and asking, "what business it is of ours, 'a stupid old bachelor like us,' to meddle thus with matters, which, by no possible shadow of a right, (as she thinks), can we be concerned with?" Again must we plead an Author's privilege, which affords a "right," either to surmise, suspect motives, to enter the nursery, the kitchen, or the closet even, at any hour, or on any occasion which may suit him best ; from out that latter hiding-place, he may, if he so please, abstract a jug of ale, or some such valuable cordial ; he may place that jug of ale upon the hob, and, having warmed the same, he may, unquestioned, insert a toast, well sugared and spiced with nutmeg, or with ginger ; of gin, too, or of brandy, may he speak ; of divers slaps, and terrifying threats, if the children dare to tell of "spirits" such as these, he may tell, though the children dare not ; of hours of darkness, when the helpless infants were left to scream themselves into fits, if so they were minded ; and he, also, is fully authorised to state, that occurrences such as these are lessons which will never be forgotten, while the system lasts which sanctions their existence. Long ere the child can reason, with any thing like continuity of thought, does it begin to act from motives of concealment ; it soon detects the poison in all with whom it has to do ; the motives of its parents are suspected, though their authority is never questioned ; the motive of its teacher, too, is doubted ; and, as it grows in years and strength, so does the

conviction progressively mature, that the real motive of one half the actions of the world, is the very reverse of that which the world puts forth as the guiding principle of either thought or action. Years ere we suspect that our motives are the subject of espionage with our children, do they perceive the method of the game; and, though we allow them not to play thereat, a thorough knowledge of the various moves is attained, and soon we find a degree of caution is requisite in our bearing towards our children, which most effectually tends to destroy that confidence which should naturally subsist between the parent and the child. Concealment inevitably is attendant upon suspicion; and, where these exist, confidence must necessarily abdicate her throne in favor of the usurpers. As, in a former number, we have said, that the "wish is father to the thought, and both are parents of the deed," so do we now quote that ancient proverb, that "the countenance is the index of the mind." Sceptics may doubt the truth hereof, and Society may rate us roundly for our presumption; but we unhesitatingly say, that "he who runs may read;" and the compass is not a surer guide to the bewildered mariner, than is the countenance of man to his fellow, if he will but be at the trouble to study its different bearings, in relation to the great map of actions, which is the chart that marks his course through life. We are told that this is an impossibility: that it is out of all nature. Nay—the chart is framed by nature's self; and the countenance is the natural compass; and, therefore, both must be unerring. We deny not the possibility of shifting the card, over which the needle is suspended, a point, or half a point off the wind; nay, it

may even, on occasion, be turned so far as to make it appear to the unwary, that the very poles are reversed : but he who has weathered the gales of' life, and been tossed in many a stormy tempest, can, at a glance, detect the trick ; and not a glance, or the movement of a single muscle of the countenance, a sparkle of the eye, or the most silvery and melodious tone of voice, is there, but what to him conveys the sentiment which lurks within. Such an one knows full well, that two books only ever yet were written, whose maxims and decrees are faultless : one is, the unerring Word of Truth ; the other, the Book of Nature ; this is the standard by which he tries all others ; and, by reference to these, the countenance of man is as clearly legible, as though the information sought, were written on the forehead of Society : written there it is, and by nature's finger graven, in characters ineffaceable, while life remains. No mask can hide those faithful tokens ; no beauty dazzle the eye of nature's pupil ; neither can any uncomeliness of visage obliterate the fair marks of probity, of honour, and of truth, with which, as with priceless gems, may we sometimes behold the foreheads of the children of our race adorned. Wanting these precious gems, all beauty becomes deformity ; but the absence of that beauty is more than compensated for, by their appearance ; for the mild radiance of their beams sheds a glorious halo, and a hallowed light, over every motive, thought, and action, of their highly gifted possessor. These are the true characters of nature's pen ; but what do we find in their place ? and how are we misled by the false tokens which we often observe to be inscribed there ? The foul graver of the arch-fiend, Sin, has so

blotted out and erased the fair handy-work of nature, that with difficulty do we trace the remnants of the original writing, which should attract our admiration ; and we, in our mistaken zeal, exclaim, " behold the proof of nature's entire corruption : " whereas, if we would but examine closer and more minutely, we should perceive, that corruption is not a tendency or a possibility in nature ; but that man has disguised his nature in the foul garb of corruption, to such an extent, that nature's very being appears corrupt.

What is the best motive we hold out to our fellow-man, to stimulate his powers, either of mind or body : is it not that most corrupting incentive, gold ? We preach to him, self-denial ; and warn him from the love of gold ; and, with the same breath, assert that, unless he brings us this, he shall not be permitted to exist ; and, when he implores our aid, we tell him to trust in Providence, while we withhold from him the very benefit wherewith, by Providence, we are intrusted for his benefit : will the motive which influences the action here, endure the test we speak of ? Is not the sentiment which pervades the soul in actions such as these, as clearly marked upon the brow of him who takes this line of action, as was the hand-writing upon the wall of Belshazzar's royal banquet-house ? It is ; and " Tekel " is the doom which answers to the sentiment. We think, that, if motives were more attended to, in early life, unveiled upon the instant, and never permitted to be concealed, we should have far less reason to complain of deeds, than, in these days of refinement and politeness, it is our lot to do. Sophistry would be less rife ; and truth might enter in, where now the

doors are closed, and doubly locked, against her unheeded prayers for entrance. Society declares it to be unendurable, that motives should be suspected, or discussed; we could tell her, that, if she were to change her creed, the actions of her children would then be far above suspicion; double-dealing could no longer exist; and those who found the system intolerable, would have, like other treacherous persons, either to alter their belief, or rather their most crooked course, or seek for objects upon whom to exercise duplicity and cunning, in other realms than happy England. What is the motive, we would ask, which really influences the rich man, in his bearing towards the poor, or that of the poor man to the rich? If they were such as would endure scrutiny, can we, for a moment, suppose our country would be situated as she now is? Never! Look, again, at our nurseries, our schools, and educational institutions; narrowly watch the motive of the children and the nurse, the teacher and the taught, and tell us whether it is such, as, by the ordinary and unerring rules of nature, is ever likely to effect the end, we all profess so ardently to desire? You may tell us that it is; but we dare Society to the proof; we take the Law of Truth, that faultless standard, which was in mercy granted to mortal man, whereby to test our every action, thought, or motive; we ask Society to prove from that, the rectitude or falsity of her creed; but, failing in the proof, we say she has again omitted to consult the finger-post of nature, and by taking the bye-path of polite refinement, she once more finds herself wandering in the maze of error which surrounds the temple of Folly, which,

some short time ago, we said she reached by forsaking the road that would have led her to "Discretion."

The motive of the capitalist is, to increase his wealth by the labour of the man who has not wherewithal to live, excepting by the sweat of his brow ; the motive of the labourer is existence ; and to overreach or evade his employer's argus eye, when and wheresoever an opportunity presents. Can we blame him for this ? Is the reward we offer for the opposite line of conduct, commensurate with the benefit we derive from him ? It were folly to admit the possibility of such a thing. Is not the motive of the poor, then, as praiseworthy as that which actuates his richer neighbour ? Assuredly it is ; and more so : for the poor is influenced by a hard necessity of our own creation, though we dare to assert that Providence has willed it so ; whereas, the rich has no other incentive to exertion, save his own aggrandizement and welfare. He may talk patriotically ; he may deem that he is the benefactor of his race ; he may subscribe to the institutions of the land he lives in ; but charity is wanting to unite all these ; and, while England, with her vast capacity, allows her children to remain unclad ; while vice is rampant, as we now see it ; while justice, in vain solicits for an audience ; while the gin-shop, the opium trade, the factory, the workhouse, and the poverty-stricken sempstress, and the beggar, remain as plague-spots upon her land, her "motives" will be open to suspicion ; fair subject for discussion, for reproach, and worthy indignation, to those who mournfully survey her heedless folly, and tremble for the consequences of her sin.

There is scarcely an evil, which now exists in our

nation, which is not most strikingly attributable to the blind obstinacy of her children: blessed as she is, above every other kingdom under heaven, with light, with health, with money, and the means of procuring every thing desirable, either of spiritual or of temporal good; not only does she presumptuously scorn to use these great inestimable benefits, as she ought, but she refuses to allow such of her family as entreat permission to make use of them, to do so. She will urge expediency, and the danger of over-much promptitude; but we ask her, will expediency clothe the shivering forms of her destitute children? Will procrastination fill their empty stomachs? Will either, or both, impart to the poor, the ignorant, and the wretched sufferers in Society, those blessings, comforts, luxuries, and joys, of which she possesses so very great a store? And are not all and every one of these given to her by the munificent Supreme Bestower of every good, that she should impart of them, to him who needeth, as freely as they have been imparted unto her? Do we doubt, that if we sowed a hundred-fold, we should not also reap a hundred times an hundred-fold; or do we deem the everlasting word of truth, a fabulous tale, or a pleasing, though delusive, allegory? What are the "motives" which it teaches us to act upon? Are they not love to Him who made us, and to our neighbour, as to ourselves? but the guardian angels of such motives as these, Society has thrust from out her dwelling; she has opened wide her doors to the demons of mistrust, deceit, false politeness, treachery, poverty, oppression, and crime; meretriciously has she decked herself out for their reception, and wantonly invited them to come

and dwell with her. Let it be England's glorious task to eject these foul intruders ; and with true repentance and humiliation, beseech the spirits, which Society has cast out, once more to bless us with their presence, and bid us hope for happier days than these. Our motives then may court enquiry ; and Society may cease to fear the result of any scrutiny, however searching it may be.

CHAPTER XI.

FORETHOUGHT AND PREPARATION.

“Now, my dear, there’s one point I would wish most strongly to impress upon your mind,—always think beforehand, and then you’ll be prepared for any event which may occur; above all, be *punctual*, on every occasion.” Very good advice, this, from a father to his son, or daughter; excellent, we should say; so the worthy parent, in the presence of his family, cautions the mother to be sure and have dinner *quite* ready by 6 o’clock, and not to be one moment later, on any account. He then mounts his horse, as full of good intentions as a human being can be, that is, he intends to enjoy himself exceedingly with a good day’s hunting, to return home exactly at half-past 5, and, as the clock announces the hour of 6, he expects the dinner to be announced by the butler, and the son, or daughter, also expects to be summoned down stairs to dessert, at Seven, at the latest. Seven arrives, and neither horse or father are heard of; a quarter of an hour elapses, and still the silence of the house remains unbroken; and, at half-past Seven, just when the lady has deter-

mined that her lord has been induced to dine with a friend, or has met with some unforeseen accident, in walks the gentleman, and by his punctuality and exactitude, affords a practical illustration of the mode in which he applies the judicious maxims, he took so much pains to instil into the mind of his child. A reflection upon this topic is not very likely, and, most assuredly, it does *not* tend, to put the reflecter on any particular good terms with himself; and being thus situated, has the additional disadvantage of utterly discomposing the terms upon which one wishes to be with others; the mere fact of having waited an hour and a half already, and still having a good half hour yet to wait, for dinner, is still less likely to produce an equable sensation of calmness, either mental or corporeal, with respect to the wife; and the child evinces what its own sentiments are, by the utterance of some such sentences as these, "Dear me! how I do wish papa would'nt keep us waiting so; it will soon be too late for us to go down to dessert, I know it will, and then he'll be so sleepy and so cross when we do go down, that we shall have no pleasure at all;" to which the nurse replies, "I think your papa always is cross; and if I was your mamma, I would'nt bear it, I would'nt; but mind you don't tell what you hear in the nursery, for if you do, you shall ketch it, you may depend." This is the child's first lesson in punctuality and forethought; and, although at the time, it thinks nothing at all about the matter, abstractedly considered; but simply dwells upon the inconvenience to which it is, or fancies it will be, subjected, the lesson is, by no means, lost; like seeds which, for years, lie dormant in the earth, retaining, meanwhile, the vital

principle in all its native vigour, and only waiting nature's time to spring forth into life ; so does this first lesson sink into the young mind of the child, ready to be called into active operation, on the first favourable opportunity. Children are close imitators ; and there is a mesmeric influence, so to speak, in the actions of those with whom they are in early life associated, which tends, more than any speech or language, to form the bias of their after life. Unconsciously, they imbibe habits, tastes, and opinions, either of good or evil ; a look will often be far better understood by them, than a volume of printed words, or the most eloquent harangue ; and a close 'observer of the ways of nature, will often have cause to admire the aptitude of infants even, to read the human countenance correctly. The child progresses, therefore, in age and stature ; but, in spite of all our wise saws and modern instances, where do we find the child prepared for the school ? Where is the man, who, with all the experience of ages to refer to, who is other than a novice, when he reaches College ? Where is he, who, when he leaves the University, who is fit to combat with, or fairly meet, the dangers and temptations of the world ? One would imagine, that the forethought of our ancestry would prove of more avail, than to compel the repetition of the same lesson by successive generations ; how is it, that our children begin not at the point where we left off ? How is it, that such a mighty master of the science of music, as MOZART, or HAYDN, should, on his death-bed, have declared, "I now *begin* to see what might be done with music ?" Surely, there must be some error in our system here ; for this is not in

nature's course : does she display a want of forethought, or of punctuality, of preparation, or of readiness, to meet any or every emergency which may occur? Look at her works ; regard the seasons as they occur ; survey the landscape ; and, at each year's end, you find no retrogression, but an advance upon the works of the foregoing revolution of her days and months. But is it so with us? Ask the old man, now stepping off the stage of life, and he will tell you, that the past, with him, is all as so much vanity—a dream of literal inaction and labour, without a specific end in view ; that restless craving after knowledge, the striving of the minds of children after something undefined, and which their dawning intellect is unable to describe ; we take to be one of the most valuable of nature's gifts to them ; but how do we acknowledge such a precious boon? Do we not seek, on all occasions, to repress the feeling, and wonder why the children cannot rest ; why they will ever seem to be in eager search after what they are themselves incompetent to explain? Do we not think them troublesome, inquisitive, and wish they would rest contented with such amusements as we, in our ignorance, consider ample food for minds like theirs? A grand mistake is ours ; that restlessness and eager craving is an innate principle, implanted by the hand of nature, at the command of her and their Creator ; our task should be to sift this principle, and trace it to its source ; the search would repay us tenfold for our labour ; and we should find that, in our mistaken notions of their capacity, or intellectual power, we were destroying one of the most valuable productions in the great field of human nature. As

such a plant was stunted in its growth, we should see weeds spring up as they now do, to choke the noble and the healing plant; the love of seeking in the treasure-house of nature, will degenerate into the love of sporting and destroying nature's works; the calm delight of intellectual joy, will give place to the reckless race for sensual pleasure; the thirst for power, and the ambitious strife of fancied superiority, take ground which nature had prepared for the noble emulation to excel in virtue; and the powers of the human mind will, as they now do, on being diverted from their original and legitimate channel, run wild and wanton, to the destruction of their possessor, and the conversion of what should have been a fruitful garden, into a waste, tangled wilderness of weeds. On seeing this, we close our eyes, and say, the fault is nature's, and that she is corrupt. Satisfied with this position, we cling thereto, as if all hope were lost. Nature, meanwhile, looks mournfully on, and still points out the road we ought to follow; but we must pursue the track, which those who went before us trod; and then, in spite of our finding vanity in every step we take, we still assert, that wisdom is our guiding-star. Well may it be said of Society, that she is "ever learning, but never able to attain the truth;" always in a state of preparation, but never actually prepared; prone to every kind of thought—but forethought; preaching upon punctuality, but disdaining to be punctual.

The results accruing from this hurtful system, might suffice for the study of a life-time: trace we a few of the most striking and self-evident among the number. To what may we attribute our impious determination,

that the Sabbath shall be desecrated by the transit of our mails and railway trains? How comes it, that with all our forethought and our preparation, a plan cannot yet be devised, whereby our business shall sustain no check, by an adherence to the ordinances of our God? Is there not one to be found, among the twenty-seven millions of our English members of Society, who will step boldly forward, and say, "upon me be the responsibility of a safe and punctual delivery of all your letters on the Monday morning, if you will but, on the previous day, suspend the labours of your Post-office, and your public establishments of traffic?" Methinks, in these our days of Joint-Stock Association, if a company were formed to take a business such as this in hand, a blessing would attend their aim, and their prosperity be commensurate with the undertaking. How can we answer to the Sceptic, the Infidel, or the Dissenter, when, in reply to our pleadings on behalf of our professed faith, he points to topics such as this? Is it enough, that a few only, of the trains shall run, and those the few of Government selection—the government of a land whose God has said, "on my day thou shalt do *no* work?" What sealed the fate of Ananias and his wife Sapphira? *They kept back part of the price; and we, like them, offer a divided sacrifice.* Think we, that such a sacrifice is a sweet-smelling savour, an acceptable offering, in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do; or that this is the fast which He has chosen? Shame, shame, on Society! which, for a small matter of worldly expediency and convenience, can thus deliberately barter the eternal salvation of her children, in the face of men and angels, in defiance of

the laws of her Creator, and in acknowledged contradiction of the faith of saints, of martyrs of the faith, which she herself professes so to reverence and admire. Is this our forethought and our mode of preparation for the glories of that ceaseless Sabbath, which we hope to spend with those whose lives were held of little worth, in comparison of the creed those lives were cheerfully relinquished to uphold? And is it a cross to us to give up so small a matter of gain, but so heinous a crime, for the honour of Him who first led on those martyrs, and laid down His life for us? Where, oh! where, are ye, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, are wont to stand up professedly in His name, to point us to the ways of holiness, and the paths of peace, which lead to never-ending bliss, that ye rise not up, to a man, and, if need be, at the foot of your monarch's throne, implore a remission of such laws as these, for the honour of the King of kings? Think you, that your appeal would be in vain? Little, then, reckon ye, of your sovereign's heart; small faith must you then have, in the justice of your cause. Fear you, that your cause would be unsupported? Your dissenting brethren would flock around your standard; and, on points all-important, such as this, your cause and their's would be but one.

Your intentions may be good; but, while the altar of Baal yet remains standing among us, there is too much reason to fear, that the lessons of your early youth are yet too deeply rooted, to admit of the full growth and free development of the plant these weeds have choked. Your Sabbath-bell may chime, with nature's punctual revolution of the week; but the

blessed sound is mocked by the engine's whistle, and the hoarse bellowing of the giant Steam. We may point to the Church porch, and its open door, and ask if we are not prepared, or if we have not spread the feast? The gin-shop, and the station, the post-office, the bake-house, and the packet-office, have their attendants ready to answer to your summons and reply, "are we, too, not prepared? Do you evince more forethought than we; or are your votaries more numerous than ours?" Some, perhaps, may sneer at this, and term us "self-constituted regenerators of Society:" they may ask, who authorized us thus to inveigh against the customs of the million, and the ordinances of our country; we say, as members of Society, as contributors to the support of that country, whose state revenue is the wages of oppression and iniquity, we, in common with many of our brethren, have an hereditary, an undoubted right, to lift up our voices with one accord, and exclaim, at being involuntarily included in the destruction which must, if the word of our God be true, sooner or later befall a nation, which does as we now do. We say, our state revenue is the wages of oppression and iniquity; and we wish to be understood in the fullest extent of the term, without reserve or qualification, for the spirit-shop, the opium trade, the slavery and destitution of our women and children, will back the assertion we have made, and support us while they continue to exist. Why are we taunted with not making provision, or finding employment, for the wretched females, whom our noble countryman, LORD ASHLEY, has rescued from a slavery, to which that of the tropics were a trifle? Where

is our forethought here? While he was labouring with heart and soul in the great cause, why were we not, in the mean time, preparing to strengthen his hands, and relieve him from the burden of these miserable slaves on the instant of their emancipation? Is this the way in which we employ our talent, and aid the efforts of our generous friends, who, at the risk of ridicule, of contumely, and of censure, stand forth and bravely rush into the very flames, to rescue the members of Society as brands from the burning? Tell us not the means of preparation were not at hand, you may assert the *impossibility*, as you are pleased to term it, of providing for the exigencies of our poor, we uncompromisingly deny it; nay, more,—we say, that it is our bounden duty to provide for any emergency, or any unforeseen advance, to which the invention of the mind of man, or the march of improvement may call our attention. Why is it, that machinery is calculated to throw hundreds of our operatives out of employment? We are deemed fools for asking such a question: nay, but let us fairly meet the query; is it not because our end and aim is GOLD, and not the glory of our God, who gives us the talent of invention for his sole honour, and the benefit of all? Do we, on the appearance of any valuable invention, for a moment, pause to reflect, how far it may be made of use to all; or do we not rather seek to monopolize the entire profit to ourselves? And thus, in our narrow-minded selfishness, and blind or single-sighted avarice, effectually pervert the intention of our Maker? Is it a wonder, then, that our very talents should be turned as weapons against our prosperity; that, in defiance

of the numberless inventions and improvements of the day, for the alleviation of labour, the increase of the wants and necessities of society, and the more than comparative rapidity of increase of the means of supplying those wants and necessities, which all nature so bountifully supplies us with,—is it a matter of surprise, we say, that, notwithstanding such appliances and means as these, every step we take, should sink us “deeper and deeper still” in the mire of perplexity and the dunghill of poverty and crime?

Whence shall we seek for a solution of the seeming enigma? Will the schools of the Philosophers afford it? Will the sophistry of Political Economy satisfy our anxious minds? Can the arguments of the Chart-ist, and the agent of sedition, separation, and repeal, avail to set the question finally at rest? State your case fairly and openly to your “legally and Society-
authorised Legislative Regenerators of our Country,” and listen to their reply, “that, *at present*, they can hold out no hope of any government measure being applied to the relief of the people, or the exigencies of Society!!” Does not such an answer as this, at once remind Society of the result of a consultation of physicians, when they declare the state of their patient to be hopeless? And shall the fear of ridicule, or of being styled “self-constituted Regenerators of Society,” deter us, or any one, from stepping forward in the emergency, and, as the Spirits of cold water, sudorification, &c., have successfully pointed out the causes of disease, and then adopted such means of cure, as nature only has pointed out, with the most certain and unfailing benefit to their patients; shall not we, then, as they have done,

point at once to the true cause of the disease, from which Society is suffering, namely, this: that, while she sets at nought the ordinances of her God, the very inventions which were sent as blessings, will be converted into curses, of the most direful nature. Let her "return, then, unto the Lord, for He hath torn, and He will heal her: He hath smitten, but He will bind her up; After two days, will He revive her; in the third day, He will raise her up, and she shall live in His sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord, His going forth is prepared as the morning, and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain, unto the earth."

But, we are accused of stating nothing definite, and adducing no specific and tangible remedy; which could be immediately applied, to suit the urgency of our wants. This can scarcely be fairly alleged by those who may have honoured our former numbers with even a cursory perusal only. Nevertheless, we will here state our conviction, that, if half a million only had been voted by the Government, in support of the measure our revered and beloved countryman, Lord ASHLEY, brought before the House, if that sum only had been applied to the erection of Phalansterian Establishments, for the reception of the emancipated colliery slaves, we will stake our reputation on the assertion, that, not only would it have sufficed to provide occupation, shelter, and a means of existence to all of them, but that the returns to us for the outlay of such a capital, would have astonished the most incredulous.

Point not, then, to the forethought and sagacity of Society; extol her not, as a pattern of wisdom, nor

point to her institutions of benevolence, her lunatic asylums, or her missionary labours; we tell her, that the first of these are as a bucketful of water to the ocean, in comparison of what she might do, if she chose to use the gifts of her Creator, and His agent Nature, in their true and literal intention. In reference to the second topic of her boast, we say, how many a mind have you deranged by crime, by drunkenness, and poverty; nay, how many suicidal and maniacal actions are you not responsible for, though by your children they were committed? your harsh measures, and cruel compulsion to pursue the road to vice, led to their commission; the encouragement you afford to drunkenness, is one way in which you fill your asylums, for the mentally deficient; your forbidding to marry, and your tacit admission of debauchery and crime, are the true causes which tend to fill your penitentiaries and jails; and, in allusion to your third subject of glorification, we would fearlessly assert, that you send forth the ministers of your God, as missionaries, with their hands tied, and their eyes blindfolded; you fetter them by your secret connivance with the opium smuggler, and the soul-destroying liquor-shop; you throw a dusky mantle of a negative assent, around the missionary spirit; and, by marching forth among the heathen with the Bible in the one hand, and the spirit-bottle and the opium chest in the other, you turn the pillar of fire, even your guiding-star, into a thick and impenetrable cloud. You may argue of expediency; but expediency cannot save you: it will prove but poor holding-ground in the harbour of adversity. You may patch up your rifted walls with mortar, or the cement of temporizing

sophistry ; but is this the best preparation you can make for the fabric of Society, against the impending storm? Alas! the natural atmosphere alone, will destroy, at one corner of your building, as fast, or more rapidly, than, by such a cement as this, will you be able to progress by patching. Is it not a stigma upon our national character, that our operatives, who fabricate those manufactures which are sought for, eagerly, by all the nations of the world, should be liable to be thrown out of all means of subsistence at a moment's warning, and that we should have no better alternative to offer them in their emergency, than the workhouse, begging, or starvation? Is this a specimen of our forethought and our preparation? Methinks, were the final day of reckoning now to come upon us, as a thief in the night-time, such preparation as Society could exhibit, would be but an aggravation of her horror; and the fate of SODOM or GOMORRAH would be preferable by far.—And if the millenium, that blessed state of perfect peace, were suddenly to burst in all its glory on our sight, how are we prepared for IT? Would it bring peace to us? Rather, would it not be the herald of those pangs of direst anguish, which the rich man felt, when he saw the poor, despised Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham? The millenium would be no reign of peace and happiness to us, for ambition would be dead, and avarice forsaken; competition could not then exist, and gold would be worthless all, save as a means of glory to our King, and benefit to His creatures. Let us pause, then, in our mad career; and, ere we reach the brink of that precipice, from whence there is no return, which Rome

and Babylon, which Tyre, Sidon, and Nineveh have overleapt, and, leaping, perished utterly, let us at once turn back, acknowledge unreservedly our error, and humbly entreat permission of our God, to retrace the path we have so wantonly forsaken. Thus shall we be prepared for any event which may befall; our example will stimulate surrounding nations to use the means which we so successfully employ, and England may yet be a pattern of "forethought and preparation," for, "with God shall nothing be impossible."

CHAPTER XII.

UNCERTAIN PROVIDENCE :

OR, THAT WHICH IS COMMONLY IN USE
IN SOCIETY.

MANY there are, of our countrymen and women, who, with the best intention in the world, are sadly apt to mislead both themselves and those with whom they associate, upon the subject of providential dispensations. Thus you will hear one say, in allusion to a death which has lately taken place, "I really look upon his, or her, removal, as a merciful dispensation of providence ;" and again, another will tell you, that every event which befalls mankind, is a providential occurrence ; and that to attempt to obviate or interfere with such matters, is a direct meddling with the decrees of our Maker, as well as an endeavour to subvert or nullify those decrees. On another hand, you shall be told, that your friend puts his trust wholly in providence ; meanwhile, he starves from idleness or inactivity, though, all the time, he accuses this very providence of partiality and injustice in the bestowal of its gifts.

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Now, upon making such observations as these, we are wont either to blame the authors of such sentiments, or to say, "very right, too; nothing occurs without the intervention of providence:" to which latter axiom we entirely assent, though we cannot blame the idler who accuses providence, quite so conscientiously. Our reasons are these; first for our assent to the notion of providential intervention.—We concur with the doctrine in toto, thus: we say, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground, without the knowledge of our heavenly Father;" to doubt this, would be to doubt our only guide to truth. But because he taketh knowledge of that sparrow's fall, are we impiously to assert, that the fall was caused by Him, or was the result of His unerring decree? Has he not said, by the mouth of his blessed Son, "It must needs be, that offences come; but woe be to him through whom they come?" And can we, dare we, for a moment suppose, that though offences innumerable arise on every side, and threaten to destroy the fabric of Society entirely, that providence is the *cause* of a dispensation such as this? Far be such thoughts as these from us! Would we but search closely and narrowly into the matter, we should find that we, and we only, as a community, were responsible for every shadow of an offence which may occur, and for the substance of which that shadow is the harbinger. We should see that "the offence cometh," not from the hand of providence, but as the *effect produced* by our blind, wilful, dereliction from the inscrutable and unalterable decrees of that providence, to the disobedience of each of which, is inevitably attached its own peculiar and inseparable

punishment. We have the experience of millions of the human race, who, in past ages, have lived before us, in support of our assertion; the still small voice of conscience whispers the truth into our ear, at every turn we take; but because it speaks not in the tone of loudest thunder,—because to heed its gentle pleadings would take up more of our time than Society has been pleased to grant for such a purpose, we place the burden on the head of providence, and make it the scape-goat of our folly. We have witnessed too many melancholy instances of the hurtfulness of this dire mistake of Society, not to be sure of the ground on which our argument is rested; we have seen cases in which the remedy or prevention of an evil was as clearly pointed out, as is the way of life in the gospel itself; daily may we have ocular proof in substantiation of this truth, but we have also seen every providential suggestion disregarded, and the calamity we dreaded so greatly, rendered unavoidable, by the infatuated perversity of those who prided themselves in their power, and the talent, as they deemed it, of seeing “the hand of providence” in every event of life. But we would test these advocates of fatalism; is it, would we say, a dispensation of an unerring and wise providence, that sin should pass unheeded, or rewarded, while honesty and virtue are starving and suspected? This would at once be accusing the Providence in which we profess to trust, of being the Author of Evil. Foiled here, the fatalist says this is not his meaning; but that to have recourse to what he considers an unanswerable argument, “there are some matters which are best not to be too closely scrutinized.” But how can this have

reference to such a matter as that which we are now discussing? Is it "best" that we should walk in darkness and obscurity upon a subject whereon hinge the very portals of our faith? Is it advisable, that we should rest contented with a dim uncertainty as to those decrees we all unite in acknowledging to be without appeal? Rather would it not be our wiser part, to pay to subjects such as these, the due attention which the overwhelming magnitude of their very nature must necessarily demand at our hands? It is an easy thing to talk of resignation to affliction, which we, and we alone, have caused, or idly refused to prevent; it were, in imagination, a quick mode of relief, to place the burden of our indolence and folly on the head of our scape-goat, as we presumptuously appoint that Providence shall be: but there is a time approaching, as surely as the ordinances of Providence are not to be avoided, when "our sin will find us out," and the consequences of the fatal error we have committed, will shew us whether such matters are "best" unscrutinized; and we shall then in vain and ceaselessly regret our obstinacy in refusing to inspect the treasure-house of Providence, when we were invited to "buy wine and milk without money and without price; to come unto the waters of knowledge and drink freely thereof, to the quenching of our thirst, and the healing of the hurt of the daughter of our people." Had we done this, we should have found that Providence never yet permitted the existence of an evil, without at the same time providing a remedy for, and an antidote against, that evil. A curse was never yet pronounced by Providence, without a corresponding blessing. Mounts

Gerizim and Ebal stood the one over against the other in the days of Moses, and in the same position do they still remain, even in this our day. The Creator of all things foresaw the evils which would result from sin, and He, in his infinite mercy, appointed not only the means of redemption from its bondage, but, if we would only search, we should find, that, as the way of eternal salvation was provided, so also is the road of alleviation for our temporal afflictions and distresses as open to us all. Nature is our instructress here; but we turn a deaf ear to her exhortations and her precepts; it suits us best to lay the blame on Providence, for it saves us the trouble of investigating the truth. We may do this now, and think ourselves safe; we may preach the virtue of resignation to our suffering brother, while we refuse to adopt the remedy for that suffering which a bounteous Providence offers for our acceptance; we may content ourselves with saying, "Be ye warmed, and be ye clothed," and we may point to the dram-shop to produce the first effect, and the workhouse for the other; but if this is the way in which we interpret the decrees of Providence, and the ordinances of our God, we must lay it to our account to endure the reproaches of our suffering brother here, and the taunts, the scoffs, and jeers of the spirits of the tormented in the land of irremediable and hopeless misery hereafter. Of what avail will it then be, that we have spent our thousands, our tens and hundreds of thousands in the repetition of monuments to the memory of our defunct heroes, while thousands and tens of thousands of our men, women, and children were pining in hopeless anguish of spirit and starva-

tion, driven to have recourse to the wages of sin, disease, and death; because forsooth, though we could find money to waste on huge gigantic candlesticks, and toppling overgrown marks of human folly, in honour, as we deemed them, of the deeds of those to whom, under providence, we indeed have owed so much; yet in our pride, while pointing at these pillars of our fame, we could in the retired seclusion of our mines, our factories, and our towns, permit a mass of wretchedness to exist, to which the world can furnish no parallel, because, as we said before, we could not find *money* for both these demands upon our liberality? How is it, that with all our wisdom, we have not yet hit upon an expedient for furnishing an abundant supply of this, as we have sinfully made it, "the one thing needful" for existence here?

How does a nation stand, in the view of the Angelic Phalanx, when it voluntarily acknowledges that a sufficient supply of this medium of exchange, would at once remove nine-tenths of the misery to which we now are subjected, and yet most stupidly refuses to adopt the means which would render the supply equivalent to the demand? How do the demons of the Infernal Phalanx yell with scorn and delight (if delight can be felt by them) when they behold the effects our blind infatuation must inevitably produce? Is this the use, then, which we make of nature's lesson, and the talents wherewith we are entrusted, by that Providence, in whose mighty and omnipotent arm we place our trust? Alas! if so, we are worse off, even than he who hid his Lord's talent in the earth; for, not only have we not another talent to produce, when this is required at our

hand, but the half of the original is already squandered. Far be it from us to refuse our tribute of gratitude, for the benefit and admiration of the worth of those, who, in their country's cause, have fought, and bled, and died; nay, we would be among the first of those who should come forward and espouse an undertaking, in proof of such gratitude or admiration; but would it not, we ask, be a worthier tribute to their memory, and of thankfulness to Him who raised them up, for our deliverance out of the hand of the enemy, were we to erect, in lieu of those unnatural monstrosities in Carlton Place and Trafalgar Square, institutions which would shelter the houseless, employ the unemployed, shield the fatherless and the orphan from the bitter *mercy* of the world? Would not the widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing, and the grateful adoration of the sheltered destitute in Society, arise as sweeter incense to the throne of Him who sees and knows our every motive, than the vain, the empty admiration of the passer-by, applied to a work of mere human art, a vain-glorious monument of human skill? We deem, that the memory of the just, the noble, and the brave would indeed be blessed by monuments such as these; that every better feeling of our hearts towards them, would be thereby awakened; that prosperity would attend our steps; and Providence, whom we now so impiously arraign, would, as He saw our minds preparing for a gradual illumination, as gradually uplift the veil, and so unfold fresh wonders to our view, and grant us clearer light to point the way to Heaven.

Let it not be supposed, that we, for a moment, question the power or the existence of that Providence;

we trust enough has, ere this, been said, to prove our real belief: [but, we would take leave to ask, does "Providence" ordain the gin-shop? Is it an unalterable decree of "Providence," that countless thousands of the human race shall die before their allotted term of life is half expired, by the ruthless hand of the burning spirit, and the noxious hurtful trade? Does "Providence" ordain, that hundreds of our infants shall annually be sent to their last sleep, by opiates, given in mistaken mercy, by the mothers of those very children? Mark we not well, the hand of "Providence," in thus bringing to our very threshold the punishment of our nefarious dealings in the East, our unwarrantable trade in opium? Yes; our women's very nature is changed; and they deem it an act of mercy to destroy their unprovided offspring, by measures such as this. Dare we, then, to assert that providence is accountable for transgression; that the revenue is a plausible excuse for the use or toleration of the ardent spirit, of opium, or of crime? Are we to plead expediency and providential dispensation, on the statement of our country's wrongs; and think we, that pleadings of this kind will avail with Him who seeth all we do? Or, are we not, "self-constituted regenerators of Society," though we be scornfully denominated, with one accord, to lift up our voices, be they never so feeble, in execration of abominations such as these? We make the pauper, now, a criminal; for mere poverty, we arraign him at the magisterial bar; nay, worse; the very maniac, who imbrues his murderous hand in his brother's blood, is better off than he or she, who, in honest, virtuous indigence, have not where to lay their heads! While

facts of this description remain unveiled to our view, we may boast of our reliance upon Providence, and fancy that much wisdom is thereby evinced; but such reliance will avail us nought in our extremity; neither will our fancied resignation present us with a remedy for the evils which exist. Providence, or our Almighty Maker, has decreed, that strenuous and active application and exertion, accompanied by a close and diligent search into the treasure-house of nature, shall be the forerunners of discovery; but if we think that remedies of our own devising, which we daily see thwarted, nullified, and utterly inadequate to the urgency of our need, or a blind, dead, and heartless assertion of our faith in the power of providence, will prove an acceptable offering to Him, instead of constant and unceasing action, we are pitifully and fatally mistaken. Neither can we make use of partial measures, with the slightest ground for hope of success; the disease is almost desperate; and, if our country is to be saved at all, nothing but such a remedy as Providence has, of His own eternal wisdom, ordained, can extricate us now, On every side, do we see troubles rise; at every step, we feel our footing insecure; and thus it will ever be, until we forsake our worldly-wise expediency, our revenue from a source of indefensible iniquity, and at once return into the road of truth, justice, honour, and true religion, so clearly and "providentially" marked out for us, but from which we now, at every step we take, are daily further wandering.

CHAPTER XIII.

CERTAIN PROVIDENCE;
OR, THAT WHICH SOCIETY OVERLOOKS.

OUR last 'nail' was explanatory of the usual interpretation of the term "providence," and the construction which Society is pleased to put upon the ordinances and decrees of the Omnipotent Disposer of all events, not only those which take place in this our sublunary sphere, but those of countless thousands of existing worlds, compared to which, our little globe is but a mere speck in the universal firmament. We will now endeavour to trace the finger of that Omnipotent Hand, which condescends in mercy to regard even the affairs of us sinful terrestrial beings, and which, for our guidance and salvation, has appointed a way wherein we should walk, unalterably ordaining, that those who trace that path, and steadily pursue it, shall arrive at those mansions of bliss, which for such travellers are prepared, by Him who left His throne of glory to form that path for us, in order that, after our toil and labours here were ended, an eternity of rest in glory, and every joy might be secured to us.

The changes and improvements which take place with regard to the position of Society and the human race, are often looked upon, by well-meaning persons, as "signs of the times," and, as such, they undoubtedly should be considered ; but if you go on to ask these well-intentioned individuals, what their view is, as respects the *intention* of these "Signs," they are either entirely taken aback by the query, and endeavour, by some evasive reply, to mystify the matter in a still greater degree, or they will at once boldly assert, whenever a fresh invention appears, that it is a device of the enemy of mankind, and a sign of the speedy dissolution of the world. We confess to hold far different opinions than these, upon the subject of the (as they term them) mysterious workings of Providence ; and we think it will not be found to be a false dogma, if we say, that, upon an humble and careful investigation, the veil of mystery would be removed, did we only more diligently search for a reason, for the workings of Providence. To acknowledge the power, is no proof of faith ; we are told that the "devils believe and tremble ;" but in all that befalls us, to trace the hand of an Almighty Creator, is not only admissible—it is a positive duty on our part. How is this done, though ? Do we, on the occasion of some disappointment, search for the primary cause ? for nothing occurs in the dispensations of Providence without a cause ; and if we did but search, that cause would be as plainly discernible as the effect produced ; or do we not idly fold our hands, and say, "it was the will of Providence that it should be so ?" How are we daily and hourly reprov'd for acting thus ! On every side we might, did we but

choose to use the gift of observation, see what remedies are granted us by Providence for more than half, we might say, for *all* the evils to which we render ourselves liable. Who, we would ask, put it into the minds of our capitalists, to commence the great work of railroads, at a time when distress, of a kind almost unexampled, prevailed among the labouring classes of Society? Who prospered the undertaking, and, as the system progressed, smoothed every difficulty, and taught invention to keep pace with the requirements which the measure demanded? Could we in our wildest moments, forty years, nay, half that space of time ago, have ventured to predict the facts we now survey without emotion or surprise? And now, when the demand for railway labour has in part subsided, who, let us ask again, has put the system of association, on the Phalansterian plan, into the minds of men? and who has given us the talent to mark the mighty working of the Divine Hand, in this most beneficial measure? Again; how wonderful is it to observe, that, though the work be one of unparalleled magnitude, all difficulty vanishes on calm, dispassionate reflection; and the larger the scale adopted, so much the less are the pecuniary means required for its progress, while, at the same time, the profit increases in a four-fold ratio. Are we complaining of a narrow field for the exercise of our missionary labours?—Behold the portals of the East are opened wide for us to enter in. Do we want means wherewith to send forth labourers to this harvest?—The associative plan produces capital, in a manner yet unheard of and unknown. Again; want we the means of education?—On the Phalansterian method, they are

afforded on the highest and most enlarged scale, to every member of the community. Fear we, that this would lessen the number of our operatives?—Behold machinery, of all descriptions, ready to take the place of those of our fellow-creatures, who have other work assigned them. Want we books for the spread of knowledge?—In the last two years, machines have been devised, whereby the work of printing, which, by the aid of the best and most expert workmen, occupied ten hours of the day, can now with ease be done in two; and invention is still progressing on this important point.

Do we require materials for our buildings, at a cheaper rate, and is rapidity in the manufacture of such material desirable?—There are now at work, machines for making bricks, which, in two weeks, will execute the work that formerly, and a very short time ago, took up six months, at least. Do we need increased size in our bricks?—Take off the legislative restrictions on this material, and they may be made of any size. Is greater security from fire requisite for our warehouses, our railway stations, and our public offices?—We may, even now, erect all these of cast iron, at a price much less than half their customary cost. Do we dread the exhaustion of our best coal-mines, by the increased demand for steam machinery?—The anthracite, which was until now, considered valueless, is pointed to by providence as our resource. Are we oppressed by the contemplation of the cruelty to which our beasts of draught and burthen were subjected?—The railway, steam, and gunpowder are afforded us, upon the instant, for our and their relief. Do we already begin to ask, what is to be done with the

surplus of our population, when the Phalansteries are all filled, and they begin to overflow?—Even now, the mind of man is directed to the formation of vessels of conveyance, which exceed the largest of our present ships, as much as the longest railway train does the diminutive stage coach of former days. Will emigration be a forced or compulsory measure then?—Far from it; houses, furniture, and the most ample accommodation for every emigrant, would accompany them to their destination; they would then find as comfortable and desirable a home in the heart of the very wilderness, as they had left in England; many would go from choice, and the time spent in the voyage there, would not be near so great as that which erst our fathers passed, on the road from the metropolis to the northern districts of our land. Should we have cause to fear a glut of produce, then; or would not the demand be equal to the supply? We should not then be able to produce one single consumer in Society, who was not, at the same time a producer. Do we, then, refuse to open our eyes to striking facts, which even the physically blind must perceive; and is this our way of evincing gratitude to that Providence whose hand we profess to see in every dispensation? If substantiated and well-authenticated proofs, like those we have now so briefly collected, fail to touch our hearts with the liveliest sense of gratitude and hope, let us still examine further. Our blessings, hitherto, have been cursed: let us now see if we cannot turn those curses into blessings. Begin we with our hated foe, the GIN-SHOP—what is there, we would ask, to prevent our making use of distillation, as a means of procuring a substitute

for oil? Why may we not employ a gas, generated of this material as readily as that of coal, for the purpose of procuring a brilliant and a valuable light? It by no means follows, that corn shall be consumed for purposes such as this; any substance might be adopted in the lieu of corn, at least, any to which the fermenting principle was applicable. If, then, this material could be furnished at less cost than oil, or coal, of which we have no reason to admit the shadow of a doubt, all obstacles are removed; the experiment, at least, is worth a trial, when a benefit of such magnitude is prospective. If we require a more brilliant light than any we have yet alluded to,—by electricity is this attainable, in a degree equalling the splendour of the sun itself; and this, like every natural gift, is one of the least expensive in the procurance, and simple in its application. The bountiful supplies of every kind of provision, which the wants of the human race require, during the last few years, might, in an especial manner, teach us to imitate our Almighty Giver in the profusion with which He poureth His benefits around us: but see the use we make of blessings such as these: the end and aim of every one of us appears to be, his own aggrandizement; and in lieu of improving the condition of the pauper, the criminal, the outcast, the operative, and the labourer, we talk of extending our trade, our commerce, and our emigrating system—for what? why, that the few who remain, may be enabled to heap to themselves larger hoards of that wealth they now possess, or rather of that golden standard by which we presumptuously dare to decide upon the fitness or unfitness of a fellow-creature, for Society, ay, and

for his existence too ! O would but Society, and those distinguished individuals who bear rule over us, reflect upon that blessed promise "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you;" would they, for the credit of their Christian profession, seek the honour of our Creator first, we feel assured, for we have the never-failing word of Truth as our voucher, that prosperity would follow—prosperity of which we wot but little now. If for a "sign," we look for judgments from the hand of Providence, judgment will overtake us when we least expect it; but if we plead for mercy, and, pleading, seek in faith, He has promised that mercy shall never be withheld. When judgments visit us, our sins have caused them; they are the never-failing effect of such a cause; and, in like manner, mercy will follow, upon true humiliation and repentance. The Almighty is not a God afar off only; He is a God at hand, ever present, omnipotent to pardon and to save such as truly turn to Him, through the mediation and the merits of His only Son. The Comforter, even the Holy Spirit of all grace and truth, stands ever ready to aid and support us in all our trials, exigencies, or sufferings. Why will we, then, hesitate to seek for aid from this unfailing source, and look to secondary causes for relief? Is it that we indulge the bootless hope, that our fiscal and political winking at a confessedly doubtful or iniquitous method of maintaining the revenue of our country will ever be attended with a blessing or success; or do we openly set at nought the precepts which the Bible, the pole-star of our legislative code, has declared to be unalterable and without appeal?

If these be the broken reeds whereon we place our trust, the “providence,” of which we boast, will prove to us a judicial providence; and when it is too late for hope we shall seek for mercy but find none. The ways of Providence, in the ordinary affairs of man's life, are dark and mysterious only to those who refuse to search, when invited to do so by Providence itself. Far be it from us impiously to presume to say, that the inscrutable decrees of that unsearchable Being, no flesh can look upon and live, are open to the criticism, the wicked curiosity, or the idle desire of men; we would wish, most especially, to be clearly understood in this matter; we affirm that not an event, be it never so untoward, occurs to us, but for which, if we would diligently search, we should find cause more than sufficient for its having taken place. Upon diligent scrutiny, should we discover, that the still small voice of conscience was against us, and that our own misdeeds, or those of our country, had led to the event we deplored or suffered from. That, however, is not all; the mere confession of error brings no pardon with it, or remission of the sentence: true repentance, and forsaking the evil way, or thing, is the only course from which we can ever hope to derive benefit or relaxation from the penalty. We forget that it is we who punish ourselves.—The Almighty, to lead us to happiness, of which we can here form but slight conception, has annexed a penalty to sin, which we may either pay, or not, or as we think fit; if we sin, the price must be paid, and the price, we know, is death—not the mere sinking of the body into dust, but the loss irreparable of the immortal soul. Would less than this have acted as a warning from the

doleful regions of eternal despair? Would annihilation have effected this? Never!—And if we think upon the inestimable sacrifice our God prepared, to secure to us the proffered boon, why is it, that, as a nation, we are content with offering, in return, gifts, sordid, mean, gifts, polluted by the heinousness of the source, from whence they are derived,—gifts, the price of which are the souls and bodies of our brethren. Nay, start not at the word! Remember the souls and bodies we are now [destroying in the fair regions of the East, by our crying sin, the opium trade; look at the victims of your gin-shop, your ale-house, and the children whom their mothers send to rest by laudanum and mis-termed *cordials*, rather than they shall endure the bitter pangs of poverty, or the jail-like kindness of the poor-house! A mighty army of these little martyrs is, we fear, arrayed against our country in the glorious realms of heaven: how shall we dare to meet them, when our summons comes? how answer for our stewardship of providential blessings, of heaven's glorious gifts? Woe worth the day! woe worth the hour! when England, boasting of her faith in providence, so blindly shuts her eyes to facts of this description, which, in the sight of assembled nations, and of worlds, go far to justify a doubt, that she believes a Providence exists. Her actions but belie her words: and in the name of all she holds most sacred, dear, or holy, we call upon her to awake in time, while space for thought and pardon is vouchsafed.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW, WHAT
YOU CAN DO TO-DAY.

It had been our intention to have hammered away, on this morning of glorious memory, viz. the 29th day of May, at certain nails we picked up, in the course of the past week, on the railway, between Birmingham and London, and in the streets of the latter metropolis ; but, musing after the discussion of a good breakfast, upon the eligibility of at once resuming the broken thread of our work, or devoting the day to the unpacking of divers trunks, boxes, and packages ; the words “never put off till to-morrow what you *can* do to-day,” magically flashed across our mind’s eye, with a vividness not to be mistaken, and we at once decided that this was too valuable a nail to be lost ; and the unpacking, being a minor consideration, it was forthwith postponed for a few hours, to allow time for the due and proper fabrication of so important a nail ; and, as a natural consequence of making a judicious selection of occupation, together with having due respect to the relative value of the two kinds of employment, a gentle voice

whispered in our ear, "when you have finished the nail, you will still have plenty of time to unpack." Now, let us for a second or two, consider, what would have been the probable effect of our substituting the trunks for the pen, ink, and paper.—1st, the occupation is a most disagreeable one; and the mere fact of engaging in an unpleasant business, is upsetting of a calm, deliberate state of mind. 2dly, it is a bustling, fatiguing business, and one that indisposes the mind to useful reflection. 3rdly, the inference is, that, if with a body fatigued and a mind unhinged, we had subsequently set to work at our forge, the nail produced would have been valueless, neither properly hammered, pointed, or headed; and we should either have received a well-merited lecture from our publishers, or the public might have been misled, when using a soft or crooked 'horse-shoe nail;' or, if none of these results had accrued, the probabilities are, that we, being too tired for mental exercise, should have "put off" the nail manufacture "until to-morrow," and who knows what might occur on the morrow, effectually to prevent any intention of a frail mortal?

Now, by the adoption of the literary employment, in the first instance, it is as clear as day-light, or as plain as a pike-staff, that, if we can finish this nail in a workmanlike manner, to our own satisfaction and that of the liberal, enlightened, and discerning Smiths of Society, we shall engage afterwards (if life be spared), in the business of unpacking, with a light heart and an active hand; change of work will be as good as play; and the disagreeable task being encountered in a very different spirit from that which, under

the opposite circumstances, would have influenced our movements, not only will it be done more quickly, but we have every reason to believe, it will also be much better done; and the satisfaction ensuing upon the completion of both the tasks in their proper order, will induce a pleasing mental calmness, alike beneficial to the health of the corporeal and the intellectual man. Certain it is, that on rising from slumber this morning, we had no idea of undertaking the precise portion of material which now lies upon our anvil; nor had we any conception of the pleasing sensations which it would produce in the process of manufacture; but it is always thus, both in respect to nature's ways and means: the study of minutiae develops the mechanism of her grandest works. We are here reminded of a homely, but trite, explanation given to a friend of ours, some years ago, by a hackney coachman, who, on being asked, How, in the name of wonder, he contrived to turn the corners of the streets of London, and to drive to a hair's breadth, as he appeared to do, without the smallest concern, or apparent suspicion that an accident might occur, answered thus: "Sir," said he, "I allays takes care of the little wheels, and leaves the big uns to take care of themselves." Conceiving, therefore, that such a reply as this, requires neither definition or argument to support its obvious truth, we will address ourselves now, to the consideration of the subject immediately presented to our notice; and, in doing this, we fancy we hear the relation of a case of deplorable distress.—To a rich and influential member of Society, the narrator is eagerly expatiating upon the sufferings of the

subject, or subjects, whose cause he is advocating ; and he expects a sovereign, at the very least : in this expectation he is foolish ; because he is not prepared for disappointment, which, when it arrives, will be doubly annoying, from the mere fact of its being unlooked for. However, the auditor is as civil and as polite as mortal man can possibly be expected to be, and he bows his guest out of the room, with an assurance that he will “consider the matter, and talk it over with his friends :” the plain English of which is, that, as soon as the visitor’s back is turned, he will be vituperated as an impertinent fellow, who might find some better employment than going about begging for other people.—“What business is it of his ? There are plenty of beggars already, without his aid !” and so forth. Let what will come, “to-morrow” is postponed, *sinê diê*, with this gentleman ; yet we cannot refrain from surmising, that, did we owe the said worthy procrastinator a considerable sum of money, and he were to call upon us to solicit repayment of the same, and we were to inform him in the civilest way in the world, that “we would consider of it, and talk the matter over with our friends,” we say, we deem his reply would be far from satisfactory or conciliatory ; nay, he might even use threats, for aught we know to the contrary : if we said that the money we intended for him, was spent in charity, not a whit would that help us, for he would immediately, and as a matter of course, reply, “You should be just before you are generous,”—a sentence, we take liberty to say, in such a case as the one supposed, is entirely transposed from its proper and legitimate interpretation. “How is

that ?" say you ; " nothing on earth can be plainer or more intelligible." True, in one sense the axiom is correct ; but not in all.—Suppose an instance like this we adduce ; and imagine you owe a rich tradesman two sovereigns, and you have but two left in your purse, and no means of procuring more, until next quarter-day ; you are intending to pay your bill that morning, for it has been long owing, and you wish to be well rid thereof : now, Society would assert, that nothing should deter you from following up this resolution ; but it so happens, that a most miserable case of destitution is presented to your notice, and immediate relief would, in all probability, save a life, or lives ; forgetting the bill, you at once unhesitatingly throw down the two sovereigns you intended for the rich tradesman, and Society instantly accuses you of injustice, but your conscience does not. Now, let us investigate whether of the twain is in the right : had you preferred to pay your bill, a life might have been lost, and misery enhanced instead of being alleviated and prevented. Society grumbles out something in answer to this, about strict justice, and says the applicant *might* have gone elsewhere for relief :——possible—but while the applicant was *going* elsewhere, relief *might* have been unavailing and impossible ; and we say, without any degree of hesitation, that you who so willingly afforded that relief, may confidently trust your Creator for a fresh supply of the means for disbursing your tradesman's account. Here we entreat you not to mistake our true meaning ; we do not, nor did we ever intend to say, that, to every beggar who besets your path, you are to squander away the means

you possess of liquidating the just demands of those to whom you are indebted ; but in a case of the nature we have endeavoured to illustrate, if you "put off till to-morrow, what you can, and *ought*, to do to-day," you may depend upon it, you will have reason to repent you sorely of your procrastination, and the result will haunt you at many an unwelcome hour.

While we are writing this, an instance of generous promptitude occurs to our recollection, and it is one we would gladly hold up to the imitation of Society. In the course of last week, we had occasion to call upon a friend in London, who follows his vocation, not many miles from Covent Garden ; conversing upon divers matters, we chanced upon a very distressing case of poverty, and our friend enquired who were the recognized collectors of contributions ? We stated, that we had, for some time, been engaged as such ; he instantly, unsolicited, wrote a cheque for five pounds, and, upon our expressing surprise and obligation, he said, "don't talk about it, but tell me why you did not come to me for this family when the father was alive ?" The latter had lately perished by drowning, and had left a wife and twelve children unprovided for ; "my friend," said our generous contributor, "why do we thus put off our aid until it is too late ? Life is too short for procrastination ; and in the very case you are now advocating, only reflect upon what an amount of misery you might have obviated, had you bestirred yourself sooner." To this, we had nothing to say ; true it is, that the thought of soliciting aid for a resident in the metropolis, when nearly the whole of our time was passed many miles distant from the scene of wretched-

ness, had not occurred to our mind ; but, upon reflection, we had no excuse for witnessing the poverty we had done, and not immediately and actively engaging in some effort to palliate it, on the instant it was perceived. We, therefore, were guilty of "putting off till to-morrow, what we might and ought to have thought of doing to-day;" and, like the Sybilline leaves, the first and most valuable of our opportunities was lost for ever, when we were disposed to avail ourselves of them. Of the benefit of judicious reflection, there can be no doubt ; but hesitation, in a plain case of emergency, is certain to produce its own punishment. We may endeavour to excuse ourselves, and say "we could not help it," that "we did not think the case so particularly urgent;" the thousand and one bland conscience-soothers of Society may whisper approbation in our ear; but in the silent watches of the night, and the more solitary reflections of our waking hours, shall we hear a faint echo, low but distinct, and thrilling as the eagle's cry,* heard from the invisible depths of the clear welkin, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me!" How does Society shrink from this still small voice! How insignificantly little do her greatest efforts to mesmerise the conscience then appear! Worlds, if we had them, would not purchase back the peace we have lost; ten thousand times ten thousand worlds would not compensate us for, or remove, the recollection of the past. If, then, in what Society deems such trifling occurrences, the risk and dissatisfaction be so great, how will it be with us, when we neglect to do that for the suffering thousands of our brethren and sisters in adversity, which, even now, it is in our

power to do? You say the thing is morally impossible; you deem the renovation of Society a generous, but delusive, theory; you lay the blame on Providence, and trace all suffering to the corruption of our fallen nature, and think by having discovered the cause of the foulness of the stream, you are absolved from all effort to remove that cause; you put your trust in the arm of education, to fill the empty stomachs and clothe the shivering bodies of your paupers; and you say "wait till to-morrow, and see what will be the effect of education;" you speak of the morality of this town in comparison to the immorality of the other; you boast of being highly-favored in your ministerial privileges; one and all agree in "putting off till to-morrow, what they might do to-day," and the time is rapidly drawing nigh, when "that night cometh in which no man can work." This is no over-wrought picture; no false colouring attaches here; day after day silently vanishes, and each rising sun finds us a step in retrogradation, thinking of what should be done, instead of *doing* what we *ought* to do. In respect of this matter, it is impossible to stand still; we must of necessity be either in a state of constant improvement, or of gradual decay; while we hesitate upon the sufferings of Society, those sufferings are accumulating in an enormous degree; we may close our eyes to the fact, and stop our ears to the outcries of her members; we may assert that we can neither see with the one or hear with the other; but still the evil will, in no degree, stay its course for our wilful perverseness and obstinacy; in time we shall tire of walking with closed eyes and deaf ears; and when the light breaks in upon us, in all its dazzling and

unclouded brilliancy, and when the thunder of unheeded and accumulated misery bursts in stunning vengeance on our unstopped ear, we shall call in vain upon the mountains and the rocks to hide us from the blinding influence, and the appalling, overwhelming crash. It is in our power to avert all this; a harbour is before us, in which our bark may ride the storm in safety; but we shall do well to remember the fate of those Egyptians, who, when threatened by the plague of hail, refused to hearken to the word of Moses, who cautioned them to "make their servants and their cattle flee into the houses:" those who "put it off," were lost, while they who hearkened and obeyed were preserved. It will as inevitably be so with us, if we refuse to make use of such means as are now indubitably in our power, for the relief of our fellow-sufferers in society; it is not by giving your annual guinea, that this can be effected; you are not now solicited to *give* anything; you are asked to put your talent out to use, and the profits which the Associative System offers, are such as no other known method of employing capital ever yet held forth; not only profit of a pecuniary or a monetary kind, but profits spiritual, societal, and domestic; lasting, good, and unequivocal satisfaction. We may blink the question, and say "we are doing all we can," but conscience will not uphold us in the assertion, and our countenances and manner will betray the doubt which reigns within. We have preached up education; and by educating, have we taught the poor man, the operative, and the artizan, to read the books we deemed *fit* for him to read, ay, and what else have we taught him? Have we not shewn him how to peruse

the human mind and countenance ? And tell us, was that our anticipation ? Did we expect, that he would see the hollowness and emptiness of our profession of aid in every feature of our visage, even when we were exercising our most successful efforts in the game of plausibility ? We have taught him the value of expediency ; we have taught him the true meaning of the words he reads ; and the time is come, when, if we mean to secure his respect, affection, services, or good will, we must give him some solid, lasting, and not-to-be-mistaken proof of our willingness to redeem the pledge that in all we did we sought *his*, not *our own* good, and the glory of our joint and Triune Creator. If we “ put this off until to-morrow,” let us then look to ourselves,,for evil is before us ; *that* to-morrow will never come, if we neglect to-day ; with our Maker, all is *present* ; nought that he does has reference to past or future ; with Him, a thousand years are as a single day, and one day as a thousand years ; He never made us for procrastination, but we made procrastination for ourselves. Trusting to this broken reed, it has pierced us through with many sorrows ; and the melancholy reflection, that “the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved,” is all that is left for him to meditate upon, who “ puts off till morrow, what he might do to-day.”

CHAPTER XV.

SELFISHNESS.

TO PROVE how very apt we biped animals are to fall into the very snares from which we take such pains to warn others, it will only be requisite to relate the following trivial narrative, from which, those who are not too dignified to attend to the manufacture of 'horse-shoe nails,' may possibly extract a sample of good material.

Our last topic, it will be recollected, was on the danger of putting off till to-morrow what might be done to day ; and this morning, our usual epistolary labours being ended, we sat down to study the subject which is mentioned as the heading of this chapter, viz. selfishness.

At that very moment, our faithful monitress conscience, hinted that we had omitted to write to a friend, who, in all probability, was expecting some communication. "Oh," said we to conscience, "that will do to-morrow."—"PROCRASTINATION!" says she. Taken aback here, and made to eat our own words, as a well-merited dessert, or desert, whichever the critic may

select; we tried another excuse, thus: "But," said we to conscience, "I want to finish this chapter on Selfishness."—"SELFISHNESS!" echoed her ladyship, without another word.—The town clock could not have spoken more distinctly, nor the sweet midnight songster of this genial season,* the nightingale, more melodiously; she smiled upon us as she spoke; and it was out of all nature for us to do otherwise than smile in return, and immediately betake ourselves to the obeying of her behest, so kindly and so generously proffered, out of pure regard for our welfare, and character for consistency. Down we sat, therefore; and, in writing to our friend, told him how very obliging conscience had been; and he, too, will doubtless smile, as our readers are now doing, (that is to say, if they are not ridiculing both us and conscience,) while they peruse this anecdote.

The material for this nail was sent us by a near and dear relative, in a letter, (anything may be sent by post now-a-days—Horse-Shoes even), and, in speaking of our Phalansterian views, he says "*So long as Selfishness is the primum mobile of the natural man, I fear your new sect will never thrive.*" In this sentiment we entirely concur, to the minutest point thereof; but it is because the phalansterian principle strikes at the root of all selfishness, that we support the principle; because, by substituting the welfare of the community for that of the individual, it creates a reciprocal interest in the minds of all, and by the removal of all interest or good, whether real or fancied, derivable from the exercise

* This was written in the month of May or June, 1843.

of selfishness, does it cause the very root of selfishness to decay, do we uphold the principle in its fullest extent, and to the utmost of our small ability. We are not satisfied by the mere reflection, that selfishness exists in the world, and that it is the main-spring of action with many; that it is so, we know, and deeply regret; but we also wish to know *why* it is thus with us. The corruption of our fallen nature, is by no means a satisfactory solution of the riddle; it may pass for want of a better; but this is not nature's way of answering a question, or of solving a difficult problem; both she and conscience bid us search and search again, until we find a rationale for every subject that concerns us, which is not to be, which cannot by possibility be mistaken. The existence of an evil, for hundreds and for thousands of years, in every nation, and under every condition of human society, is no more a reason for its continuance, as an unavoidable necessity, than was the old stage-coach to be considered indispensable when the Railway first appeared as its substitute. We have been conveyed along the road of life by Selfishness long enough: let us now try if we cannot devise some better mode of progression. Much as we delight to think of the olden time, we see no reason for following in the steps of our ancestors, with respect to their mistakes; neither does it comport, in any way, with our notions of reverence for them, that because they knew no better than to study to promote their own interests at the expense of others, we should do the same: on the contrary, we think it were wiser to take warning from their unfortunate example; and upon observing how very wide they shot of the mark at which they aimed, to be more cautious, use

better bows and arrows, and make the target, at which our aim is directed, large enough and distinct enough to obviate the possibility of a miss, unless through wilful stupidity or intentional neglect.

Our great-great-grand-ancestors, therefore, set to work much upon the following method, and thereby evinced how they thought to eradicate the plant of selfishness from the minds of posterity. The old Lady in the brocade and hooped petticoat, with a pyramid of powder and pomatum on her head, gravely warned her daughters and her handmaidens from the sin of selfishness ; and, to prove the utility of her Ladyship's system, she made old women of the former before they had reached the age of youth, and sly hypocrites of the latter before they had been a twelvemonth in the establishment. Learnedly would she dilate upon the duties of the servant to the employer, and the gratitude they ought to evince for being so employed, be the work never so tedious, or the pay proportionately small ; the young ladies were compelled to pass their time in odious monotony, and painful observance of the requisite mode of dress and manner, in order to their "proper carriage and 'appearance' in society, and all this for what ?—*To please and gratify the selfishness of Society.*

In more modern days, how have we improved upon the system ? We have abolished the feudal law, and, in its place, set up the Workhouse-Jail ; we have sent the ancient beggar from our threshold, and made him poor indeed by opening that gate of hell, the GIN-SHOP, for his refuge ; we have turned our sword into a ploughshare, and therewith have tilled the opium-field, and sent forth the poisonous drug to slay the countless

thousands of our foreign friends ; and all this, for what ? —*To gratify the selfishness of Society.* We have built the factory, and ruined, both in soul and body, thousands, ay, tens of thousands, of the children of our country ; we have sent our girls and women to the coal-pit and the mine, to toil in such wise as makes humanity shudder with abhorrence, and causes fiendish joy among those fallen spirits, who hope to win us as their victims for the deed. We have tried to palliate this crying sin by the mere clap-trap of expediency, alleging the want of other employment for the poor sufferers from our wanton cruelty, well knowing that it is *now*, and *ever has been*, in our power to employ them all, alike with profit both to them and us ; and all this for what ? —*To please and gratify the sensual, devilish selfishness of Society.*—Society must “walk in silk attire,” even though the blood of her members be the price of that attire ; Society must not be balked of her most trivial wish, e’en though the immortal souls of her sons and daughters be the sacrifice required to obtain that wish : and is it because these things *are* so, that we are to refrain from throwing down the idolatrous altar of this idol ? Shall we, for the mere reason, that, for ages, horrors have been endured, which the mind of man can scarcely realize, tamely sit down contented with their continuance, or their partial alleviation only ? How can we answer for the light we have received, if such a course be ours ? How meet the voice of CONSCIENCE, when the settling-day arrives ? Will she then smile upon us ? Alas, no ! Her countenance will be full, not of anger, but of grief, and such grief as will heap coals of fiery anguish on our heads, which even anger could not kindle.

Were the invention of mankind racked to discover a mode of fostering the growth of selfishness, in every possible shape and form, a system more complete, either in the detail, or the whole, could scarcely be conceived, than that which we now adopt for our rule and guidance through life. In every grade, condition, or rank, we encourage competition, though we know, by each day's experience, what a fatal error we commit. Again, we know our monetary standard and our medium of exchange to be totally inadequate to the wants of our increasing population, to say nothing of the advancing requirements of a civilized community. We look on all sides for fresh improvements, and, by our patent laws, deprive the inventor of his due; we pocket the price of his labour as our revenue, and then bid him go to law, and feed our legal children with what little he has left. We educate our operatives, and give them fresh and enlarged desires for enjoying the luxuries and comforts of existence, and then refuse to place these things within their reach. We tell our younger sons to look to the Professions for support, and mock them by asserting that every avenue is crammed to overflowing. We scorn at those who wish to point the way by which all, from the lowest to the highest, may be provided for substantially; and, turning a deaf ear, we at once pronounce the thing impossible, "because it never *has* been otherwise, and, therefore, never *can* be!" That it never *has been*, is because the time had not arrived when such a system as the associative was required by us; but that *it never can be*, we will not cease to deny, though all the world beside uphold the fatal scepticism. One experiment fairly tried, would soon dissolve the

spell by which Society is bound ; and the railway has not done more to conquer impossibilities, than would the phalanstery do, were we, in as good earnest as the railway people did, to set about the work of renovation. It is inconceivable to us, who have deeply studied the subject, in its every bearing, and viewed it in every shade of light, that men have not, centuries ago, made trial of a measure which promises a degree of benefit, both immediate and prospective, to all classes of society, incomparable with any known plan. Nothing but the direst and most obstinate selfishness can account for our having hitherto overlooked its manifest advantages. We know your present mode of Societal action fails us at every turn ; we know that tens of thousands of our fellow-mortals perish annually through our avarice and unjustifiable selfishness ; but what is that to us, so long as those whom we set up as legislators and as rulers, as magistrates and as pastors, as masters and as mistresses, are freed from the immediate influence of the curse ? We pretend to teach our children justice, generosity, and charity ; we close our exhortations with the (now needless) exhortation, “ take care of yourself ; ” and well do they exemplify the lesson we thus teach, for almost every thought and action of their lives exhibits the *beauty of the system*, in all its native, hideous deformity. Is this the way we trace the blessed steps of Him whose sacred Name we bear ; who said, “ Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ? ” When the blind man asked for sight, did He not say “ Receive thy sight, thy faith hath saved thee ? ” And shall we, when our children ask us for the bread of instruction, give them a stone, which shall prove a stumbling-block in

their path, and only open their eyes to behold their own wretchedness more clearly than before? We may do it, but we mock our God and Saviour in the deed; we may do it, but for this, and all such deeds as these, we may "know that God will bring us unto judgment." The first ingredient in the phalansterian principle, which attracted our attention, was the total abnegation of self, which it inculcated; and, by its adoption secured, it annihilates the reason, and all necessity, for selfishness; it provides alike for all, and for none at the expense of another; it equalizes the power of obtaining comfort and affluence, not the mere conventional gradations of rank in Society; such matters as these, it does not touch; neither does it aim to disturb them; it provides for the wants of an increasing population, even before those wants can possibly, in the ordinary routine of affairs, appear; it settles all disputes, whether civil, political, or religious,—but here we are reminded of the necessity of devoting a separate chapter to the 'nail' of 'consequences,' upon which, if we now launch, our phalansterian rule of serial order will be broken; therefore, postpone we a rehearsal, for the present, and let us urge upon each other the vast and momentous necessity for the relinquishment of selfishness, in whatever relation we find it, whether of parent towards a child, of master to a servant, or of friend to friend. We may depend upon it, that the exercise of this baneful vice will injure us more than those to whom we display the power; and we should do well to reflect upon the true intention of our Creator in permitting the sentiment to obtain within our hearts. For our own part, we believe that selfishness is neither a natural or

an inherent, but an acquired qualification ; and, in the guise in which we now find it in Society, that it is a perverted sentiment or talent of our nature, deformed by our mismanagement in its infancy, and want of due care on our part in the developement of its more mature growth. We are firmly of opinion, that in this, as in many other instances, we have perverted a valuable talent, and turned a blessing into a curse, thereby producing the most destructive results. Our practical lessons to our children, are calculated to foster selfishness most eminently ; our relative laws in private, public, and domestic life, drive the nail still further in, and tend to fix it firmer in its place ; our legislative acts complete the work ; they clench the nail, and neither the legislative, the domestic, or the public smith, ever once pauses to enquire whether the nail be rightly directed ; nor do they heed the outcries of the suffering animal, the victim of their want of skill, of feeling, and humanity. Is it, then, matter of surprise, that they should be called upon to account for this unwarrantable system of Society ?

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CHAPTER XVI.

CONSEQUENCES.

As a fitting portion of material wherewith to form the last nail of the sixteen which belong to the two fore-shoes of Society, we have selected that which stands at the head of the page we are now inditing. Few, we deem, there are among the vast multitudes of society, who in any degree, are aware of the immensity of importance which attaches to that brief sentence, so often uttered by her members, so much misunderstood, and so generally disregarded by the majority, viz. "Think of the *consequences*." To exemplify.—Do we see a young man and woman anxious to enter into that holy and natural bond of affinity and affection ordained by our Great First Cause, to wit, matrimony; and do they come to us to ask for our advice and counsel? what is the best answer they ever obtain from us? "*I'd have you weigh the matter well, and think of the 'consequences' of the step you are contemplating!*" How is it, we would ask, that we dare to doubt the propriety of doing that which all nature, and the God of nature, have

decreed shall be done, and by that decree, have sanctioned the legitimacy of the deed? Do we, at the time of giving this sage, and, as we consider, friendly advice, for an instant think of the '*consequences*' of our counsel? Do we reflect upon the heartless chill such words as these are apt to throw upon the ardour and the happiness of those who came to us for comfort and encouragement? Do we not rather forget that such counsel as this is well calculated to raise a doubt in the minds of those whom we profess to regard with kindness, and to make them, in their after life, when the cares, the trials, and the troubles which we have secured to our brethren in society, shall arise in thickest density around them, exclaim, "would that I had listened to my friend's advice, and instead of obeying the dictates of nature and my Creator, have thought of the *consequences*, and selfishly given up my happy views, and ruined the happiness of the being I best loved, in stern obedience to the decrees of Society, which placed these stumbling-blocks in my way, and, in the stead of generously removing them, told me they were there, and that I was doomed to fall over and be injured by them, if I followed in the path my nature and my God directed me to follow." Little do we reckon of *consequences*, though the word be ever on our lips; and much need have we to fear that the word itself is one we have hitherto most fatally mistaken, or misinterpreted.

To put another case.—A young man, who has saved a small amount of money, some sixty or seventy pounds, perhaps, marries, and is anxious, as a matter of course, to set up in some trade or business; we mock him by telling him he has "quite a little fortune;" yes,—*mock*

him,—for the deed deserves no better appellation, and we have made laws whereby the beer-shop and the dram-shop are open for the investment of his *little fortune*; we have placed the demon of competition in his path, if he chooses any other trade, and we *kindly* warn him to take heed of the evil spirit whom we send forth as his escort; what does he do? in firm reliance on our *generous* aid, and thanking us for our counsel and our warning, he, in ardent hope, and humble gratitude to us his patrons, begins his striving with the world; gradually he decays; his little lamp is soon burnt out; and when he comes to us for comfort in his distress, we give him for his consolation, this: “I told you so, you know I warned you of the *consequences*.” We warned him of the consequences, it is true; but who were they who placed these consequences there? Foreseeing them, was this our duty to our neighbour, to leave them where they were, when it was solely dependant on our own will that they should remain as stumbling-blocks in the path of the wayfarer? We say the *consequences* of such a line of conduct as this will be more fatal, in the time to come, to us, than if our lot had been cast in the land of heathenism and of darkness, in those regions where the light of truth, of Revelation, and the blessed Gospel of our Saviour, never yet have penetrated.

Until the happy period of millenial peace shall dawn upon our world, we know that offences will come; but we can never plead ignorance of the doom of him through whom they come. The offences of Society are enormous; but still more weighty is our guilt, for not at once removing every inducing cause of offence from our own and our brother's way. The lust of gold, the

avarice of power, the unhallowed pride of our infatuated society, have, jointly, blinded our eyes to the true mode of obtaining the riches of this world, or of that which is to come. Because a few, a very few, of the mixed multitude have succeeded in amassing the entire wealth of the globe in the form of money, or of estates, we at once decree that it follows, as a necessary *consequence*, that no other mode than theirs shall be successful; and, by that very decree, we shut up every other avenue to the obtaining of the blessings of all nature.

Again would we warn you from mistaking our true meaning; we mean not to advocate the senseless folly of the leveller in Society; the fiendish seditionist; the deluded Chartist, or the self-deified politician. Your Maker tells you to regard the works of nature, and then ask yourselves, if equality of rank, circumstance, or of occupation, was His aim when forming this most wonderful world? He bids you regard the eagle, soaring beyond the reach of human vision; he tells you to search the bowels of the mountain, where you shall find the microscopic infusoria, or animalculæ, which requires the aid of the most powerful magnifier to discover; but He asks through nature's voice, "Have I not equally provided for the wants of *all* these my creatures? Have I supplied the wants and requirements of the eagle, in a more liberal or more equal manner, than I have those of the animalculæ? Prove me now, herewith, and let us reason together." But we may safely ask, is this the mode we adopt, in reference to each other, as members of one single species, as human beings of the same tongue and nation, of the same flesh and blood? Blessed indeed, would be the *consequences*, if we did thus!

Then truly would our barns be filled with plenty, our presses burst with new wine ; and Paradise and England be symbolical of each other. We have, and with shame and deep self-abasement be it spoken, done the reverse of all of this ; in our eager love of pelf, we have rendered the ground we till, doubly cursed for our own sake ; the cries of our suffering brethren and sisters have ascended up to the foot of the Redeemer's footstool, to the throne of the Lord of Sabaoth ; the blood of thousands of our infants lies at the door of our gin-shops ; at the gate of our manufactories, where noxious trades are carried on, stand a long array of souls perished, of bodily powers taxed beyond endurance ; and they show an amount of torment and of suffering, enough to overwhelm the nation to whom those sufferings are accredited. These are some of the *consequences* of our system ; and the sequel of those consequences we shudder to reflect upon. The sun may shine upon us now, and we may walk forth in the early dawn, with feelings of intense and glowing admiration of the beauty of our land ; but, meanwhile, these facts to which we have ventured to attract your notice, are still in remembrance against us ; day after day, and each succeeding night, conveys to heaven, not "the record of our father's deeds," but the record of *our own* ; and how, when the book of remembrance is opened, in the eyes of assembled nations and of worlds, England, in her character as an empire, as Society, or in her individual subdivision, will endure to look upon that book, is known only unto Him, who alone is deemed worthy to be the opener thereof.

We have at the conclusion of our last chapter, alluded

to a few of the probable consequences which might, in all reason, be expected to ensue, upon a judicious adoption of the phalansterian or associative system ; its chief merit appearing to us to consist in the total destruction of all selfish, isolated, or irreligious views and notions. It does not, however, rest content with merely striking a powerful blow at the trunk of the tree of Society ; it aims at the root of evil, thus gradually and almost imperceptibly causing the evil to decay, and, at the same time, it plants a better tree, and one more suited to the soil. The railways here may back our simile ; they did not at once cut up every old road in England ; they did not destroy all the stage-coaches, or turn every person who was employed thereupon away ; they merely made a better road, and offered to every Innkeeper, every Passenger, every Coachman, and every Guard, an easier mode of travel, or much more profitable outlay of their money, and a far better occupation than that which they formerly were engaged in. It is impossible to reflect upon the advantageous *consequences* of the railways, which, even in the very short lapse of time that has passed since their establishment, have ensued, without feelings of the most lively gratitude to the Author of every mercy for His unbounded goodness in blessing the undertaking as He has been pleased hitherto to do. No longer are our ears shocked with the sound of the cruel lash, which descended with a curse upon the sides of the poor, over-strained animal, that was worked to the extremity of death and of pain, for our pleasure and convenience ; no more need we be disgusted by the profane blasphemy and obscenity of ostlers and the hangers-on at our public

inns, and coach-visited hostelryes ; no longer are we compelled to wade through mud and filth to secure a minimum of space in one of our mis-named disgusting *fast-coaches*, or to pass hour after hour upon the top of one of them in a drenching, pouring rain ; the fear of losing a day is now gone by, for if one train is lost, a hour or two brings us another, and if haste be very urgent, we may for the same or less money than it cost us formerly to post, secure the services of a special train, which will convey us at any desired speed, to our destination. With the railways, too, our places of refreshment and of rest, are greatly improved ; the class of servants is as far advanced ; one step has led us to another ; and in a truly phalansterian mode, has every class been raised, each in its own degree, and none have retrograded. But there are a few things recorded against the railway owners, the chief of which is their blindness and infatuated want of faith and thankfulness in not acknowledging, more thoroughly, the Divine Hand ; and as a sacrifice, if sacrifice it be, when time and space are nearly annihilated, or rendered wholly subservient to their will, in not at once decreeing that on the Sabbath, *no* traffic shall be carried on by railway. They have had warnings repeated, and most striking *consequences* unlooked for, have occurred ; and one railway has been raised up as an enemy to its fellow—Why? do we ask. Surely, there is cause sufficient to account for such a *consequence* as this. Have you not, among your directors and your leading heads, men who profess to set to their seal that God is true ; men who, in domestic life, have reared a family altar to that Supreme Being ; men who say they see

His Hand in every "providence," and every situation of their lives, who, nevertheless, from the fear of losing some small portion of their cherished wealth, and still unable to resist the temptation of the profit, have enrolled their names as shareholders of the association; and winking at the fact of being coadjutors in the unworthy deed, have hoped that "somehow or other," their partial defalcation would be overlooked, and they be permitted with impunity to pass. How would they treat a passenger of one of their own trains, who attempted to pass through their station and along their line without a ticket, or who should take a short ticket, and try to cheat the check-taker when he had exceeded the distance which his check permitted? Let them ask their conscience, and abide by her reply.

It is not enough that, at the periodical meetings of the directors, they vote for the discontinuance of the evil, and thus lull conscience by the assertion that "they have done all they can;" they know better; and conscience tells them this: she tells them, too, that there is but one method whereby they may legitimately uphold their integrity, and the honour of Him whom they profess to serve. "Remonstrate first," says she; "and then, if such remonstrance fails, withdraw yourselves, and touch not the unclean thing." Furthermore, she adds, "You know that, sooner than give up your services and your aid, the railways would give up to you; and if they did not do this, you have the word of the Living God for your voucher, that their work shall not ultimately prosper; and would He, do you think, fail you in your faithful discharge of conscience?—Never! As sure as His word is truth, the society

you left would fail, and other ways of furthering the honour of your Maker and the benefit of your fellow-creatures, would be pointed out to you, however improbable the event might, to our short-sighted notions, at the time, appear. If you doubt this, your faith is dead ; it is a faith of words, and not of deeds ; a faith of an unruly member, not of a trusting, a confiding heart." Seek, then, to avoid *causes*, and you will obviate the *consequences*. The affairs of men are all in the hands of the Almighty Disposer, it is true ; but to every consequence has He attached a cause, and to every cause its inevitable result. The search for these, may give us some trouble ; but the repayment for the toil is ample ; the delight is such as no one knows who tries not the experiment ; the 'consequences' of the search most profitable, because thereby the truth is made manifest ; all difficulties either vanish or are overcome by the removal of the cause ; the ground we tread upon is firm and sound, and at every step we take, the mist of prejudice, of ignorance, and error, which seemed so dense and chilling, so almost overwhelming when we first surveyed it, as a necessary and unavoidable 'consequence' upon our resolute advance, retreats from before our eyes ; it rises higher and still higher ; and in mounting, meets a more rarefied atmosphere, which dissipates its former density ; and, even here, we may trace the orb of that blessed Sun of Righteousness, which, we trust, ere long will shed its mild millennial glory over this and all the kingdoms of the earth. We know that the Great First Cause alone can bring about this blissful 'consequence ;' but He works the affairs of men by means of men themselves ;

and if we humbly presume to hope that the spread of the Gospel of peace may be effected by such an instrumentality as that of our feeble powers, surely, surely, it were a 'consequence' worthy of angelic emulation, to hasten on the coming of the Redeemer's reign: Kings, Princes, Potentates, and Powers, might glory in the blessed work, and as an inseparable 'consequence' attendant upon so high an aim, the results would be such, as we now hardly dare to hope for or anticipate. Let us, then, take courage, and reflect upon these *consequences*.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAIR PLAY.

A PAMPHLET, bearing the above pro-nonymous signature, appeared in our letter-bag of yesterday, the last day of the merry month of May, 1843; and without entering upon any consideration of the merits of the publication, or puzzling our brains to discover the patronymic appellative of the author; throwing aside all idea of controversy, whether upon the subject of the pamphlet alluded to, or any wish to criticise the writer thereof; we will take "Fair Play," in the abstract, as the material for this day's work; and, with hammer in hand, (i.e. the pen), and our anvil (i.e. the writing-table), to the fore, we will endeavour to make a producible nail from this very contorted portion of what ought to be a valuable treasure in the store-house of Society. Valuable, however, as it doubtless is, she seems to set but a small price upon "fair play;" she leaves it to be pilfered by any passing thief; or she allows her children so to mix it up with other materials, many of them of a most pernicious quality, so that all its native good is neutralized; and instead of finding it

as a jewel of the first water, among the treasures of Society, the lustre of the gem is so tarnished, and altogether defaced, by the dust and dirt with which it is encompassed, that, as "fair play," it is scarcely ever to be recognized, even by those who search most diligently for hidden gems and treasures. Thus you will see Society placing one of her children in a small country village, as a shoemaker, a grocer, a baker, or any such trade; for a while, he goes on tolerably, because there happens to be no other wight of the same profession as himself: but as soon as ever his patroness, Society, finds that her child is in a fair way to thrive,—“Fair play’s a jewel, my boy,” says she, and she directly sets up another of her sons over the way, in the same trade, and they very soon ruin themselves and each other by this absurd, ridiculous mode of action. But Society declares this is “fair play;” we declare, most unhesitatingly, that no play can be more *foul*. “Then,” says Society, “you are a monopolist?” In one sense, we are; in another, we are not. We would *live and let live*: i. e. we would *live* without competition, and *let live* without any danger of injury from our neighbour. We would destroy your Ladyship’s monopoly of the power to injure your children, in this most idiotic manner; and this is the monopoly against which we would set our faces wholly, exclusively, and most unservedly. “Very fine, indeed,” exclaims Society, ready to cry with vexation, “so you’d take away my prerogative, and establish a monopoly of your own?” You mistake us in toto: we would destroy such a monopoly as you have hitherto most unjustly held, and divide the new monopoly equally among all

your children, for their and your joint benefit. This is our notion of "fair play." "But what's to become of all my Dissenting children, if I may'nt set up the Chapel against the Church? really you ought to allow me the liberty of conscience, at any rate; and if your Phalansterian measure obtains, I don't see how I can have a church and a chapel too." Madam, you have touched upon untrodden ground; nevertheless, we fear not to follow you. As a matter of undeniable necessity, our Establishments are Evangelical Church Institutions; those who choose to shelter themselves under the wings of the true Church of our blessed Saviour, will be admitted; but, as a matter of equal and unavoidable consequence, those who profess a different faith must look elsewhere for support, and to their own resources for maintenance. As to Dissent, it could not exist in a Society, the basis of which was unity and concord. One of our first mottos is, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." Constituted as your children now are, there never existed a more complete epitome of Babel than England now presents; you crowd all tongues and languages, all sects and classes, into one heterogeneous mass, and expect, with such materials and such workmen, to raise a temple to your Maker's honour, which shall reach unto the very heavens: your failure is most signal; your confusion most richly merited. You accused us of being Babel-builders; but we leave it to the criticism of the world, who best deserves the title. At first, our numbers would be but few: our Institutions widely scattered: give us only a few years of trial; and, with the Divine blessing on our labours, we trust to shew you as rapid, as vast, and as unlooked-for.

an improvement in Society, as you now may witness in our favorite examples the Railways, over the slow and sleepy method of our ancestors. Give us *fair play*, and we can do it; give us but *fair play*, and we will cure both you and your children of the pain, the needless toil, and half the sufferings which you now endure. Tell us not of 'fair play,' while you treat your children as you now do. Is it 'fair play' that, because one should be born into the world a year, or a few months only, or an hour, we will say, later than the other, that the first-born shall have all your wealth, and the second, third, or fourth, remain a helpless unprovided being? Now, mark us well Society; and, as you love the truth, accuse us not of wishing to subvert your primogenital rights; we reverence those rights; and to the utmost, would support them; but this we say, and ever will affirm, that long ere this, with the means wherewith you have yourself been blessed, you ought so to have improved your talent, as to have provided for *all* your children, in an equal, or, at least, more just degree than you at present do. It is no reason that *because* the eldest of your sons inherits his just due, the younger should be destitute: long, long ere *this*, ought you to have been able to deliver to *all* your eldest sons their own hereditary estates, free from all encumbrance, and to have done that for the younger which should, in their own degree, have rendered them as independent of their brethren as the latter are of you. This, too, we call 'fair play,' and yours, "*as foul as foul can be.*"

"But," say you, "where is the use of having power, if we may not exercise it as we please; our estates

would not be worth having, if all our children were equally well off, either in point of wealth or lands : somebody must be uppermost in Society ?" Assuredly they must ; and herein consists the great beauty of our associative system. To your elder sons are secured their just hereditary rights, free, unencumbered, and without a possibility of being burdened, in the ordinary course of nature ; and your younger children are thereby rendered quite independent, either of the estate, or of the fortunes of their elder brethren ; they stand in the place of agents, governors, the ministry, and the faculty, as they now do ; but with this sole difference, that so long as they keep together on the associative method, as a bundle of sticks ought to do, are they provided for, without any effort of their own, without anxiety or care. This, again, is '*fair play* ;' and which is the fairer game, ours, or the one you now attempt so unwarrantably to cheat us with ? You accused the railroads of unfair play—why ? Did they not invite you to join them in their noble effort to destroy the unfair monopoly and cruelty of your travelling system ? Did they not insure you profits, of which, in your most sanguine mood, you could have no idea ? Did they not offer to improve your servants without expense to you, and did they not employ the thousands and the tens of thousands of your labouring poor, for whom you declared you had neither pay, nor food, nor work ? And have you not endeavoured to defeat their honorable aim, by your own most senseless folly, in introducing the competitive system, even among them ; so that you might have an opportunity of rejoicing in their injury, and refuse to partake of

their benefit at the same time? Is this your gratitude, your 'fair play?' For shame! Look higher, and learn to call things by their right and lawful names. Is it 'fair play,' that you should educate your children, and teach them new wants, then give them just enough of (your standard be it recollected), money to keep the vital spark of life alight, and no more, or if a trifle in advance, enough to keep up that degree of strength which you require for purposes of your own? Is it fair play, that you should mock them then, by asking "why they do not save their money?" when you know that, if they laid out *all* they have in *food* alone, it would barely stay the cravings of their families? Is it fair play that, when distracted by the thought of poverty, the only doors of refuge which shall stand wide open to receive your suffering children, are those of the workhouse and the gin-shop, the ale-house, and a filthy den you are pleased to denominate a cottage? Is it 'fair play' that the arch-fiend of sedition should be permitted to stalk at large over the fair face of your sister-country, Ireland, and threaten us with the horrors of a civil war? Ay, blush at FACTS like these, Society! Think of the contempt of our posterity, who, in days to come, when they read the "record of their fathers' deeds," shall pause when they reach the annals of our present era, and ask each other whether heathenism or Christianity was the faith of England?

Foul play, indeed, there must be, somewhere, or the crimes and horrors which each succeeding legislative assembly has to receive a statement of, [§] never could exist among a civilized community. Our country might, years ago, have stood a pattern to the nations of the earth, had her rulers willed it so; whereas, she

now is pointed at as a scandal to them all.—Intoxicated with her foreign triumphs, vain-glorious in her vast possessions, she, like Jeshurun, waxes fat, and spurns at the commandments of her God, and sets up a golden idol in His temple, calling upon all the kingdoms of the world to fall down thereto, and worship. She points at her social system, and asks “Where will you find a Society like this?” and she proudly exults in the external beauty of the face, forgetting the hideous loathsomeness which reigns supreme within. One look, one moment of sobriety, would shew her her true state. We would ask her to reconcile, if she can, the vast amount of wealth which some of her sons possess, with the utter destitution of other of her children. We would ask, what mean the schisms and divisions in her Church, and why her jails and penitentiaries overflow? We would ask, what mean the cries of infants which we hear, in vain imploring food and shelter from their fainting mothers? We would ask, what mean the sounds of revelry, the oath, the drunken brawl, which issue, day and night, from out the palace of the liquor Fire-King? We would crave a reason for the substitution of the workhouse for the hospital; of the commutation-act for the just due of her clerical sons. We would ask, by what right of Divine or human authority she dared insult her Maker by offering on his altar such a sacrifice as the poor-law, an abomination which we should hesitate to offer to our golden idol, self? We would ask, why are the enemies of our faith admitted to our counsels, and why a false sense of duty to that specious spirit of expediency, should be permitted to induce us to continue a grant for the education of those enemies in a religion hostile to our own? Are

there not vipers enow abroad, in our lanes and streets, but we must shelter them in our houses, and seat them in the high places? Unhappy England! Well may you be unable to discriminate between "fair play" and foul! for, while your drunken slumber lasts, no earthly power can convince you of the truth, or teach you how to move aright. Is it fair play, that our emigrants should be turned loose in the eastern or the western wilderness, without a Church, without a pastor, without a shelter from the storm, the cold, or heat; without provision, or the means of sustenance, while we abound and superabound in all these blessings in the mother-country? In the dark ages, practices like these might be excusable; but can we now say, that we *know no better*, and that really we have not the means of acting otherwise? Far, very far, from this: we are verily guilty concerning our brother in this matter; we have seen the anguish of his soul, and we have refused to comfort him; we treat him as an outcast and a slave, nay, we treat the malefactor much more leniently than we do our emigrants! We bid our sons look to Professions for support, and then tell them that their services are not required; we earnestly exhort the labourer to seek work, and refuse him what he, by our advice, so diligently seeks; our daughters, which should be as the polished corners of the temple, we bid them seek the wages of iniquity for a maintenance; and if they, too, shrink from this, and strive to gain a living by their labour, we give them a pittance which we dare not openly acknowledge. Truly may they say to us, We asked for bread, and you offered us a stone; for fish, and you proffered us a serpent.—Is this fair play? If so, it is the game of Satan; and the winnings of the prince of darkness will

be ours, unless we repent in time ; and, turning from this evil way, endeavour to make restitution for such execrable iniquity. We have no excuses ; all have been tried, and each in turn has failed. Why have they failed ? Because we knew them to be, at best, but miserable subterfuges, resorted to, to hide our guilt, to stifle conscience, and to give us time to seek for fresh evasion of our duty. If every minute were a year, and every year a century, time itself would fail us to heal the wounds our blind, unfeeling avarice has opened ; rivers of repentant tears would never wash away the stain from England's brow, which her foul play towards her trusting children has fixed indelibly on that once fair front. Bethink we, too, of the Red Indian's charge against us. Society may point to the holy Book of Truth and ask if she did not offer it to him ? She did ; and conscience will point to the spirit-bottle, and enquire if that too was not offered for his choice ? She will say, " for every soul you sought to save, the death of a thousand bodies is required at your hands." Is this fair play ? And think you, that your Maker will be served thus, with impunity ? Why will not Society awake ? Why, when restitution is so loudly called for, will she not cease to waste her time in vain and nugatory arguments about free trade, politics, or trifling corn-laws, and at once endeavour, by repentance and restitution, to avert the doom to which her base ingratitude, her hardened wickedness and cruelty, have justly made her liable ? She may scorn us now ; she may deem us fools, nay, madmen, if she will : but the time will come when truth will vanquish error, when sophistry will yield to plain and indisputable facts ; and England then will wish she had more rightly understood her own true interest, and had upheld her integrity by ' fair play.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

MYSTIFICATION.

THERE exists in Society a certain race of animals of the human species, who possess the above-named valuable faculty in a super-eminent degree; and one is tempted to question the benefit derivable from such a qualification. Among the learned, the habit is most commonly perceptible, as the following quotation, from a work *expressly* intended for the use and *edification* of the lower orders of mechanics and engineers, will abundantly testify. The subject immediately under notice, is the "Study of Mechanics;" and a "Definition," anything but "definitive," or explanatory, is thus given; the writer intends to define Infinity; and this is *his* way of doing it.—"Def. 17. *Infinity* is the postulatum of unlimited licence to suppose a process continued, are a quantity increased or diminished to any required extent." Our quondam friend, Mrs. NICKLEBY, could scarcely, we imagine, excel this specimen of the art of mystification; and we may fairly conclude that the illustrious Editors of the Bridgewater Treatises would be "brought up by the wind," at

meeting with such a "Definition" as this. Professor Whewell, he whose name is more easily whistled than pronounced, Dr. Buckland, and the doubly-celebrated Lardner, "in mighty conclave meeting," would hardly overcome the difficulty; how, then, are we small people to cope with definitions such as this; and if the *explanation* be so unintelligible, what must the original intention be? A very talented writer on the subject sets the question at rest by the following quotation: "ex hoc momento pendit æternitas;" and, as "the force of language can no further go," there we leave it for the present.

For our own part, we abhor mystification, in any shape or form, though we opine that the public or our readers will neither thank us for the assertion, nor will Society appreciate the gratuitous information; nevertheless we consider the abuse of the talent, which so extensively prevails in this our day, as a device of the enemy to excite suspicion, foster distrust, and destroy that unity of confidence, and free, generous interchange of sentiment which ought to subsist between man and his fellow in Society. Freemasonry holds a distinguished position in the ranks of mystification. Whatever be the benefit thereof, however calculated to assist mankind, or rivet the bands of good fellowship; still, we hold the mystery of the thing to be an abomination; for, if it be for good alone, why does it not stand forth to the world, free of its iron mask, clear as the sun, and open to the full blaze of daylight, instead of shunning scrutiny, and hiding in holes and corners, as a thing which dreads the light of Heaven? In times like ours, what has good to fear? Why need we seek to

veil in doubt and mystery an acknowledged benefit? Must our candle thus be hidden under a bushel or a bed, instead of being placed where all may see the light wherewith we are entrusted, and seeing it, may glorify the Giver of all light? The very fact of mystery existing, is, of itself alone, a warning to all who know the truth to shun the companionship of those who unite in these or any secret associations, of whatsoever kind or manner they may be. How is it that in this "enlightened" age, men who inveigh the loudest against association on Christian principles, which court enquiry, and ask minute investigation, can be found to uphold freemasonry with all its secrecy, its dark mysterious hatred of the light? Is it that they pride themselves on superior intelligence or power, or are they ashamed of the principles of their fraternity? They boast of the good society derives from them—where is it? we would ask. If half their boasting was well grounded, society would not now be wretched as she is; and, long ere this, had any solid foundation for their vain-glorious boastfulness existed, the light they claim so exclusively must have been so indubitably apparent to the minds of all, that England would have become a nation of Freemasons.* We hold it to be an incontrovertible fact, that no man who joins a secret society of any kind, can ever be a person in whom those who do not belong to that society can place any confidence; because a suspicion will exist, in spite of every effort to subdue it, that the laws or rules by which the mystifier is bound, may oblige him to betray the confidence reposed; and, whatever he may think to the contrary, there is a coldness and restraint, which places an insuperable barrier between

* We believe the Freemasons form about a 90th part of the population of Great Britain.

that man and his fellow, when once it is known that he has joined a secret association. We have in our walk through life, been acquainted with many of the order of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, and subjects of this kind ; but we do not remember, on any occasion, ever forming an intimate friendship with any one of them : the very knowledge that secrecy was requisite in their conduct towards us, neutralized any approach to confidence, or feelings of reciprocal regard, which otherwise might have arisen in our minds. Extol the system as we will, we cannot free it from the imputation of selfishness ; and such a principle must ever be the bane of friendship or of cordiality.

There is another description of mystification, which works the most essential injury in society—we mean the half hints and dark insinuations which are thrown out in respect of matrimony. Few people are aware, and none appear to pause a single moment to reflect upon the immense degree of mischief which accrues from this mode of treating a subject on which the utmost openness should prevail, if happiness be expected to ensue. There is no condition in which mankind are placed, which requires greater candour ; and, we believe, none in which less of that sentiment is generally evinced. To illustrate this :—some years ago, we mentioned, in casual converse with a friend, that a relation of ours was about to form a matrimonial alliance, which promised fair for every earthly happiness, and which has existed now for many years, realizing a much more than common portion of felicity ; our friend, however, upon receiving the intelligence, shook his head most mysteriously, and replied, “ Ah ! I would

have your relative *take care* ; the marriage-bed is not always a bed of roses, but often one of thorns !" Here was enough to frighten many a timid man from matrimony at once ; and we do affirm that speeches such as these, without any attempt at explanation, are injurious and absurd to the last degree. If any material cause exists, of which we old bachelors are ignorant, why matrimony should thus be cursed, when the Almighty has ordained the state ; we do say that those who know wherein consists the bane, ought openly and without reserve, at once to declare the cause ; and if they are not competent to devise a remedy, to leave the matter in the hands of those, who, more active and determined than themselves, will, at any rate, do their best to banish the hideous phantom of mystification, they so very industriously conjure up to their own entire discomfiture, and the discouragement of their single brethren.

Again ; on asking a married friend what possible reason could exist for difficulties which he complained of, without a word in explication of their nature, his answer was " Oh, wait awhile ; you'll *find it out*, if you are ever married." Irrational as this may be, the effect is in a much greater degree prejudicial to Society. Thus, a man who has heard some such axiom as we have quoted, often repeated in his days of bachelorhood, is apt to reason thereupon ; and if he ever marries, what is the natural result of such reflection ? Simply this,—that his suspicions being once aroused, he finds it difficult to control or exorcise them ; and the injudicious mystification of his friends, is a source of the most unceasing torment and disquietude to his mind.

Whatever befalls, he traces the least unpleasantness to matrimony, as the cause of all discomfort; and, though he may refrain from open accusation, still, to what should have been the source of earthly happiness, are constantly attributed the daily petty trials and vexations of existence; this leads to fretfulness of temper, and peevishness of spirit, breaking out in harshness, or even intemperate language, to the partner of his cares; she soon begins to take the infection; recrimination follows, and the sequel is just the one to be anticipated,—videlicet, disgust and permanent annihilation of affection. From this time forth, two separate interests influence the household; one takes master's part, the other that of the mistress. Whatever master wishes, *must* be done; and if it should chance that the two desires clash at any time, a shock, like that from the junction of the positive and negative wires of a galvanic battery, is produced, and a moral earthquake, or rather *mind*-quake, agitates the social circle. Now, if our friends the Benedicts, (though it would seem that if we were to interpret this term in its primary and literal signification, of "*the blessed ones*" we should be deviating widely from correctness), if, however, they would merely state their grievance, manfully and unmysteriously, it may be that they would find that half the field was won, and that a remedy is at hand, of which they hitherto were ignorant. Of one thing we are well assured, that be the grievance what it may, Society, not nature, has produced it; for our firm assurance is, that no evil in nature can exist in matrimony; therefore, if it be societal, Society has the means of its removal within herself, if she do but choose to take the trouble to search for and apply

it. We have cogitated much on this most mysterious subject ; and we strongly suspect that the causes of more than half the evils under which Society in marriage suffers, are such as a child would be ashamed to own ; so easy of removal are they ; so totally under our own control. But, sooner than relinquish the idolatrous worship of her idol "custom," Society will endure all kinds of plagues, and think herself justified in complaining of their intolerable burden ; day after day, her children sigh and groan, enduring worse than Egyptian bondage, voluntarily and without the least necessity for its continuance. The cynic smiles at this, and sneers at human nature and its corruption ; bidding the sufferers hug their galling chain, and rivet it still tighter. Satanic spirits yell with fiendish joy, if joy it can be called, when they perceive the best affections of our breasts perverted into hatred and distrust ; but the philosopher looks on in pity, and applying for wisdom to its unerring source, strives to detect the exciting cause of the complaint, and then to propose a cure. The freemasonry of marriage is to the full as objectionable as that of secret association from the same causes, inasmuch as by it suspicion is engendered, and the direst consequences follow ; and it is also a matter of unerring certainty, that the reverse of the mystifying system would, if faithfully (not partially) carried out, as naturally produce the very contrary effect. We may be told, this is not true ; we again assert the fact, *because* it is out of all nature that it should be otherwise, and her laws are incontrovertible. Mind, we have said a *partial* alteration of the system of Society in this matter would effect *no*

good ; nay, we think that it would only tend to render the state of the case much worse than it now is,—but a total subversion and re-organization of the system would do wonders ; and, by laying aside our mystifying propensities, a degree of light would break in upon us, which of itself would go far to dissipate the major portion of our heavy matrimonial burdens, which, after all, we take to be mere ponderous conglomerations of thick, murky clouds, from whence, if they are suffered to accumulate, issue the most dreadful matrimonial storms, which shake Society to its base, and oftentimes shiver the entire social fabric from the tower to the foundation. But change the wind, and then see the effect you produce ; the clouds of mystification, like the cumulo-strata of the welkin, always move *against* the wind ; as they move, they stop the gentle current of the lighter mists ; concussion then ensues, and a social thunder-storm is the sure effect ; but, as we said before, if the wind be changed, the *cause* of these heavy clouds is at once removed ; the “*cumulo-strata*” soften into “*nimbi* ;” a few genial drops perchance may fall ; but the sun soon shines out, and the next day brings us fairer and more settled weather. This is nature’s way ; and if you ask her, she will tell you that her system is the same within your houses as in the open air ; she will say “*My children, whenever you perceive the atmosphere stagnating, and the thick clouds of mystification beginning to collect, whatever be the direction of the wind, or the subject of mystery, change it to the opposite quarter of the social compass, and thus will you avert an explosion.*” The mild and gentle zephyrs of candour and of openness will be fully adequate to such a task

as this ; and nature has prepared [them, and placed them in our way, always ready and in ample store, whenever our necessities require their benevolent aid. What can we wish for more ? We talk of the mysteries of nature ; for ourselves we do not believe such a principle as mystery exists in nature. This may seem a bold assertion ; but we maintain our ground, because from the first ages it has been found that whoever has sought for wisdom and enlightenment, on any natural subject, in an humble, child-like spirit, and with a proper end in view, that is, the glory of the Almighty Giver of all true wisdom, has never sought in vain. Now, when we see a child paying eager attention to the works of God's creation, and restlessly seeking information on topics such as these, what is our usual mode of action ? We tear him from his most laudable and rational pursuit, send him to an immoral school, and in lieu of furthering nature's views, we confine the boy to Greek and Latin, and then expect a blessing on the deed. We might as rationally anticipate a favorable termination to the act of feeding a starving body with pine-chips. The child asked us for bread, for mental bread, for which his soul was longing—we gave him a taste, to prove how good it was ; and, when he asked for more, we offered him a stone instead ; and in the most unmitigated spirit of mystification, we tell him " it is all for his own good," Do we mean what we say in this, or do we " know whereof we affirm ?" We think not.--The child sought wisdom : we shewed him the idol GOLD, and the meretricious phantom FAME ; we bid him seek the one, and wed the other ; and when he, wiser than *we*, shrunk from

the hated necessity, we used authority, or rather *mis-used* it, for our pleasure, and in accordance with our vows at the shrine of Society. There is a mystery in all this ; but it is the “mystery of iniquity,” which in all ages worketh evil, but never good. No wonder that our best endeavours fall so short ; the cause is manifest, for it is nature’s cause ; and no veil of mystery obscures her face. Heathenism could not evince more gross ignorance than Society now does in our land ; and the savage in the western wilds, might, although he be but a child of nature, put many of our vaunted theories to shame. SOLOMON knew this ; and he pointed to the ant ; our blessed SAVIOUR knew this ; and He said “consider the lilies of the field :” and of children, He has declared that “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Neither He who left His glorious throne in heaven to visit us poor, sinful mortals, nor the man to whom was vouchsafed such wisdom, as no earthly being ever before or since possessed, considered mystification or secret association requisite ; mystery fled before their words—why should it then be so cherished by us ?

CHAPTER XIX.

PROPENSITIES.

IN reference to our last 'nail,' it may be said, that in all our lucubrations we mount our hobby and suffer it to run away with us, without a single effort to control or to direct it. Thus, in our mention of the natural propensities of children, and the wisdom they evince, some folks may say that the best method of treating cases of this description is a good course of school, and, if need be, flogging natural wisdom out, and human wisdom in. To this proposition we entirely and most cordially take leave to assent and coincide with in toto.—You stare—nevertheless, such is the fact,—we do assert and coincide—provided—*that the end you have in view, be in any wise worthy of the attainment*,—a thing we most unhesitatingly declare to be utterly and entirely impossible in nature. That the Creator of all good ever intended a man's whole life should be passed in a vain struggle with his fellow-men for a modicum of gold, which Society has ordained to be the alternative of life or death, of plenty or starvation, of pain or pleasure, of suffering or of ease, of crime or virtue, of

punishment or reward, of power or imbecility, of the palace or the prison, of marriage or of celibacy, in short, of every good or evil condition of Society, we, for one, will never believe, though politicians argue, and the clergy preach from "morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve." We say the thing is utterly impossible, because their inferences are as inaccurate as their premises are unjust. If the end attainable by the substitution of artificial, in lieu of natural wisdom, were in any degree worthy of our exertions, we would as heartily uphold the flogging system of coercive infusion of intelligence, as the most strenuous advocates of folly now do; but when the utter inefficacy of the system is so obviously apparent, as it is in this our nineteenth century, it would indeed appear, that after the arguments of Society, "it is the greatest folly to be wise." However, let us not rest on bare assertion, but to the proof. Did nature ever make a thief?—"What an absurdity," say you.—Granted; but again, we ask, "did she ever do thus?" Put the question to her, and she at once repudiates the foul suspicion. "But," say you again, "why, that boy steals every thing he can lay his hands upon, and has done so ever since he could move or speak."—Possible—we do not deny the fact; but what was your course in respect to him, on the first perception of his propensity? You punished him before he could, by any possibility, understand your language, or appreciate your full intention; before his reasoning powers were developed, or nature's meaning was either sought or understood. You deemed it to be quite sufficient that you should disapprove of *thieving*, as you termed it, in the abstract;

and, without any investigation of the propensity of misappropriation, which the child exhibited, you applied as a corrective such chastisement as has only served to enhance the predilection, to induce cunning as an additional vice, to confirm and strengthen all of evil sentiment, to the banishment of virtue, or of any good. The result is as perfectly certain as it is natural to him now; for you have acted upon the favourite maxim of Society, and you find your intention just inverted; so that in lieu of flogging the evil spirit out, you have driven him further in, and thus lessened the probability of his ever taking his departure. Supposing, now, you, on the first observance of this unfortunate propensity, at once dismissed the young gentleman to one of our emigration schools,—start not with horror at the idea! we deem, that if he returned a gentleman at the age of 21, it were far better than that he should by the laws of his country be expatriated at 22. Moreover, we opine that nature is a better judge than we; and if, by any magic touch, we might convert the said propensity of thieving into the legitimate channel of lawful and honourable acquirement, we should discharge a duty to Society, far, very far better than the alternative of a due fulfilment of our magisterial duties in judgment on her members. Let us, therefore, suppose the precocious appropriator in an emigration Phalanstery, and instead of being sent to school, we shipped him off to one of our, *not penal*, be it recollected, but agricultural or mechanical colonies, instead of finishing his education at a Puseyite University: behold his talent for appropriation at once turned into the honourable virtue of legitimate acquirement; his mind

engrossed with the vast scope the situation would afford him ; no sense of shame for his early misconduct, at an age which memory fails to recall, would harass his feelings ; and when you met your son again, it would not be as a delinquent, but as an upright, honourable member of Society.

“ I cannot imagine what possesses the child ! ” exclaims a fashionable mamma, in reference to her daughter ; “ she is always poking after the poor people, and seems to have much greater pleasure in listening to the dirty beggar-women, than in associating with her equals ; I’m afraid she’ll have very low tastes, as she grows up.” To obviate this, however, Society tells the anxious parent to send the young lady, who, in following nature’s dictates, found her greatest pleasure in doing good, and relieving suffering whenever it was in her power so to do, to a highly-finished “ Seminary for the education of Young Ladies,” where she is especially interdicted from all contaminating association with beggar-women. On her return home, Society again directs that the child’s attention shall be diverted from either nature or sense, by visits to the theatres, the opera, and similar delicate soul-stirring places of amusement. By degrees the dreaded propensity is banished, and replaced by affectation, artificiality, and all the desirable requisites in Society : then, forth steps the maiden to the world—a finished specimen of Society’s handy-work ; as much unlike her fairest prototype of Eden’s Paradise, ere sin and sorrow entered there, as it is well possible for human means to render her. But Society approves of this ; for the farther you depart from the original perfect likeness, the

better is she pleased; and having viewed her work from hand to foot, she will oft pronounce the article to be "perfect,"—that is, according to her own peculiar notions of perfection. Old beggar-women, now, are little thought of; Almacks, and a round of dissipation take their place; and our heroine, whose propensities are changed, marries perchance a peer, perchance her father's lacquey; and in either case, is equally unhappy, and in her turn, becomes the parent of a race of beings as unfortunate as herself, and as fully bent upon the substitution of artificial instead of natural propensities. To state what might have been, and what, in the ordinary course of nature, we might have looked for, with a great degree of certainty, as the result of following up the first symptoms of propensity, as indicated by nature in the outset of a case like this, would be almost superfluous; the inference is so manifestly obvious, that he who runs may read. Therefore, we leave it to the perception of our readers, and take another view of the propensities of human nature.

In your village school, there may, perhaps, be found a boy who possesses more than common musical talent; a fine melodious voice; and he is otherwise clever,—that is to say, he excels in writing, is unusually given to arithmetic, and makes uncommon progress while at school. The way in which we encourage nature's progress here, is by apprenticing the lad to a cobbler; and we laud our discernment greatly, when we consider what an acquisition he will be to the gallery of the church; and we doubt not that in time, he will be a very clever cobbler!—Was ever folly more manifest than this? Was ever selfishness more evident, or error

undisguised? If you ask why we do this silly thing, Society refers you to her idol, and declares she has not the means, by which she wishes you would always understand GOLD, SILVER, or COPPER, to enable her to do otherwise than offer her talented son a cobblership. The fact of the matter was just this : she, in her own individual capacity, as the mistress of the village, cared no more about the feelings or the natural propensities of her child, than she did or does about the material of the moon ; she considered the lad a burden, and how to make a profit of him was too much trouble to investigate ; ergo, as the cobbler wanted an apprentice, and she wanted to be rid of a son, why the thing, she says, was " quite providential ;" and providential indeed will it be, if she suffers not severely for her most deliberate, stupid folly, indolence, and want of common affection for her family.

She is, in this instance, like one who, in his vain endeavour to force a running stream up hill, by stopping up its natural course, spreads flood and devastation all around, and then wonders why his senseless project should not be permitted to succeed. Thus does Society ; she, in her eagerness to divert nature's own propensities from their legitimate course, deluges the land with Chartism, sedition, Puseyism, and every distorted abortion of the human mind, and then simply asks from whence they spring ? She has herself to thank for this ; and the cure can only be effected by cutting down the foolish banks she has caused her children to erect, and again allowing the stream to flow in nature's wise and beneficial course. Oppose that course, and the result attained will in all ages be the same ; confusion must

ensue, and the greater your efforts to counteract the natural workings of the human mind, so much the more signal will be your failure in the event. Far be it from us to say that propensity to evil should be encouraged; but our meaning is this, that every propensity should be deeply studied, and in every case the study will be attended with new and not-to-be-mistaken light, and the true and legitimate channel of the propensity itself will be as clearly discernible to our minds, as it is now a matter of unintelligible mystery. The best propensities in nature may be perverted, just as readily as it is possible that the straightest-growing tree may be distorted; therefore, in endeavouring to account for what now appear to us most singular perversions of the human mind, would it not be our wiser part, in the place of endeavouring forcibly to subdue them, if we were seriously to sit down with the determination, in reliance upon the Supreme aid, to analyze these apparent incongruities, and sifting them thoroughly, to search for an efficient counteraction? We know, by every hour's experience, that our present system is wholly inadequate; for, in spite of all our care—in defiance of authority and punishment, of whatsoever kind they be, we are no more able to check a growing propensity than we are to stop the full stream of a river. For every effect under the sun, there exists a corresponding cause; but to lay the blame of natural perversion of propensity to the total depravity and corruption of human nature, is to assert a falsehood in the first place, and worse than that, in the second, the argument goes far to attach the impious accusation of the origin of all evil to the Almighty Creator of all good.

We are, however, so fatally accustomed to resort to the corruption of our nature as the never-failing scape-goat of our sins and deficiencies, that we in general think it a proof of the most consummate wisdom to lay them on its head, and thus dismiss it to the mental and the moral wilderness, which we in our ignorance have planted, and allowed to run to waste. But the fact of our thus acting in Society no more tends to corroborate the argument, than would the mere assertion that 'black was white,' prove that the change had really taken place.

We implicitly believe that man is born in sin; that the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually; but, so far from considering this as matter of discouragement, we think we are the more bound to search deeply for exciting causes of depravity, and by removing or diminishing and repressing, to our utmost, such tendencies, to open out the path to virtue, love, and holiness. By avoiding even the appearance of evil, it must necessarily follow, that evil, in the substance, must likewise be evaded; and we all know whether of the twain is easier, to part a bundle of loose flax, or rend the rope when once the flax is twined. Then, by diverting what seems to our short-sighted imagination, a natural propensity to evil, it must as undeniably result that the propensity itself becomes dissipated or diverted. That this may give us *trouble*, we do not for a moment wish to deny—for man is born to trouble; but it is perfectly optional with ourselves whether this trouble shall be a heavy or a light burden: we may make it either, as we please; but the election being made, our right of complaint, from that moment ceases,

and we are no longer free agents in the matter. The choice is left to us ; but by that choice we must abide. Neither can we hesitate ; nature never pauses ; and while we are standing still, and “ waiting to see what will turn up,” the propensity becomes confirmed by the mere fact of our indecision. We here must deprecate the charge of paying too much attention to trifles. Horse-shoe nails are trifles in the abstract ; though, without them, of what use would be horse-shoes ? So, Time is made up of trifles ; and infinity of Time is Eternity itself. “ *Ex hoc momento pendit æternitas,*” is as applicable here as it was in our last chapter, in reference to the definition. Propensities, at their outset, are trifles by comparison ; but in their career they may influence the destinies of empires. The coral insect is a trifle to our notions ; yet the islands of the Southern Ocean were raised from the invisible depths by the Hand of Omnipotence employing these trifles as His wonderful agents for their formation. Nature’s self has strange propensities—strange to us, that is, though governed by the most accurate and unerring laws. All her tendencies are good ; we select the most obviously apparent, and pervert them from their legitimate intention. Hence, of course, arises evil ; but nature is no more blameable for the evil, than she is for the extraction of poison from a flower, or the conversion of a medicine into a source of national and abhorrent poison, as in the case of the opium-trade. There is no *natural* propensity in man to *eat* the deleterious drug ; but the choice is ours, and, having made the choice, the sufferings are ours too. There is no natural propensity in man to spend his days, and weeks, and months in

risking his neck, or wasting his precious items of eternity in riding after a fox's tail; but we may do it if we please, and reap the recompense of our madness in wages of which we dare not pause to think. Society may here assert that the love of the chase is innate.— In savage life, it seems to be so, as the means of acquiring the food whereby life is to be sustained; but do we ever make the enquiry, whether or not it be an uncultivated talent, suffered to run waste, instead of an inherent propensity of our nature? If it be the latter, we degrade ourselves to the level of the beasts and birds of prey, and Society is welcome to the station, if she so elect. In our opinion, however, she does herself injustice by the choice; for deliberately and reflectingly we deem that no one of her children would own to the propensity. Uncertain as is our life, and doubly so, as the many and increasing amount of sudden deaths of late has proved the fact to be, who is there among us who would mount his horse deliberately for a day's fox hunting, if he knew to a certainty, that he would be carried home a corpse? Society shudders at the bare idea, and nature's very nature shrinks when such a thing is mentioned; but the test is true, nevertheless, dislike it as we may. The propensity, then, if propensity it be, is an acquired taste, or a perverted natural gift, which, if it had been legitimately cultivated, would, in its developement, have produced a very different talent from that which we are now wont to pride ourselves so much upon; and to this conclusion we presume to think, Society must come at last, if she duly studies the true nature of "Propensities."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTENT.

THE *New Monthly* very aptly observes, that if all the world possessed the faculty of contentment, nature itself would stand still, as it were; we should neither have had railroads, steam-ships, palaces, or peers; but ladies and gentlemen would have gone about, painted and adorned with divers firmamentary symbols, to say nought of dragons, beasts, and fishes, instead of being clothed in silk, satin, and good broad cloth. Let us, for a single moment, recall the age of content, and fancy some majestic Boadicea, with spear in hand, traversing the noble courts of St. James's, on a presentation day, clad in the robes of nature, and "best adorned when unadorned the most." "Shocking!" exclaims Society, "I wonder how you can!"—Here she pauses; and the next minute, forgetting herself entirely, you will overhear her speaking to one of her children thus, "Dear me, child! I wish you would be quiet; why cannot you be "*content*?" People should always be content with what they have; but now-a-days nobody is contented." A short time after

the utterance of this wise saw, you will, if you are at all awake, hear the following wish expressed: "How tiresome it is! Miss —— promised that she would send my dress home on Tuesday, without fail, and here is Thursday, and no dress yet arrived; what shall I do?" Presently this scene is withdrawn, and a fresh case of "contentment" is presented to our view,—a labourer, stout, hearty, and hale; willing to work, and whose services are most valuable to Society, is complaining to one of her upper servants or her children, that, though both able and willing, he can neither obtain work or wages; he is immediately favoured with the pleasing intelligence that his case is by no means singular, and he is told by all means to cultivate the virtue of "content," as a remedy for all and every grievance. "Be thou warmed, and be thou fed," says Society, "but don't come to me for fire or for food." She turns her then upon her heel, and boasts of her religious principles. Take we another specimen of her advocacy of this very favourite motto of "content."—Day after day may be seen, lingering in the waiting-halls of some great man in office, numbers of our half-pay (query, *half-paid*) brave defenders of their country's honour, those who have fought and bled for us, and now are humble petitioners for some paltry place, not equal in remuneration to that of our butlers or our game-keepers; yet these noble-minded men are told that their numbers are so great, that a selection for remuneration is all but impossible, and that "really they must be content to remain as they are, for the present." These are some of the many ways in which Society instructs us in the important lesson of content;

and upon this singular method she plumes herself not a little. But if you ask her, why, then, she cannot be content with a smaller proportion of the good things of this life, and then of her superfluity impart to those who have none, "Ah!" says she, "that may be all very well in theory, but in practice it won't do!" An argument like this, few people *like* to face; but as we have imbibed a strange notion that very few of her ladyship's (i. e. Society's) notions or arguments are really worth a single straw, and that they have no basis whatsoever for their foundation but self-will, pride, and selfishness, we take upon ourselves the task of analyzing her sentiments and apophthegms. Thus, in answering her knock-down assertion that generosity and liberality may be feasible in theory but impracticable in reality, we look to nature, or rather the Divine law, first, and then refer to the most natural mode of applying that law to the exigency of our case; and we bluntly tell Society she only used the argument, not from any conviction of the truth thereof, but simply from a vain idea we were to be put off by such a childish nugatory argument. If she bristles up at this, we would merely ask, "Why are *you* not content? You vaunt your love of truth, and is not this the truth? So that you find the application of your favourite theory to your individual self, is, in the sensation it produces, somewhat akin, we may suppose, to that which a scorpion is said to feel, when surrounded by a fiery circle, and unable to escape, it turns its tail and stings itself to death." The experiment is a cruel one, however; and we have no wish to cause Society to commit the scorpion's suicide; we merely wish first to open her eyes to

the utter injustice of her mode of action, and having thus induced conviction, gently to take her by the hand, and point to ways and means whereby a better theory than hers may be adduced, a nobler argument sustained, and a reward be hers which shall far exceed her warmest expectation.

You have tried your every power of evasion, and evasion fails; you have so mixed up the clear stream of your religion with foul mud, that the very keepers of your wells are poisoned; you have punished poverty and rewarded vice; freely you have received, and niggardly have you bestowed the blessings heaped upon you.—Palaces for your favorites have you built, and expected those to be content from whom these good things have been withheld; but tell us, have the means you thus have used, effected the end you say you had in view? Are your poor content? Are your rich content? Does charity abound, and unity of feeling or of sentiment prevail? And is not each member of your family striving to rise by the depression of his brother, or by his failure, to work his own aggrandizement? Answer us truly,—you know the picture in not overdrawn. “But,” says she, “what would you have me do? *I do all I can*; I tell my sons to strive, and my daughters to prepare themselves for Society, that is, to follow in my steps, and what else can I do?

You *can* do, if you choose, the very reverse of all this; and, doing that, you would then reverse the effects which we daily and yearly so much lament. You can banish competition, and thus kill avarice; you can combine your forces, and substitute liberality

for stinginess; you can separate and classify your members, and thereby produce order in the place of dire confusion, which now so deplorably prevails; you can employ your capital for the benefit of your family, instead of for your own private gratification; you can make your land produce of the natural treasure it possesses, double that which you now receive, ay, quadruple, if you choose; you can reward virtue as you ought, and banish vice and crime from out of your associations; you can, in fine, pay homage to your great Creator, instead of worshipping the idol GOLD, which now engrosses every thought and feeling of your heart.—Will this “content” you, or do you want more? Then ask and have, for we have only led you to the portals of the treasure-house of nature; glories and blessings there are within, of which we reckon not now; blessings which those who humbly seek shall find, and which shall be theirs so long as they are not perverted to those foul uses which Society now teaches her children to consider as legitimate and true. You blame us for discontent—pause and reflect how much you are indebted to us for the sentiment! Had we been *content* with pain and suffering, where would now have been your Hospitals and Infirmaries? Had we been *content* with heathen darkness, where would be your Churches and the blessed Gospel now? Had we been *content* with dens and caves, should you have enjoyed the luxuries and the blessings which you now enjoy? Had we been *content* with ignorance, where would have been your noble libraries, and the thousand appliances to comfort which (our God be thanked for the mercies), are now placed within your reach; and finally,

had we been *content* with Earth, where would have been our Heaven? "Godliness with contentment is great gain, for *it hath the promise of this life, and of that which is to come.*" So spoke one who knew the value of content; but he used not the term as Society now uses it. Were Society content with righteousness, all other good would follow, and no cause would now exist for discontent, for error, or for half the sufferings of the human race. But content and suffering cannot dwell together; a hungry body makes a discontented spirit. This is nature's work, and her intention is most manifest; for were it not for this, men would lie down and starve to death *contentedly*, rather than seek for food where food was to be found. When discontent prevails, we may be sure that the error lies with us and with our system; of itself, it is simply an effect; and the cause is not far off; while, at the same time, the remedy is in our power. Just as is the case with propensities, of which we treated in a former chapter, so is it with content or discontent; and if, instead of blaming our fellow-creatures for the latter, we were to consider the sentiment as a gift, and seek for some lawful investment for the outlay, we should reap a rich reward, and turn a curse into a blessing. Society spurns at this; and asks who would take the trouble to investigate such sentiments? Did she but know one half the profit which the search would open out and insure to us, our most strenuous efforts would be exerted to secure a boon of which we can now form but a slight and very faint conception. In association, discontent would change into a laudable ambition; avarice into eagerness to do good to others; compe-

tition into noble ardour to excel in virtue and benevolence ; the ways of righteousness and of our holy religion would then be paths of peace ; straight ways of love and holiness ; whereas, now, Society has allowed her children to amuse themselves with choking up those paths with the briers and thorns of Papacy and Puseyism, with the rocks of dissent and idolatrous perversion. How is it, that not "content" with all the numerous charitable institutions, jails, and penitentiaries, Society can scarcely hold together, even with all these bands ? Do we not daily see fresh societies rising up, and one and all totally inefficacious to our necessity ? It is an humbling truth, but a truth beyond appeal ; and if we need a solution for this mystery, we have only to apply to nature and our conscience, and they will give us information. Your societies are failures, because you act upon an isolated system, and often without a shadow of *any* system ; they are failures, inasmuch as constituted as Society now is, they are as a mere single drop into an empty bucket and before the second or the third drop falls therein, the first is dried up.

All the institutions or societies of the realm bear no more proportion to the real wants of the community, than does a grain of food a day to the natural appetite of a healthy human being. As children we were satisfied to "make believe," because we were not suffered to exert ourselves usefully in reality, and the consequence is just what must and ever will ensue, upon our present system, viz. that as we grow up, and in our maturer years, we shall still only "make believe," though we play with human beings and with

empires in the lieu of wooden toys. And shall we be "content" with such a state of things as this? Are these fit occupations to "content" the yearnings of immortal souls? Nay, if Heaven really be our aim, methinks we should not lose an hour in the strife to make our earthly state a foretaste of the happiness and bliss we say we hope to win. But is it by rewarding vice, and slighting virtue; is it by oppression of our poor, by deeds which would create horror in the depths of hell,—such as those of our mines, our factories, and and the treatment of our females in society, that we hope to acquire such a foretaste? Are we content with this; and shall we idly fold our hands, and say we know not how the evils can be obviated, or that by their removal, worse are only created? Does Society suppose that all her members are so blind, that her real motive, howsoever deeply hidden in her breast, is not in this matter as clearly discernible as the sun in the midst of our glorious firmament? If she flatters herself thus, she is indeed a dupe—a dupe of grossest ignorance and infatuation.

You tell us that the system of association has been tried, and failed. We deny the power of proving this. You point to Owen in mistrust; we tell you his is not a case in point; nay, more, that from the first it was most certain that his foul attempt would fail—but why?—Because he trampled upon religion and the laws of his Maker, at the outset of the scheme. But we will shew you instances in which men of principle have tried the plan, and, so far from failure, are flourishing beyond their utmost expectation; and we have the Word of Truth to back our argument, when we say,

that undertakings entered upon in firm reliance on the only legitimate Source of help, and with a single eye to the glory of that Source, with intentions which shall be of equal benefit to all,—not raising one class more, or in greater proportion than another, and effecting this without depressing any, and without a shade of competition,—we assert that undertakings such as these have a prospect of success which no other systems can, constituted as we now are in Society, ever boast of, or anticipate. With such a prospect, then, shall we rest “content,” without a single effort,—idly refusing even to give the measure a fair trial, considering all effort as useless, vain, and nugatory? If this be our definition of contentment, then we deserve the fate which must of consequence be ours; our lamps are then indeed gone out, and we are slumbering at the very time when our summons is on the eve of its announcement; of one thing we may rest assured, *that* summons will not wait for us. “Content or not content,” awake or in judicial slumber, the time is hastening on, when the sufferers from the follies and injustice of Society will find their rest prepared where discontent can never reign, where injustice is unknown, where truth shall banish error, and millennial content abound.

CHAPTER XXI.

“IT’S IMPOSSIBLE.”

IMPORTANT words these ; and one might justly conclude that beyond them there is no further appeal ; but, like the Great Wizard of the North, (whose questionable art, by the by, we are by no means sure it is justifiable to encourage,) however, after the fashion of those renowned personages, the wizards, we authors are a privileged race of beings ; uninvited we may enter when and where we list—unbidden, take our seat at your banquet table, or roam at will from your cellar to the attics. We scorn the term impossible, and laugh at bolts and bars, as Cupid’s self is said to do. The other day, we overheard a lady saying, in answer to a request of her little daughter, “My dear, I can’t ; it’s impossible ;” and, ever on the alert to behold such a wonderful natural anomaly as an impossibility, we eagerly pressed forward to catch a glimpse thereof. The request was a simple one, merely that “mamma would cut a piece of string in two ;” but as mamma’s best scissors were the only implements at hand, the deed was at once set down as “impossible.” Miss began

to pout, because her small wish was not to be immediately gratified ; and because she knew that nothing was further from impossibility, abstractedly considered, than her request. However, sooner than have a great fuss made, the lady consented to perform the "impossibility," for once ; but "mind, my dear, you do'n't ask me to do such a thing again," was her caution to her daughter. The child, however, had picked up a 'nail ;' she had learned the true societal meaning of the term 'impossible,' and the very next time she was asked to do any thing she did not feel in a particular humour to do, her immediate reply was "No, I ca'n't, —*its impossible*. For this she was punished, and made to do that which she disliked into the bargain. And we, from this trivial history, perceive that the mother dropped a horse-shoe nail, the daughter picked it up, she pricked her mother and her nurses with it, and then threw it down for us to take up or not, as inclination should direct. Now, while that young lady lives, she never will forget the lesson she has learned ; evasion, as she thinks, has helped her mother, and henceforth evasion will be called upon to aid her little self, whenever the resource appears in any degree likely to effect her own immediate purpose. We may preach for hours on the sin and folly of evasion ; but the child knows better than we ourselves do ; and if it watched us closely, it would catch us tripping a dozen times a day. LINDLEY MURRAY, MRS. BARBAULD, and a host of giants and giantesses of the school-room, may form a mighty phalanx for the overthrow of naughtiness, but with such a little nail as this, the child may dare them to come on, and face the weapon which she wields ; and

they, dismayed, may turn about, and sighing, declare it to be "quite impossible" to do anything with such a child. Certainly, upon our present system, such trifling facts do marvellously disconcert our preconceived philosophy, and, ere now, a child has vanquished him whose nod or word sufficed to make the nations tremble.

Advancing yet a step, we find a supplicant at the office door of legislative power humbly beseeching aid: "It's quite impossible, my man; I'd help you, if I could; but really it is not in my power." Thousands of pounds are lying in the banker's store, awaiting the behest of him who declares *all* aid to be "impossible."

We look again, and the fell visage of the workhouse-jail stands impudently staring us in the face; we ask her patron whether he could not devise some better and more Christian method of providing for brethren and sisters in adversity? Says he, "the thing's impossible;" Why can't you rest content, and let us wait and see how this new system acts?

One of our fair young maidens, who ought to be the pride and glory of our land; one of those beings whom the Great Creator of the universe reserved to be the crowning gem, the brightest ornament of His creation; she who was made to be the solace of our toil, our nurse in sickness, and the partner of our every joy, the sharer of our comforts here, and partaker of our immortal bliss among the ranks of the celestial hosts, is sent by her dying parent sent to crave some charitable aid from the pampered sensual headle, or parish-officer of Society; how is she met? Abuse is all she obtains from him, and by the very man whom we appoint as

overseer or guardian of the poor, is this frail creature, whom we as the stronger, are by every sense of honour or of feeling, bound to aid, to comfort and support, told that "she must do as others have done before," i.e. take to the streets, and glean the wages of iniquity, for that other aid is "quite impossible." Nay, if you doubt our word, go ask the pauper in your Union Workhouse,—seek out the miserable sempstress at her slavish toil; ask them if the tale be true, ay, listen to their narrative, until, like us, you curse the day when England, in her infatuated folly, set up these brutes as *guardians* of her poor, and the prison as the refuge for the destitute.

Some time ago, we were conversing with a member of the Lower House, on the subject of employment for the females, who by the adoption of Lord Ashley's glorious measure, were thrown upon their own resources, or those of their respective parishes for support; we enquired why the Senate in its wisdom had not supported and strengthened Lord Ashley's hands, by devising some method of maintenance for these poor slaves of ours, immediately available on their emancipation. His answer was, "*the thing's impossible*; what *are* we to do?" The answer was most obvious; association, and the outlay of a comparatively small amount of capital, whether in the form of a government-loan or private joint-stock subscription, would at once have overcome this small "impossibility," and preserved the honour of our country's name. As it now is, our enemies may rejoice and scornfully mock our efforts; and, pointing to our destitute protégées, exclaim, "why don't you provide for all your now emancipated slaves?"

Will it be believed that such arguments of impossibility could be gravely adduced, in an age of light, of wealth, of intellectual, monetary talent such as ours? A stranger might indeed pronounce this fact to be "impossible;" yet there it stands—a striking monument of our sin, our cruel, avaricious, vacillating policy. What? Shall it be said of us, who can lend millions, nay hundreds of millions, to the foreigner, millions of which the capital and interest are sunk for ever, and which neither we or those who follow us will ever hear again of; shall we affirm it to be "impossible," to advance one single million in a cause an angel might rejoice to labour in? Where is our much vaunted fondness for our country's credit? Where are our gallantry and high chivalrous notions gone? Shall it be said of us, that we are so far sunk in heathenism and darkness, as to wink at the degradation of our women below the level of the very brutes; and that while some of us are rolling in unheard-of wealth, our females shall endure toil, deprivation, and suffering, to which no nation under heaven can afford a parallel? Would that this were "impossible;" and as wild and visionary theoretically, as we too painfully witness it to be true and obvious in reality! There is a fact, however, of which the impossibility is indisputable; for in the everlasting pages of the Word of Truth, we find this fact recorded, and it is this, viz. that it is impossible that a nation who doeth the like to any of these things can ever enjoy the favor of her God;—nay, more; He has said that He will have vengeance on a nation who thus sets at nought His every law, and seeks to controul His will. Light has been granted us which no other

nation of our time has enjoyed ; but we have wilfully closed our eyes against that light, and mockingly asserted that we could not see. If once that light should in justice be withdrawn, how shall we bitterly rue our stupid obstinacy in persisting to deny the talent wherewith we were entrusted ?

In former days, we deemed it "quite impossible" to improve on locomotion ; the railroad came and quashed our theory in a day ; our legislative code was wont to be our boast ; as years advance, Society defies its power, and laughs its sacred character to scorn ; sin reigns triumphant, and England now may vie with Sodom and Gomorrah ; she may point to ancient Babylon and exclaim, "Behold my glorious prototype !" nay, we may fairly raise a doubt, if Babylon in her maddest hour ever recked of wickedness like ours. The light which favors us was not vouchsafed to her, and yet her doom was never cancelled. On every side we see confusion ; our Church divided ; at variance with our sister country ; at war, when all the world beside is seeking peace ; injustice fostered ; poverty oppressed and despised ; our legislature sleeping ; vice pampered and encouraged, and yet if one ask, Why are these things so ? we are deliberately informed that "*it is impossible* it should be otherwise ;" and having said this, it is expected that we should rest content with such most palpable and egregious error ;—error ! did we say ? well might we ask, if *falsehood* were not a fitter term. Never in the history of the world was there a time when talents were so lavishly bestowed as in this our day ; and to no age or time or nation can we refer, in which talent, light, and knowledge were so fearfully, so outrageously abused.

The faculties of our wisest men seem paralyzed ; content with passive indolence, Society pursues her mad career, and wonders why we cannot rest till judgment overtakes us, and renders all our efforts vain—our repentance all too late and unavailing. If you point out defects in our educative system, our legal code, our domestic, or our foreign policy, Society is up in arms, and defies the possibility of amendment. Adduce your proofs, and let them be as striking and incontrovertible as you will, she dubs you at once a meddling fool, a libeller and insane. Tell her of her daily bankrupt list ; she replies that you must encourage competition as the cure, just as the drunkard will affirm that ardent spirit is the only medicine which can bring him aid, or keep the vital spark alight. Tell her of the thousands of her starving poor,—she takes you to the workhouse, and pleads it as the proof of generosity and charitable consideration. Crave you a reason for her leniency to crime and vice, while virtue is degraded, neglected, and dishonoured ? She hushes you to silence, because *“ some things there are which will not “ do ” to be talked about.*” She will tell you *it is impossible* to please all ; and her principle of justice and of equity is much upon a par with that of one who said, in reference to the needy of our race, “ Those who ask sha’nt have ; and those who do not ask, don’t want.” Is this the true interpretation of that law, by which we profess to frame our rule of action ? Is this the way in which we understand the precepts of that holy book, which says, “ ask, and ye shall receive ; seek and ye shall find ? ” And in our hour of trial, shall we find mercy ? We may delude ourselves with the belief that this is

possible; but when the day of retribution comes, impossibilities, of which we dream not now, will overwhelm us with despair, and vainly shall we wish we had, while time and space were granted, striven to overcome those lighter difficulties which were stationed in our path, solely to try our faith, and strengthen us, to run the race which all must run, who hope to win the prize.

The renovation of Society is no more impossible now, than was the power of rapid locomotion, some years back; the means, and all appliances thereto, are ours, if we would deign to use them; and every difficulty would fade before our path, if we would but steadily and firmly commence the glorious work. The task which to an individual is impossible, to an association is mere play; that which a trifling sum suffices not to effect, can, by a combination of such trifling sums, be done almost as soon as thought of. And to what purpose, may we ask, is it, that our numbers should increase, but that we should employ our joint efforts for the benefit of all? For what are our hoards of wealth amassed, but to put all these multitudes in motion? With every inducement, with every facility, in the way of natural or of intellectual acquirement; with powers of invention which astonish the most sceptical, does Society sit idly still, and instead of "being up and doing," and keeping pace with nature, art, and science, she turns her on her bed exclaiming, "a little more rest, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms to rest," and stupidly enquires why we disturb her slumbers; asserting that she has not yet had half sleep

enough,—There is the sleep of inebriety and the opiate sleep ; the slumber of the conscience, and the mesmerism of the soul ; and much we fear that England now, even at the very dawn of that which might prove her brightest day, is suffering from all and each of these inflections, a judicial punishment for her innumerable crimes. That day will nevertheless not be postponed on her account ; and if she rises not at the first breaking of the morn, and takes her stand the first among the nations of the earth, to do her Maker's work, another will be raised up in her place, and she with shame will find herself supplanted, her services uncalled for, her defection and dismissal unregretted. Repentance will be *impossible* then ; for the decree will have gone forth, and nothing she can urge will aught avail to counteract or alter that irrevocable sentence. Up, then, and let us obliterate the term *impossible* from our vocabulary ; let all of good be possible, and evil utterly impracticable ; the power is ours, for it is given us from on high : the will is all we want ; and, asking, we shall have that will. Associating in deepest humiliation, let us ask for light ; and, even while we seek, that light will be vouchsafed. But let us not pause in stupid admiration merely ; time fails for wonder ; and all nature calls for strenuous activity. As we progress, so shall we find our work prepared ; but never let us presumptuously affirm because the work is new to us, that it is either faulty or *impossible*. Fearful instances of punishment for doubting meet us in the Holy Volume ; and encouragement of the highest kind is afforded to us there. The

choice alone is ours, and our wisest course will be to do all which our hand findeth to do, while time is granted us to act, and leave impossibilities to the infidel, the sceptic, or the reprobate.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISTAKES.

SOCIETY commits so many blunders in her daily walk and conversation, that we have no cause for wonder that her children should stumble as they do, and make such grievous and absurd mistakes; her earliest system of education, is one of mystified uncertainty; and, were it not for the watchful counteraction of a wise and superintending Providence, the minds of our countrymen would long ago have sunk into the deepest shades of ignorance, of heathenism, and of error. Nearly all our wisest maxims are perverted from their genuine truth, their literal and original intention; we teach our children the commandments and the catechism, and among our teachers we may find some who glory in putting a distorted or a double interpretation upon the words of Him who spoke in language not to be mistaken, and in characters which will not be hidden, in spite of all our culpable and unjustifiable efforts to veil them in the dense cloud of mystery and Puseyism, of cold formality, and self-righteous ceremonial. Well

may we mistake our road when we see men, who ought to be the pillars of our Church, seceding from their appointed stations, and sneaking over to the Church of Rome.—Yes! *sneaking*, we will say; for, except in one or two instances, they have not had the courage to confess the faith they have adopted. But we rest not here; let us enquire how came this rankest moral poison in our constitution, and why the plague was not perceived, and some remedy adopted for its cure, even at the very outset? Seek we the true cause? Ask we why the small-pox, or that direst hydrophobic scourage should follow inoculation? It is nature's course; and the answer should suffice. Then did we not inoculate ourselves with the plague-spot of papacy, by the Emancipation Bill of 1829? And does not the foul poison rankle in our every inmost vein as Puseyism now? And do we not see the first livid symptoms of that plague bursting out and displaying their true origin in the defection of the leaders of that fatal error, to the bosom of the Church from whence the fell disease primarily accrued? Can we *mistake* here? Is not the course of the disease plainly traceable, and was not that disease brought on by our mistaken folly, the daring violation of our Protestant faith, our contemptuous defiance of the Laws of Him for whose glory we profess to legislate? We thought in our concession to expediency to lull the voice of conscience, to pass unheeded and unreprieved, to offer sacrifice unto Baal in our hearts, while the Word of God was on our lips; but how plainly, how unerringly has our mistake been brought to light! How have the very powers we sought to reconcile, been turned against us

as weapons of destruction, by the identical means we used in the vain hope of reconciling them to us ! It is indeed a most remarkable fact, that as we prostituted our Protestant faith to the image of the beast, at the College of Maynooth, and sinning presumptuously against light and truth and common sense, the beast itself should rise up as an adversary to our confusion, in the heart of our highest University.

Again ; look at the striking picture which our sister country now presents.—We gave her enemies a seat in our high places ; the very first man who took his seat there is now striving, with satanic power, to divide the bond of union which, by our false notions of concession, we vainly thought to strengthen ! But this is not the whole of our mistake.—Look nearer home ; and then behold the nearest ties divided by the same infernal heresy. Look to the secret actions of your chaplains,—to the dark workings of the hellish poison among your children, your brothers, your sisters, and your dependants. Can we, then, wonder that all confidence is shaken ? that the hand of open, generous affection should be withdrawn ? that every man should meet his fellow with suspicion, and see an enemy in his nearest friend ? And how blind must be the infatuation of our minds, not at once to see that the removal of all this is at the disposal of our own free will ? that if we rise up and put away from us this most accursed thing, this strange mistake of ours, the baneful effect would of itself then cease, and the convalescence of Society be once more hoped for. Tell us not that partial measures will suffice to mitigate the plague which is begun ; separation only is the remedy.—As Korah.

Dathan, and Abiram were separated from the congregation of the Lord, so should we at once come out from the assembly of Pusey, Newman, and the first of the Episcopate who has proved himself infected with the fatal spot. Their doom, we know, is sealed; for in the everlasting counsels of the Word of Truth, none can escape whom once the beast has marked upon the forehead for his own. The sacerdotal hood, the surplice, and the stole may make a fair appearance in the eye of man, blinded by error, superstition, and formality; the genuflection at the altar, the eastern desk, and the hypocritical affliction of the body, may be by some mistaken for the fruit which endureth unto everlasting life; but there is an eye which seeth deeper than the covering of the robe can hide,—saints and angels stand round you while you bend the knee to the altar, and the gift that is upon it, in the stead of bowing unto Him who made you, it, and every thing in heaven or on earth, and wonderingly they carry to the footstool of His throne, the mournful history of your sad apostacy. Seek you a sign to corroborate our testimony? Behold yourselves, your country, and your fall! England, the first among the nations of the earth to adopt the Protestant faith as hers, is now the very first to cast off that faith and wallow in the mire, from which she once was washed by saints and martyrs, and by the hand of Him who shed His precious blood to purify her from the pollution of her guilt. Can we mistake in this? Can we deny our sickness, or mistake its cause? if so, then woe betide us, for the error is that of wilful and besotted obstinacy; the fate of such ungrateful and demoniac dereliction from our

faith is all we have to look to,—a fate of which, if we ask for the developement, we may find it in the annals of apostate Rome, of Babylon, of Sodom, of Gomorrah, of Nineveh, and every nation under heaven, which kept not the commandments of our God.

Practically to illustrate the foregoing remarks, let us briefly survey our daily mode of action in Society. Here you will see a man who says he eschews Puseyism ; yet that man will send his son to the University of Oxford—the hot-bed of the plague, and tell you that he *hopes* his child will come out untainted ! What is this ordeal ? Is it not, in literal fact, the passing of your children through the fire, in offering unto Moloch ? And what are we assured is the natural and unavoidable result of such a most presumptuous tempting of the High and Mighty Lord of All ? Can we dare thus openly to transgress, and risk the immortal happiness of those who ought to be, nay, who *are*, as dear to us as our own flesh ? Have we a warrant in Scripture for a shade of hope that a blessing will attend upon our footsteps in a path against which we have the most palpable and not-to-be-mistaken warning ? Who would think of voluntarily sending his children to a city where the plague abounded, or to a school where an infectious bodily fever raged ? The man who acted thus would be accounted mad, and justly so ; and if his child were lost, he would find none to pity him, for all would say that he was rightly served for his stolid, obstinate mistake. Then, if the case be so with the mere temporal health of our children, how is the danger enhanced if we voluntarily and against all light, all conscience, and the

unerring warnings which surround us every where, commit our offspring to the fiery furnace, and strive to palliate the guilt by hoping that Providence will be pleased to preserve them and bring them out unhurt? Can we, *dare* we, hope that Providence will aid us in such wilful sin? If so, our mistake indeed is great, and so much the greater will be the pain when we awake from the torpor of the spirit into which that mistake has led us. Again; we bring up our children in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord until their infant minds begin to form, and the powers of reason to develop;—no sooner is this perceived than we hurry them to the public school, where we know and are assured, from every day's experience, that one half the lessons of truth, of righteousness, and virtue we have taught will be at once annihilated, scoffed at, and forgotten. Is this the truth, or is it a *mistake*? Let Society reply; let her adduce her false code of honour and revenge, her systematic opposition to all openness and truth, her mystified perversion of her duty to her Maker, her neighbour and her members. Can we, then, wonder that schism should distract us, that error should abound, that the path of righteousness and peace should be so choked up with weeds, and thorns, and thistles, that the guide-posts should be overgrown, and the path almost obliterated? For generations have we allowed these foul weeds to expand to their full growth, and ripen to maturity. We have seen the evil of our public system of education, and refused to remedy the evil, or adopt a better regulation. We have sent our sons to school because it *was the custom of Society*; we have openly declared our motive to be

to "*fit them for the world!*" and without any reference whatsoever to their fitness for a future state, or for the honour of their Creator, we in our pride have declared that we have done all we could for them, and that our trust has been in Him who has declared that He will not accept a divided heart or a polluted offering.

Is it a matter of surprise, then, that while we for generations have been pursuing this most hurtful course, and now, in utter disregard of light, continue to adopt the same destructive road, that our mistake should gradually become apparent, and retaliate upon Society? The only cause for admiration is, that long ere this our country should not have passed away and have ceased to be numbered among the nations of the earth; and to the goodness, mercy, and forbearance of our God is it alone attributable that our name has not already been blotted out of the book of His remembrance,—for we have sought to evade His laws, or wilfully mistake them, we have oppressed the poor and scornfully entreated those who craved our aid; we have placed temptation in our brother's and our sister's path, and closed the door to the path of honour, of nature, and of truth. Instead of lifting up our fallen brother from the dunghill of adversity and crime, we have sunk him lower still; and when he cries for help, we sell him to the church of Rome, or to the savage of the wilderness, and think ourselves well rid. But the eye of God is now upon us; He weighs our actions well; He hears the lamentable cry of our afflicted brother, whose groanings are not hid from Him. That cry has arisen from the inmost depths of our mines, and the highest floors of our factories. The darkest cellar in our filthy towns is as

visible to Him as the brightest drawing-room of our palaces. He has pointed out a way by which that cellar may be exchanged for the mansion; how our mines may be laid open to the face of day. He has shown us how by association we may cast away the dark mantle of superstition and of error; for dissent, may substitute unity and concord; for hurtful labour, joyous and pleasurable employment; for poverty, plenty; for discord, harmony; peace for war, and brotherly love for hatred; vast and increasing powers of intellectual light, for blindness, ignorance, and darkness. But if we refuse, and rebel against His motions, and the evident workings of His Holy Spirit in our hearts, on our heads will rest the mistake; the lamp which now so mercifully is offered for our guidance, will be withdrawn; the sword of justice and of judgment will be unsheathed; and such a fate will then be ours, as no nation that ever yet existed, was visited with, in retribution for its sins.

In every relation of our nature we mistake. Our educative system is a compound of the grossest errors; our legislative is, as a matter of consequence, much worse; and with these two primary mistakes, it cannot fail to follow, that our social system should be inadequate to the necessities of the human race, either with respect to this world, or eternity. The Phalansterian measure seeks not palliation, or a temporary alleviation of our suffering: it at once roots up the tree of error, and places Society in the broad sunlight of wisdom and of truth; it overthrows dissent, or separates entirely from it; it knows no medium, for it cannot temporize; expediency it measures by the only true standard, and

values it at its exact worth, and not at a fraction more ; mystification is destroyed by it ; and deeds or thoughts which shun the scrutiny of investigation, can find no harbour there.—In short, place it in whatever light you will, view it with reference to our immediate wants, or in respect to future exigency, in all, the same clear, open brow of truth will meet your gaze, and “those who run may read” upon that brow, the lines of honour and integrity, of mutual love and mutual help, of love to **Him** who made us, as the prime motive of our every action, and our neighbour’s love as its necessary accompaniment. Mistake there cannot be, or if it does exist, it is the mistake of wilfulness, and obstinate rejection of the truth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

POSSIBILITIES.

HAVING lately given an opinion on the subject of what is im-possible, we will take a cursory glance at divers matters of modern date, which, however im-possible they might appear to our forefathers, are not only practicable by us, but are daily looked upon as the "commonest things in the world," though it must be confessed, that upon reflection they appear almost miraculous.

A friend of ours was much scandalized by an expression we made use of, a few weeks ago; and to this moment we verily believe he looks upon us as an infidel at heart, if not avowed in practice.—The expression was this, "*melioration of climate*," which we state to be not only perfectly practicable by human means, but a fact we may see at any hour of the day in full progress, nay, our worthy objector himself is a practical illustrator of the principle, and of the extreme ease wherewith the "*melioration of climate*" is rendered "possible," if we will only make use of such means as our beneficent and and Almighty Creator has

so mercifully placed within our reach. Thus, he keeps a small green-house, and therein is the "climate" so "meliorated" by divers well-known artificial appliances, that he can positively bring to perfection such plants as are indigenous only in the tropical climates; he can at will raise the temperature to any requisite degree, capable of sustaining vegetable life; and fruits and luxuries in no other way procurable, unless by a large outlay of money, may deck his table in every variety and profusion, if he so please. Thus does he in his own proper person negatively prove the entire practicability of that which he positively declares to be "impossible." Again, he knows full well that if he were to settle in the far west, amongst the swamps and miasm of the forest, and should he succeed in clearing away such forest, and in the effort to drain the swamp to any great extent, the seasons would be so changed, that he himself would wonder how the alteration was effected, and, as some eccentric philosophers have done before him, he might perchance be led to adopt the doctrine, that our earth had changed its orbit, and wandered to some other celestial latitude than was her former wont.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that in some countries where an extensive clearing of the forest has taken place, the springs have failed, the lakes have dried up, or become transformed into weedy swamps; but no sooner were the hills again clothed with a fresh growth of wood, than the springs again began to flow with a gradual increase, and the swamp reverted into the accustomed lake.

Twenty years ago, had any visionary told us he could

with ease traverse the distance from Birmingham to London in the course of three hours, he would have been deemed a fool; if he had declared that he could progress from Liverpool to New York in 12 days, ridicule would have been his reward.—But what do we now witness? In the course of the very last week of May, 1843, do we find that no less than three of our steam ships have made the voyage from America to England, or vicê versa, in *nine days and a half*, or an hour or two exceeding. Formerly the passage occupied six weeks; and we now do not hesitate to affirm our entire conviction that ere long we shall find it quite “possible” to flit across the western atlantic in *three days*. We have no more doubt of this, than we than we have of the feasibility of “ameliorating the climate” of any country; and instead of staring with stupid wonder at the novelties which invention daily offers to our notice, we would thankfully accept the proffered boon, and look upon it as a sign of mercy, of encouragement, and of better times to come.

Would but mankind strive to make sin much more impossible than it is, by removing from our path all known incentives or stumbling-blocks of offence, we should find many more things possible than in our most sanguine hours we now may dare to think of.

We have hitherto declared the cure of consumption, to be impossible, simply because the useless means, which the physician hitherto has thought fit to employ, have failed; and thus by our presumption have effected an impossibility, without once seeking to our Maker to solve the difficulty for us; and because in this our day there has uprisen one to whom the Almighty has been

pleased to vouchsafe unusual light upon this hitherto obscure and fatal disease, how do we accept the gift? His brethren of the faculty do all they can to crush and to oppose him, and the public point with the finger of scorn, and say the "man's an empiric." But why is this? we ask. Simply because Society has made gold the standard of the physician's worth; and upon that standard must the lives of her members be dependant. We will now assert a fact as "possible," which may, perhaps, cause some of our readers to enquire whether we have not breakfasted this day upon some stronger liquid than tea or coffee; but we crave their pardon, for as a water-drinker, we may plead "not guilty" to the charge; nevertheless, we will take what to our finite notions may seem an extreme case; and we do this simply to prove that nature has resources within herself, and vivifying powers, of which we in general, as a society, have not the smallest shadow of comprehension. To the fact however.—There exists an animal, which, if you place it in a basin of sea-water, first begins to cast forth small jets of water, as a lillipution whale might be supposed to do; if you neglect to change the water, upon perceiving this, the animal will, on the water becoming impure, make divers strange twists and horrible contortions, similar to those our readers think requisite after taking an emetic, or exceeding at the wine-cup; presently, the animal is emeticized, i. e. it is sick, and *it literally throws up every particle of its interior quite entire*, leaving positively nothing but the empty skin. But this is not all; the *skin* will live for several hours, and if you want to know how far the wonderful power of nature

is to be proved by this small worm, you have only to place it in a fresh basin of sea-water, and supply it with fresh liquid at regular intervals, and again will nature give this singular animal a *fresh inside, complete in all its parts, and as effective in every particular as that of which by your instrumentality it was at first deprived*. If you doubt our word, refer to the 1001st page of the Encyclopædia Britannica, where a detailed account of the above anomalous history will be found.

But we will now revert to a still more wonderful and unnatural anomaly, and one which not only excites our own, but the wonder of angels and of glorified spirits, it is this,—that human beings, possessed of common sense and reasoning faculties, favoured with the Gospel-light of Revelation, and direct intelligence from on high, should, when they perceive their system, whether of the legislative, the religious, or the domestic, to be inadequate to the wants of Society and the human race in general, still obstinately refuse to change or modify that system, and perversely seek to mystify the truth, and change the everlasting truth of God into a lie—a falsehood of their own. That such a fact should, in the nineteenth century, be “possible,” does indeed create surprise: it is a fearful and a dread reality—a reality which might “make an angel weep,” and, could sorrow enter there, might well cause grief in heaven. We would not be mistaken when we speak of a change in our religion being requisite; like the “amelioration of the climate,” we would say the change to be produced would be as equally conducive to the benefit of mankind. Suffer us to explain our real intention, and then calmly say if such a change could

not be "possible," and if so, whether Scripture truth or reason do not support the hypothesis.

Is our educative system likely to be blessed, when we send our children from a religious home to the profanity and the vice of a public school? Is this "possible?"

Are our village children likely to turn out meek, chaste, and cautious in their language, when we send them from our schools to the execrable den of poverty and filth, which we misname a cottage, or to the still greater contamination of the factory, the public street, the gin-shop, and the house of sin? Is this "possible?" Are our sons to be expected to be indued with senatorial gifts, with wisdom, and with heavenly guidance, when the routine of the public school, the college, and the hunting-field is all the preparation that we give them? when our younger sons know that unless they are more than commonly gifted with the powers of mind, or external qualifications they have no hope of rising in the world, beyond the lowest scale of mediocrity? Are these things "possible?"

Do we expect a blessing on the wages which we give our labourer for wearing out his life, from earliest youth, to the extremity of age, in our service, for a pittance which can scarce keep soul and body in conjunction with each other? Are our deeds in this respect deserving of a blessing? Is this too "possible?"

Nay, answer not, as yet; we know the clap-trap, which your social catechism teaches you to adduce, in reply to our last query, you "you do all you can!" Then why not when "*all you can*" is not sufficient, at once nobly change your system, and adopt one that

is more adequate to your need? Is it the Almighty, or vain man alone who has fixed the standard of wealth, of comfort, of possessions, of food, of clothing, and of every necessary thing? Is it "possible" that Christians should rest satisfied with seeing their brother or their sister in adversity struggling and striving vainly for existence, in order that a few of us should roll in wealth, and that from without our doors the spirit of poverty and of want should be for ever banished? Would that it were impossible? would that a generous sentiment of heavenly liberality would enter into our hearts, to supersede and dethrone that usurping spirit of avarice, of selfishness, and dislike to seeing others enjoy the blessings we ourselves possess, which now so banefully affects Society.

We once heard an Englishman assert, "That it would never do for comfort and good houses, &c. to be within the reach of all—*because*—and mark the reason well—*because such things would be of no value; for nobody would care to possess that which he saw was in the power of every body besides!!*" We have said the author of this sentence was an ENGLISHMAN!—would that we could change his nation or his notions. But the fact is there; and he too was considered to be a Christian. But we must acknowledge that our astonishment was great, to find that any Christian countryman of ours could give utterance to such most illiberal, selfish, and indefensible a sentiment. O that it were impossible; and the result of such an impossibility would be, that the very fact he so much deprecated would at once be easy removed; and as a natural consequence, would ensue upon our renouncement of

the present evil system of Society. The very wish to aid our fellow-men would place the means within our reach; for a method would very soon begin to be developed, if the *wish* were really present in our hearts. A blessing would attend the wish, and there cannot be more striking evidence of the absence of that will, than the mere fact of the continuance of distress and poverty. We know full well, that if any society at once and "with a will" commence an undertaking, and contribute all the energy and means which they possess in furtherance of their end, that end is thenceforth ensured, and their anticipations realized.

If a dozen men of capital would unite their energies in the associative plan, for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, they alone might provide the most ample and continuous provision for eighteen thousand of human beings, and reap a profit for their outlay which no system ever yet discovered could offer in perpetuity. England would again take the lead in this, as she has done in every other great undertaking; faith and the *will* are the only requisite materials now wanting to set the machine in motion. Capital we have in superabundance; land there is in plenty; invention, if encouraged as it ought to be, would render the (now) most toilsome labour light; fresh means would daily render improbabilities "possible," and in lieu of doubting "if God can spread a table in this wilderness" of ours, we should find that "a few small loaves and fishes" would, with a blessing from on high, more than suffice the wants of a great multitude, whom "two hundred pennyworth of bread" does not, under our present system, half suffice. Who in the days of

Samaria's trial, would have believed that in the course of four and twenty hours such a change from a state of famine could have been brought about, as that "a measure of fine flour, and two measures of barley should be sold for a shekel" each? But God wrought this, and without opening the windows of heaven either, and he who doubted lived to witness the fact, however impossible he had declared that fact to be; but for doubting, he was punished as an example and a warning unto us, when we refuse the aid our Maker proffers in our time of need. Look at the system as you will, and say if it does not truly make improbabilities possible at once. Where can you find so great an encourager of Protestantism as you may make this, if you will? Where find facilities for education, legislation, provision, employment, profit, and every such requirement as in association in separate communities! Because Owen, and those who banished all religion and morality, failed, is that an argument of impossibility if we adopt a contrary plan? Assuredly not; we ought rather thereby to be encouraged, and from their failure to discern the true cause why their combination was not permitted to prosper or succeed in any way, and make assurance doubly sure by taking evangelical truth and wisdom for our guide. "Religion *first*, and strenuous action next," will overcome a mountain of impossibility.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEGGARS.

ON reference to the second Lesson for the Service of this morning, (June 9th, 1843), we shall find recorded in the Gospel history, a narrative of the manner in which the beggar's urgent entreaty was met by our blessed Saviour: that beggar made a simple request, and yet his petition required no less than an unheard-of miracle to render even its accordance possible. Strong in faith, however, and keenly feeling his need of miraculous aid, he did not suffer the apparent impossibility to overcome that faith; and what do we find was the consequence of his belief?—No sooner was his request made, than it was granted, freely, wholly, unconditionally, and without hesitation or reserve. Pause we for a time, to reflect upon the consequences of such a mode of action as this, of Him who knows the secrets of our inmost hearts, and who said to the poor, despised beggar—"Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." Such an immediate answer to a petition would, we deem, at once prove an encourage-

ment to the really poor and afflicted beggar, and a total bar to the approach of fictitious or assumed poverty. Those who truly felt their need of help, would thereby have the strongest assurance of the efficacy of the power they addressed, and of the faith with which they implicitly relied upon that power. But would a hypocrite have dared thus to urge his cause to One whose almighty power had thus been manifested? Had he thus presumed, the punishment would have been as certain as the mercy in the other case was not to be disputed. "But," says Society, "to what are all these broad truths which you now adduce, intended to refer? This is not the age of miracles, you must remember; and the man who trusts to them in this our day, is a vain, presumptuous fool." True—this is not the age of open revelation probably; nevertheless the Hand of the Almighty, even in these dark ages, is working miracles the most astounding to the comprehension of finite wretched sinners such as we; but the fact is this—our minds are so far blinded by the pride, the foolishness of human wisdom, that instead of seeking aid from above,—instead of acknowledging the Divine Hand in all we do, or think, or say, we seek to human strength to obviate our necessity; and seeking thus, we, as an unavoidable and a necessary result, only make our difficulties greater, and remove the remedy still further from our reach. Do we complain, or does Society groan under the infliction of poverty, and the beggars who beset her path? Ay, well may she complain! In her metropolis alone exist 230,000.—Yes, and by the time we are now writing, in London only there are a quarter of a million of human beings

congregated, who have no ostensible means of sustenance or support ; who live by beggary in the day, or pilfering in the night ; who “ live as a lamp, despised in the thought of him who is at ease,” and who perish as do the cattle of the earth, while Society is flaunting in her luxury, and reckoning herself supremely happy.

Let us now look at the sum which is required annually from Society, for the mere animal support of this quarter of a million of her poverty and sin-stricken children. Say that on the average sixpence a day is all they individually have for food, for lodging, or for clothing ; or that they receive the equivalent for this sum in scraps of meat, lodging and old clothing : this gives us two millions, two hundred and eighty-one thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds a year extracted from our income for the mere support of London beggars, and those who there exist upon the resources of Society. Now, then, suppose we chose, in lieu of thus casting away so much of our much-loved idol MONEY, we were to put the whole of this sum annually out to interest, as a talent of which a strict account will, one day or other, be required, in the establishment of Phalansteries or Associative Institutions, each of these to possess 3,000 acres of land, and to contain and support 1,500 persons within every mansion. The purchase of the land, at sixty pounds per acre, would cost us £180,000 ; the building of the house would be £40,000 ; ten such estates and houses would cost us £2,200,000, and a surplus would remain of £81,250 for exigencies, or as a reserve fund ; fifteen thousand persons would be annually provided for, and made producers in Society, who now are consumers, and parasitical animals of the worst description. In sixteen

years and a half, proceeding only at the ordinary rate, every one of the race would be provided for, without any extra tax or aid, or scarcely without an effort. In that space of time, Society would have gained an estate of 480,000 acres of land; one hundred and sixty mansions of the first class, and the whole of this effected by means of what we now consider as the very scum of of all society, the dregs and off-scouring of the earth, put into motion by a sum of money, which we now voluntarily and gratuitously throw away, not caring what becomes of it, or even so much as pausing to ask whether it could not be more beneficially applied, both to the relief of the necessitous, and the well-being of Society in the ultimate. Truly we may ask, "Can these dry bones live?" And, without an absolute miracle, can this seeming prodigy be effected, if we only use the means which He who pities our infirmities and who sees our need, has so bountifully provided for our use? It is in vain to deny that the work can be done: we assert that the human will is the only main-spring wanting to set the machine in motion.

We are often asked, what can be devised to prevent the enormous increase of beggary in this kingdom? The Bible gives us our reply, without a moment's hesitation: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do to you;" and then, "though the poor shall never *perish* from out of your land," beggary shall cease of its own accord. It stands to reason and common sense, that if all reasonable desires are fulfilled as soon as they arise, such things as beggary and destitution could not be; but if we will persist in our blind system of disregarding industry and virtue,

leaving them to seek their own reward, and spend all our living on bedecking and fostering meretricious vice, duplicity, and cunning, it is equally beyond dispute that beggary must ensue upon such prodigal expenditure of our talents. So long as the golden idol of Society occupies the high place, this must ever be ; for all men will flock to worship her insensate image ; but throw down the Dagon, and in its place set up the true and faithful ark of your Creator's covenant with man, and as the idol is destroyed, so you destroy the worship too.

Constituted as we now are, and reflecting upon the light wherewith Society is blessed, not only ought there not by this time, to exist a single beggar throughout the length and breadth of England's favored land ; but every man, woman, or child ought now to be most amply furnished with every comfort and external appliance to a condition of abundance, which her richer sons enjoy so lavishly ; and this without entrenching on her own private resources. "*Poor*," should be only a comparative term—not a keen, bitter, pinching, tangible infliction. The means we would venture to put forth to remove the curse of suffering poverty, are such as would cause as great relief and gradual advancement to those who now are rich ; and even were this fact not so certain as it is, methinks the mere removal of a cause for national shame might rouse our drooping energies from their bed, and infuse new life into the minds of men. You may preach to us of the utter hopelessness of the idea, and the magnitude of our undertaking ; you may adduce the ingratitude of the poor, and their confirmed, unconquerable habits ; we will sadly look upon the sturdy beggar who

sneers at the paltry gift he takes from our hand, reluctantly afforded, and cursed by the receiver; we will mournfully regard the scowl wherewith the robber greets us as we pass him in the day-time; we will, with shame and self-humiliation, visit the filthy dens where hides indigent virtue and unrewarded industry,—where the sempstress daily pines to death, rather than seek our niggardly-accorded alms; we will tremble as we visit the dying bed of him who, but for us and our accursed rules of Society, might have been a happy and an honourable member of our race, but now is laid upon the couch of death, diseased, forsaken, and in the last stage of starvation, destitution, and distress; and we will tell Society, that if gratitude be her theme, then let her answer to her Creator for her own use of that talent. Where is her gratitude to Him who entrusted to her charge the wealth she now possesses? Does she even give the *tenth* of all she has to Him? Does she afford the FIFTIETH part of what He has given her? She does NOT. Then how can she dare lift up her head, and speak of the ingratitude of her members, in respect of her own self? Who has confirmed and rendered the habits of the poor unconquerable? Who has given them an incentive to better thoughts and habits than they now possess? We have talked to them, you say; we have asked them of the miserable pittance they receive from us, to give us some part back again for our Societies, our Charitable Institutions; and we have dared to beg of those whose earnest applications to ourselves have passed unheeded, or, at least, evaded; and we have profaned our Holy Maker's name, by asking an alms from the very beggar

who inhabits our mud-built villages, for the spread of His blessed Gospel, and the honour of that name. Can we, then, wonder that our best Societies languish? that ceaseless, up-hill labour still rewards our best exertions with disappointment, or the shadow only of success? Blind and infatuated must we be, if, with facts so striking as are daily brought before us, we refuse to recognize their truth, or knowingly and wilfully refrain from reformation. Society may say, her poorer members do not need the luxuries and the comforts which the rich enjoy.—Vain, avaricious jealousy is this: they *need* them just as much as she; but yet they dare not, in their most sanguine moments, even dream of their attainment. What constitutes the luxury of any thing in society, but its scarcity? And why should we make the requisites of existence scarce? Make luxuries, as we now term them, common, and at once they change their very nature, and are no longer luxuries. Society can do this, if she pleases; there are thousands of appliances to comfort, which we can produce at will, in vast and overwhelming profusion, if we so determine that it shall be done; and if this be the case, and we are aware of it, shall we not be called upon to answer for our neglect, in not availing ourselves of the knowledge, and putting out this talent unto usury? A heavy reckoning will be ours, if we presumptuously deny the gift with which we are so largely blessed. All nature urges it upon our acceptance. Invention, science, art, machinery, all stand in vast array, and wait to do our bidding; but because it does not, as we think, advance our individual interests thus to employ them for the benefit of all, we

bid them stand aside, and just afford us so much of their aid, as shall suffice to stay the appetite of our favorite idol, and furnish her with ornaments for vanity and attraction to the world,—to prop her intoxicated footsteps up, and appease her vast, insatiate desires. Is it because our greatest statesman own themselves at a loss to devise a remedy for the beggary that exists; is it that if our benevolent efforts fail to effect one half (ay, how much less?) of our intention, that we must then despair; and, relinquishing the case as hopeless, sit down to “wait and see” what will be the result? Is this the lesson which our Bible teaches; and is it the only alternative remaining to a Christian nation? Had that mighty city Nineveh done thus in her hour of trial, methinks the prophet JONAH would then have had some reason for his endeavour to evade the mission of his Lord: but did she thus, or did not the king of Nineveh at once proclaim a fast, and clothing himself in sackcloth, humiliate his people and himself, and cry mightily unto Him who alone was able to save his nation from destruction? National perplexities should be met by national humiliation, and then our darkness would be enlightened by a light which cannot be mistaken. We seldom think of this; but in every exigency we seek to human aid and wisdom first, leaving the issue, as we presumptuously say, “to Providence.” Do we, then, think that Providence will be thus slighted with impunity, or are we in the guise of Christians, at heart a nation of disbelievers in that Power? Have we, as a Society, ever appealed for light and wisdom on the subject of our people’s unutterable wrongs and sufferings? or have we not “left all this

to the serious-thinking or religious portion of the community?" There is much reason to believe that even the scoffers at our beloved faith place more dependance than they dare to own upon the mercy of our God, and hope that punishment may be averted, for the sake of those who pray for them who scorn to pray themselves. If, then, our present system fails, is it too much to ask that we should try another? Or when men begin to sink into despondency, and assert they see no ground for hope of any relief, may not the presumption of a suggestion be forgiven? At all events, the end we have in view would justify a fresh experiment; and seeming obstacles should not discourage the attempt to try a remedy which as yet has never been applied. The remedy proposed may seem too simple to suit the refined and sophisticated intellect of the age; but the glorious simplicity of our Guide-Book, —that Holy Volume which never yet has erred in its direction, should teach us not to despise even the efficacy of a cup of cold water only, when given in pure and humble faith, relying solely upon a blessing from above to effect that for which our richest and most highly-prized wines would not suffice. The widow's mite took precedence of the largest gifts; and we deem that such a mite, if blessed, would infinitely surpass in efficacy our now most ostentatious but delusive efforts to banish beggary from our land.

CHAPTER XXV.

BEGINNINGS.

SMALL trifles these, in the estimation of Society : “horse-shoe nails” of the minutest description, nay, infinitesimally less than any horse-shoe nail ; for who can say what is the “beginning” of iron or steel ? Do we finite creatures, then, endeavour to trace the beginning of any thing ?—instantly the mind of man is carried to that epoch when the Almighty “created the heaven and the earth.” Overpassing that barrier, thought is lost in the immeasurable vastness of infinite eternity, which DID exist, which does and will exist, from everlasting to everlasting, beginningless and endless.

But with such thoughts as these, it is not our present intention to endeavour to cope ; indeed, were such ideas present, we could but confess our utter incompetency to grapple with so momentous a subject as the consideration of infinite duration of time. Suffice it that we confine our attention to the things of this earth, the minor affairs of Society, the every-day occupations of mankind. The “beginning” of human life is as totally obscured from our view as is the commencement

of time. We know not, neither is it requisite that we should know, the precise instant when life is called into being, or when the orb on which we dwell, was first formed as we now behold it. Let us consider man from the moment of his birth, and then endeavour to discern in how far the system of our day is calculated to prepare him for the close of his career, to fit him for the work he has to perform while that career is progressing, and whether the system we now adopt in Society is or is not calculated to further the glory of His Creator, and the end for which He sent us into the world.

First, then, it is correctly ascertained, that out of the aggregate number of children who are born into this world, one quarter of the number leave the world before the age of one year; twelve out of twenty scarcely attain their sixth year; and before their twenty-second year is reached, one half of the generation is consigned to the grave. Now, that so very large a proportion as that of one-fourth of our infants should thus perish, deserves as a fact our most serious enquiry. To the Malthusian, such a fact is of no manner of consequence; and we fear there is too great a tendency among the great mass of Society to consider the death of infants rather as a relief from an unwished-for burden, or, as they express it, as a "happy release," than as one of the most convincing proofs of the fell nature of original sin, and the fall of man, and as an evil which admits of being lessened very considerably. We have been struck with astonishment at hearing strong professors of Christianity say, in allusion to the death of a neighbour's child, they thought "it was a very good thing

that the child was taken away," and we have wondered what would be the thoughts of such persons on the loss of children of their own.

In our estimation, humble as may be the opinion, and, perhaps, valueless, the religion of those who can conscientiously utter such a maxim, is based not on the truth of the Gospel—not on the faith of the Master they profess to serve, but on worldly wisdom, and the false experience of a falsely-constituted Society, which, taking gold for the touchstone of merit and the standard for the admissibility of existence, avarice and the love of self for its prime ruling motive, the road to mystification and error, instead of honesty and truth for its path, so blinds the eyes of all those who adopt its axioms and follow its paths, that they can placidly look upon the great curse of the whole human race in the light of a great and desirable blessing, and will not move hand or foot to search for a palliative to the destruction of infant life, in its present enormous extent.

Many reasons or causes may be assigned for this evil, i.e. the destruction of infant life. One of the first "beginnings" here is undoubtedly the intense poverty of our lower classes of Society; and this is an evil *entirely* under our own control. Here, then, is one evil "beginning," or cause, removable, if we please to remove it. Secondly, the gross negligence and carelessness of nurses and mothers in the administration of soothing or soporific medicines, to "keep the infants quiet," is another glaring source of infant death—a source for which Society will have to render a fearful account when the reckoning-day arrives.

Ignorance she cannot urge; and poverty will not be accepted as a plea; and, while space is left for thought, we implore that she will turn attention to this portion of our subject. Again; the gin-shop and the ale-barrel help enormously to swell the grievous list; and is there one who honours these pages by a perusal, who will venture to assert that these are necessary adjuncts to the comfort and the sustenance of the mother and the nurse? How many a soul has been sent back into the Hand of Him who gave that soul as a precious boon to Society, long ere its return would otherwise have been required of us, by the spirit of gin, by the heedless drunkenness of the nurse or of the mother? And is this, too, a "beginning," the corrective of which is not wholly in our power?

There are those amongst us who will tell us here, that such things are really not worthy of consideration; and that if our time was taken up in pondering upon them, or searching for a remedy for cases of this description, no time would be left for "more important matters." Mark those people well; and we will answer for it that if calamity in this respect should ever overtake them, they will be the loudest in their outcries. They who think the sufferings of others slight, and not worthy of consideration or compassion, will be the most active and importunate in drawing largely on the sympathy or consideration of their fellow-creatures. Firm as they seem when unhurt, let but the day of trial come, and then regard their utter failure—their total loss of self-command.

In a former part of our undertaking, we have reviewed the mode of Society in respect to the beginning

of our educative system, from the earliest stage of nursery discipline to the "settling in life," as it is usually termed: it is needless that we should retrace the same ground on the present occasion, though there is much valuable material left upon that same track,—enough to fill volumes, and much more than our present limits admit of our paying due attention to. As our work professes only to be a collection of brief hints, all we can do is hastily to point out evils, and as rapidly suggest such remedies as are most obviously applicable to the case under immediate investigation. To none is the Phalansterian principle of Association more plainly adapted, than to the defect we have just been considering, viz. the lamentable want of care bestowed upon a very large proportion of our infant children, and the subsequent loss to Society. We are, as we stated before, too apt to consider their departure rather as a gain than a loss. How common is the saying, when one hears of the death of a child, "Ah, there's one mouth less to feed, at any rate!" And how, utterly unfeeling is, not the expression merely, but the motive which dictates the sentiment! But it can be proved that there is room for us all yet, ay, and that we have not hands enow to do the work which calls for our exertion, what then becomes of the favorite maxim of Society? Where then are Malthus, and the hosts of destructives who would abrogate the laws of God, and the workings of our nature, to satisfy their vanity, to feed their selfish doctrine, to destroy every manly and generous sentiment of the human breast, and suppress or stifle each affection of the heart?

The case, however, admits not of an "if;" investi-

gation will attest the truth ; and had we but courage to make the right "beginning," on the principles of association, there would then be no talk of want of work, or want of space—no grumbling about the increase of our population, and "no complaining in our streets." "Happy" indeed "would be the people who were in such a case;" for "they would have the Lord for their God;" and instead of mystifying and putting a double interpretation upon His holy word, they would "begin" to practise its precepts literally, to do to others as they would be done unto, and a series of as yet unheard-of blessings would "begin," unthought of hitherto, and vast as is the aggregate of our miseries in the present day. Society, however, is pleased to designate those as madmen, or deluded persons, at the very least, who dare to doubt the infallibility of her system, or the omnipotence of her decrees ; and thus, in every stage of progressive advance, has she evinced the wisdom of her own actions. The inventor of the steam-engine was incarcerated as a madman ; Galileo was condemned to suffer martyrdom for asserting the true nature of the motion of the planets ; the apostle Paul was said to be "beside himself,—much learning hath made thee mad" asserted the governor of Cæsarea ; on the day of Pentecost, the apostles, when the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them, were vituperated as being "drunken;" and on one occasion, we are told that the friends of the Divine Redeemer of mankind "went out to lay hold on him, for they said, "*He is beside himself.*" All "beginners," therefore, know full well what they have to expect ; and if the rectitude of their intention be such as their conscience shall

approve, then may they glory in vituperation or reproach ; for it is a sign to them of the truth whereof they affirm, and a pledge that whether they themselves individually succeed or not, the cause they advocate shall prevail, though Society array her hosts against it, and though, to all human view, success itself be hopeless. They glory, too, in being counted "worthy to endure," for the opposition which they encounter is to them the "beginning" of their triumph.

But to descend to more minute affairs.—The loss of a single horse-shoe nail has, as we find from our motto, ere this, been productive of most serious consequences ; nay, we can adduce many instances where the having driven such a nail into the wrong place has lamed the animal for life, literally as well as figuratively, as the friend to whom we are indebted for the title of this book can amply testify ; for some years back, his brother brought a lame horse to our dwelling, and which poor beast had been lame for a whole fortnight, though no one could detect the cause. Upon minute investigation, we discovered a large "horse-shoe nail," driven into the very centre of the animal's foot ; but the extraction came too late ; the horse had been driven a long journey, in a state of intense suffering and pain, and though the nail was taken out, the lameness was incurable. Here was a "beginning," with a vengeance ; and had it been detected at the outset, a most valuable horse would have been preserved, in every probability, for years, to serve his owner ; but through neglect, or inadvertency, or want of minute and pains-taking inspection, the cause of complaint remained, and, of course, the effect likewise. Just so is it with us : there

are many evils in Society of which we do not even trouble ourselves to think, because our maxim is that if we did, there would not be "time" to collect our idol GOLD in sufficient abundance to satiate our desire; and so long as the pain does not affect our own individual selves, small care have we, notwithstanding all that we profess, who or what may be the sufferer. This indifference is a fatal rock, and it is one on which many a fair bark is wrecked, when, on the close of its earthly voyage, it deems the haven nearly won, and in the mild radiance of its setting sun, without a cloud, and gently gliding o'er a glass-like sea, suddenly it touches on this hidden rock,—a leak is sprung, and headlong it descends to the unmeasureable, unknown depths of eternity. But by attending to these small beginnings, and the countless numbers of which we can now make no mention, would a loss of self ensue? Would poverty overtake us? We trust that enough has been said in proof of the reward which awaits such diligent attention. There are in our metropolis, pawn-brokers who realize as much as £800 per annum by additional *farthings* on the articles deposited in their shops; might we not learn something on the score of our beginnings, even from instructors such as these? Small "beginnings," certainly, but methinks that many of Society's high-born sons would deem the aggregate of these trifles not to be despised. If every individual in Great Britain contributed only one such trifle as a farthing every year, we should, at the close of the twelve months, find a disposable sum in hand, of upwards of twenty-eight thousand pounds; a substantial item this, even if gold must be our standard; yet the

“beginnings” are as minute as it is possible for them to be. Thus would it be with our Phalansteries: the mere purchase of 3,000 or 4,000 acres of indifferent land is of itself a small beginning; the location of a colony of 1,200 or 1,500 men, women, and children thereupon, a thing easily effected, and nothing out of nature; but the true and proper direction of their energies and capabilities, and the due consideration even of the most minute of these, would furnish such a profit in the end, as, like the farthings of the pawnbroker, would astonish even Society herself; and she would wonder that she never learned the trick before. The reason of this is clear; *the lesson was too easy*; therefore she despised it; she left it to the infidel, the sceptic, the monastery, or the politician, the socialist, and the seditionist; they, as they sought their own exclusive glory and aggrandizement, of necessity, failed, in the natural order of events; and she seeing this, never thought it worth her while to pause and ask whether if the system was begun on the principles of righteousness and Christian duty, there would not be a corresponding alteration in the subsequent event? Too proud, therefore, to learn, the offer was for a time withdrawn: now it is again offered, and with Society it rests to choose whether her maladies shall be endured, increasing as they now do, or whether she will consent to their alteration and removal, by means most adequate to the end, by “beginnings” fraught with endless profit, for their results are not concluded on this lower sphere of ours; they seek to raise the mind of man from its deep and grovelling debasement; and pointing upwards to the realms unfolded by the Bible to our view,

they bid the children of Society "awake, arise, for their light is come, and the glory of their Lord shall be revealed" to them in His blessed Word, both for time and for eternity, if they will but own the guidance of that light, and seek the furtherance of His glory, who made them what they are, and determined their salvation, even from the "beginning."

CHAPTER XXVI.

 TRIALS.

How often do we hear Society exclaiming, in reference to her boys, when they first go to school, "Ah! his trials are now beginning, poor boy! Well, I suppose he will *get over* them, as others have done before him." With some such speech as this, our modern Solons and their amiable partners dismiss the topic, shaking their heads in very wisdom, and placidly flattering themselves that a valuable axiom has been vouchsafed to mankind through their instrumentality.

Small knowledge have they of the trials of childhood's earliest days, and still less of the effects which result to Society at large, from these (as they consider) *minor* inflictions, totally unworthy of any thought whatever. But if we turn back the leaves of life, and step by step retrace the lines of childhood's historical page, we shall find trials at every turn,—trials as acute to them, as any that we ourselves endure, even at the latest period of our lives. Then ask we how these latter affect the actions of the man, and we shall be the better competent

to judge how far the trials of the child are worthy of consideration, or likely to affect Society in the maturer progress of her children. Well is it for them, that in infancy and youth the mind possesses an elasticity which enables it to spring back nearly to its original position after every blow : were it not for this wise and merciful arrangement of Providence, half our children would be idiotic from fear alone, long ere they reached the time when they are usually sent from home. Were this elasticity wanting, what would become of the mind of a child when he had to undergo his first 'trial' of the birch? Is there a man whose brain would not reel under a corresponding degree of fear which the child then undergoes? The mere pain of the corporeal suffering is nothing ; but from what our own recollections of the infliction to this very hour are, we deem that though he who "spares the rod will spoil his child," there are few, indeed we may say we never yet saw the man in our English Society whom we thought competent to use the rod to the back of any child ; and, constituted as Society now is, we know not the being in existence to whose judgment we could confide the corporeal punishment of a child of ours. If they insisted upon the infliction, we would say, "He that is free from guilt himself, let him inflict the first stroke ;" and we ween that as in the memorable exemplar which our blessed Saviour left us, "they would go out, one by one, beginning from the eldest, even unto the last."

One of the first trials a child undergoes, is this : you will hear a scream in the regions above, i.e. the nursery ; the next audible sound is the ringing of a bell ;

then comes the question, "do go and ask Jenkins what is the matter with that child;" or else the father says to his spouse, "My dear, I wish you would go and stop that squalling; really its quite impossible to read, write, or do any thing with such a noise in the house." "Oh, it's only Herbert in one of his tantrums, I dare say; but I'll go and see." Off whisks the lady-mother to the higher abodes of childhood's purgatory; and finding threats or entreaty alike unavailing, she then loses her self-command, and inflicts what she considers wholesome chastisement upon Master Herbert. In two minutes the child is in a fit, and the lady-mother *ought* to be in a house of correction for two days, at least. But this is the very last catastrophe she ever dreams of; for, after all is over, she descends to the drawing-room, and a long conference is held, either with her husband, or some intimate friend, respecting her own great trials. "I'm sure nobody knows," she will say, "what mothers have to undergo; it's really enough to plague one to death to have to attend to such fractious children. And then there's Mr. —, (her husband), he never will go to see what's the matter—but it's always "You go, my dear;" and at times I'm tempted to wish I never married at all; and I never would have done, if I had known what I should have to go through—that I would'nt!"

Now, we will take upon ourselves to assert, that the mother in this case never once thought of that axiom of her Bible, viz. "do unto others as ye would that they should do to you;" had she thought of this, she would perhaps have acted after this wise: on reaching "purgatory," as aforesaid, she would have looked

upon her child, and, having perused his features, as none but a parent can, and as all parents *ought to be able to do*, she would have studied that page of nature well; a glance would have sufficed for this; the next step would be to calmly survey the nurse-maid's countenance,—not a question need she ask, nor is there any call for speech: if the lady be well skilled in nature's tactics, she will in the nurse's face read all that she requires to know; and then, ten to one but that, in lieu of Master Herbert going into a fit, instead of a mother's lamentations over her own troubles, (forgetting entirely those of the child), and all necessity for wishing she had'nt married, and all that sort of thing—we say, ten to one that instead of all this, the nurse would have had to leave purgatory, and betake herself to some more genial clime, where her natural talents would be more highly appreciated, and then diverted into some more useful channel than they ever could be in a nursery. A father writes us word, that lucubrations such as these are “all twaddle,” and that we bachelors have no business to write about such things as we do not comprehend; he says it is impossible for any one to understand the proper treatment of a child, unless they are themselves parents; and he declares that none but parents “*know any thing*” about children; moreover he sums up with the affirmation, that the reason why the children are so much worse, (he does not say *than when*), is that our system now is one of unlimited kindness! If, then, our system be one of *kindness*, all we can say is—“may heaven avert the cruelty.”

Is it “unlimited kindness” that our children should

be banished to the mines, to pass hours and days and years in pain, in darkness, and in sorrow—in slavery, worse than the Indian knows, while we are revelling in the blessed light of heaven, and in luxury on this earth? Is it “unlimited kindness,” that one fourth of our new-born children should die before they reach the period of their first year, and that the moiety of these should be the victims of a system of penury and starvation, of misapplied medicine, or of the drunken habits of Society? Is it “unlimited kindness,” that our sons should be sent to school, where we know that vice and every wickedness abound, and where the pearls of virtue and of holiness, wherewith they were endowed at home, shall be trampled under foot by the swine of the spirits of oppression, of mockery, and of irreligion, who roam at will in all our public seminaries of education? Is it “unlimited kindness” to our younger sons that they shall be sent forth to the world to find professions for themselves, when we, with the same breath, tell them that every avenue to each profession is choked up to suffocation? Is it “unlimited kindness” to our daughters, that they should be condemned to hopeless poverty, to disease, and to starvation, or that the alternative of a life of sin is theirs, because we are so brutish that not one among us can devise a means to raise our fallen sisters from the dust, and give them their true and rightful heritage among us, as candidates for heaven’s bliss, as souls immortal and redeemable by the blood of Him who died for them as well as us? Is it “unlimited kindness,” that the gin-shop and the beer-house, the filthy cottage and that master-piece of refined cruelty, the union workhouse, should be the

only refuge, the only "comforts" we can provide for those who wear their strength away from youth to age for us, and by whose toil our nation has attained her now pre-eminent glory?

Is it "unlimited kindness," that in spite of deaths by thousands, yea, and tens of thousands, before half the usual span of life is reached, the noxious trade shall still be carried on, because, forsooth, the "customs of Society" demand the sacrifice, at all events, and every risk? Is it "unlimited kindness," that, breaking every law of nature and humanity, thousands of our beautiful daughters shall annually be sacrificed to mammon, to our golden idol, and not be permitted to marry, solely because they and those by whom they would otherwise be chosen, have not "money enough to marry upon?" Ay, pause before you answer!—and then tell us if this, and facts like these, be evidences of the "unlimited kindness" of Society, where is then her cruelty?

We talk of trials, and, heartily feeding at our plentiful board, we sigh at our own slight sorrows, and wonder people do not pity us, as we compassionate ourselves; but if one bolder than the rest dare mention topics such as those we now refer to, Society is shocked, and stops her ears at once, because she knows the remedy is in her power, but the sacrifice of time and trouble, which she thinks that remedy would cost her, is more than she can endure to make: she knows, too, that it would involve a practical confession of her former evil system, the fallacy of her best axioms, and the blindness of her infatuation.

One half the trials of the human race are traceable to

the mistakes and fatal errors of Society. If we would enumerate those which occur in the mere ordinary routine of nature, and then from these select such as are remediable by known appliances, such as cold, hunger, fatigue, &c., for all of which we have a remedy, the real amount of natural grievances would be very small; but when we refuse to lessen these, and by our obstinacy add others of our own creation, the sum soon mounts up to an almost unendurable mass of misery. Some good people, however, will persist in the assertion, that such matters are *not* under human control; and we know many, who, from day to day, put off the removal of a trial or trouble from the shoulders of their neighbours, which it would not cost them as many minutes wholly to remove, had they the inclination. If you ask them why they will not do that which is in their power—that which is so easy, and will cost them nothing to perform, they tell you it is not *their* way of doing things; they like to take time, &c. &c.; but if the case is urgent, and you become importunate, you are immediately recommended not to be “impatient,” and perhaps may yet have months to wait for a trivial favor, which when it comes, has, from sheer delay and procrastination, wholly lost its value. Here is a “trial,” and one of a most injurious nature, for the evil is never effaced; it first begets a want of confidence between a man and his neighbour or his friend; it rouses angry feeling, where none ought ever to exist; it gives a sensation of false superiority to him who causes the delay; his conscience, meanwhile, tells him he is in the wrong; this causes bitter feelings towards the friend or neighbour whom he has to serve. We have

said, the favor is not half appreciated ; and in fine, the granter of that favor looks upon the grantee as a most ungrateful person. Now, here is a chain of evils and of trial most common to be found in Society, every link of which is forged at our own will and pleasure ; not one is absolutely requisite, nay, all are totally unnecessary, and produce in their ultimate the exact contrary effect to that of the holy precept of mutual assistance, and neighbourly good-will. Women are not near so apt to indulge this hurtful sentiment as men ; and our sex may take shame to themselves for the littleness of mind which such a course exhibits. The public officers of Society are the most common instances of this failing, and the trials which those who daily wait upon these dignitaries undergo, are little known among the generality of mankind. Much of this might be obviated by the applicants themselves : they forget that it is no part of the *duty* of a public officer of the State, or of a company, to attend to these applications ; it is all extra work for them, for which they receive not a particle of remuneration, or *ought not* so to do ; but the fault lies in a system which provides not plentifully for all, when the case would be inverted, and the public officer would then have to perform what is his duty, viz. to seek out proper persons on whom the patronage of the State should be conferred. To say that this is utterly impossible, is to assert a direct untruth. The case is as clear as the sun in heaven. We have arrived at an epoch, when the ordinary resources of mankind are not adequate to the absolute requirements ; therefore, instead of wasting all our time and energies in endeavouring to make those resources, which we know to

be inadequate, answer our purpose, somehow or other, our wiser plan would be,—and it would be one which would save an immensity of “trial” and of pain,—at once to banish from our minds the idea of making an unsuitable appliance suitable, and beginning wholly afresh upon a novel and a better system, more suitable to the exigency of our case, to enlarge our ideas, and expand our thoughts in due proportion to the magnitude of the subject to be considered. We may try to force a full-grown foot into a child’s shoe, and we opine the “trial” would be proportionately “trying;” we may “cut our coat according to our cloth,” without taking any heed of the body it is intended to fit; and, when all is said and done, we may find the ~~adage~~ inapplicable, and the coat unfit to wear. Thus we now find it with Society: she has overgrown her dress, and the garb she goes about in is scanty enow, almost, nay, *quite* indecent to behold. She may re-make it, and let out divers tucks, but better far were it, in our thinking, if she were to use the good material with which nature and her Maker have so bountifully supplied her, and make herself a goodly garment, meet for her appearance in the eyes of the surrounding nations, ample in its folds, and one which might shew off her yet majestic figure to the best advantage, and in true proportion to her station. England may do this, if she will; but if she still refuse to listen to advice, we fear her next great “trial” will leave her scarcely rags to shelter her from the pitiless storm, which threatens even now to rob her of her scanty clothing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROGRESSION.

IN Society, if one enquires why greater progress is not made in the upward road to perfection, the probabilities are that a mystified look would be put on, and some such answer as this given: "*I think it would be quite as well if people did'nt progress so fast as they do already; now-a-days nothing is good enough for them,*" &c. &c. The social catechism, however, upon this subject, is now as well known as are the moves on a chess-board,—not that Society has in any degree a really definite opinion upon progression, but we have, as a body, so imbibed the habit of giving certain answers to certain queries, because we have heard Society do this before us, and because we have read "the wise saws and modern instances" in books, that the replies come as naturally to our lips, as the oath does to the tongue of him who delighteth therein. Thus, for instance, Society's notion of progression consists in the utterance of maxims of this nature.—Says she to her son, when he is going to school for the first time, "now, be sure you be a good boy, and mind

what your teachers tell you, and take pains with your lessons." The child says he will; and lucky is it for Society that he is not up to asking "*cui bono?*" which means "what shall I get by it all, though?" for the lad, we will say, is a younger son of Society, or, perhaps, a beggar, when he comes to his *estate*; and, although it may be exceeding fine fun to Society to send her children "out of the way" when they arrive at "the troublesome age," we have our doubts whether she would wish others to do thus to herself, unless some very solid and advantageous reason were assigned for the measure.

Now, if you tell her this, she stares, and asks whether there is *not* a solid reason for her conduct, and whether this is not an illustration of progression, properly so called? If you assert that you still cannot see the rationale of the thing, she turns round in a huff, and declares "the man's a fool!" But analyse the matter, and we deem the folly will be found in the other scale, if the balances be properly adjusted. If, again, Society's son complains that in spite of the kind admonition he has received to "push his way in the world," when every road and lane is choked up to overflowing, she has then another resource, and asks "what? is not the approbation of your own conscience something?" "It is," he replies, "but *that*, craving your ladyship's pardon, *you* have nothing whatever to do with; it is a matter exclusively between my Maker and myself; but in return for the eight or ten years' fagging I have undergone, in the hope of being rewarded for these exertions by something adequate to the trouble, I find all you have to give me is the chance of a

profession, where all the professions are crammed. Now *that* I call unjust ; and if you can find means for providing most amply for your eldest son, you ought by this time, at least, to have done the same for your younger children. "Hey-day !" says Society, "this is progression with a vengeance ! Why, you don't suppose I am obliged to provide for all my children equally, do you ?" If you can shew us any equitable (mind we say not LAWFUL, as *your* laws construe the expression), cause why you are *obliged* to provide for one only of your family, we will then acknowledge the fact, and submit as best we can ; but failing that, the right is ours to question both the justice and the equity of the case ; and, if our wits will serve the turn, to devise some means of progression at a time when you (Society) declare that progress is impossible. Taking a broad view of the progress to Society, and contemplating the state of art, science, and knowledge which existed in days of yore among nations, some of whom are lost to us, even by name, and on the stupendous ruins of whose cities we can only gaze with admiration and with wonder, and of others whose history is known, and with whose localities we are more familiar, the fact must force itself upon our observation, that with all the progress we have made, until within the last 15 or 20 years, we were, and still are, far behind, in point of skill, of power, of knowledge, or of art, the nations which preceded us in the march of progression. Boast as we will, the fact stands there, indisputable, and beyond appeal. "What ?" says Society, again, "do you mean to say that we have made no progress in science or in art ?" You have, *within the last 15 years*,

as we said before ; but to whom are you indebted for this progress ? Primarily to your God, for putting it into the minds of men to aid you, when you could not help yourself ; and secondarily to your *younger children of the lower grade*,—not the wise, the learned, or the great—not to those upon whom you lavished all your treasures,—these were not the “chosen,” in the exigency ; but the agents of the Almighty Power were men of whom you thought but little ; men whose notions you despised, and laughed the wisdom they adduced, to utter scorn. Are you indebted to your Legislature for the progress you have made ? Have they not rather placed impediments in your way ; and, because they chose not to “progress” themselves, determined selfishly to prevent others, if they could ? Nay, bristle not at this,—but look to your patent-law ; look at the estimation in which each improvement is held, and the reception which it meets with ; and then ask your conscience if we speak not sooth ? Who was FULTON, who was WATT, who were NEWTON, ARKWRIGHT, DAVY, GALILEO, and a host of other fixed stars in the firmament of science ? And in our own day, BRUNEL, TELFORD, STEPHENSON, PASLEY, and hundreds of whom we could, did time permit, make honorable mention ? Were these selected by Society ; and has she done for them one half of that which they have done for her ? Without their aid, where now would be her boast of progression, and the glory which she takes unto herself, as if they reflected her honor back to herself, instead of she being the person honored by their splendid and illustrious talents ? Were it not for her younger sons, Society indeed might take her

rest and sleep ; for if the “ progression ” made by the others, during the last century, be the standard of a nation’s progress, we fear that nature’s self would soon stand still, and England could not have boasted of her railways, of her wealth, or of her power, as is now her wont. But if she saw her own true interest in encouraging those who do so much for the land to which they owe their birth, and for Society at large, a progress would be made, to which that of even the last twenty years would be a trifle. Strange that she should hesitate, whether it were not better to aid the mind of man in progress to improvement, instead of sending her sons to school to cultivate vice, to her Universities to have their faith unsettled, their religion subverted, and turned again to popish mummary ; and in lieu of thankfully accepting the mechanical powers, wherewith she is so largely blessed, she still should obstinately persist in using them to the injury rather than the benefit of her children, and this solely for the love of gold, her dear, her favorite idol ! Could we for a moment divest ourselves of all consideration of this cursed thing, and regard the mechanical powers which we have at command as subservient to our use, irrespective wholly of exchange for gold, what an unmeasurable field is opened to our progress ! At once we see our fields cultivated by machinery ; our floating islands on the bosom of the ocean ; poverty and its attendant horrors gone, or only known comparatively, all provided for, and all employed ; all looking forward, and none standing still ; all difficulty obviated ; all of mystery solved, as far as concerns the things of earth ; a source of power opened, which no nation could resist, and

war at an end,—not because we so decreed, but as a natural and inevitable consequence of the “progress” we had made.

Now, this we call “progression;” but short of this, we say Society stands still, and at the best, is but running in a ring. We would, therefore, lead her onward; we would shew the path which lies ahead, and when discovered, if she fails to walk therein, and “wonders why people cannot rest content,” we would say, “take you our place, and give us yours, and then rest you content to remain where you have chosen to place us; we will take your means and your position, and shew you what ‘progression’ really is.” Would Society be *content* with this? We deem the contrary. “No,” she would say, “things are best as they are.” And this, in most cases, is her final argument, though none would be so utterly unquiet and restless as she, if our situations were reversed. Truly her laws of progression are a noble study,—a right worthy system! Is it not a glorious deed to convert a dark and murky gin-shop into a brilliantly-lighted palace? Is it not a proof of power, that thousands of her children shall pass their earliest years in the damp and dark dungeon of a coal-pit? What a magnanimous nation must that be, which decrees or suffers her most talented workmen to die before half their allotted span is measured, *because* that nation requires a superior needle for her daughters’ use! How glorious she appears in the fabric of those daughters whose childhood’s hours are spent in days and nights of toil, of utter exhaustion and prostration, both of soul and body; who are fed and housed in infinitely worse wise than are her horses

and her dogs! Look at the noble monuments she erects to the shades of departed heroes; men to whom, under the Divine mercy, she owes the station which she occupies: what would an Alms-House or an Hospital be, in comparison of these right noble "Pillars of her State?" 'Tis true, if those departed worthies could behold us now, and could suggest which would be most congenial to their wishes or their feelings, it is probable the latter would be chosen; but who in *reality* cares for what their wishes or their feelings are? Society's time is too much occupied with *more important* work than considerations such as these; besides, the public taste must be consulted. The press, too, is a mighty friend, or foe, and if it approves, who then dares condemn? The press applauds the progress of Society; science meekly smiles, and points at piano-forte printing, to prove what she can likewise do, if asked, or if her energies are taxed. A Phalanstery or Association, which would relieve Society of a thousand or two of her destitute children, would be, we think, a far more acceptable tribute to the memory of those whose name is honored, though their presence has departed, than is the loftiest pillar, or the most gigantic candlestick. Does she delight, however, in progressing by this particular line?—Then at every Institution let her erect a pillar as a telegraph to the next; and let her encourage the mining talent of her sons, by adopting iron for the sole material of those pillars. The trade of a stone-mason is proverbially unhealthy: then why not take away all impost from machinery, and let it, with the aid of the giant Steam, do the work which the stone-mason now does? Society laughs at this,

and says "impossible!" Impossible? Why, how? If steam can engrave a coat-of-arms upon a seal, is it impossible that it can engrave a larger figure on a piece of softer stone? If steam can turn a circular block of wood, then why not stone? Nay, it is done already; but the tax upon machinery is such, and the senseless obstinacy of Society in refusing to provide work or occupation for her sons, when they invent machinery for their aid, so cramps our every effort, that a barrier to all progress is constructed, which an angel could scarce o'erleap, much less the power of a mortal suffice to overcome. Both time and space would fail to laud the virtues and discrimination of Society, in regard of actual and honorable progression; the thought of such "low subjects" might disturb the social meal; besides, such things are "troublesome" to reflect upon, and "there's no knowing where they may end;" therefore all who agitate the question are "senseless radicals," or, at any rate, not worthy of the appellation of "Conservative." Truly we envy not the term; for since its introduction, we may fairly say, the good old Tories have been banished from our land, and their place supplied from out the ranks of Whigs and Radicals, and a race of men as yet untried, whose real bias is uncertain. This is the progress which Society has made; one ministry involves her in an unjust war; the next, for fear her progress should be too great, crushes her energies beneath a load of tariffs and taxation. Expediency is said to be the order of the day though how far expediency be itself expedient, is a question as yet untried, and few of the multitude ever pause to make the query. The minister has willed

that it shall be ; and the real interests of Society, the provision for her poverty-stricken and suffering children, is a matter which, as it comes not under the legislative jurisdiction, Society considers herself justified in washing her hands of the whole business, and affirming that none can rest the blame with her. This is her notion of "progression," but one which we opine might justify a doubt as to her mental sanity. Oh ! when will she arouse, and, in lieu of lingeringly pausing on the past, press forward to her high destiny, and do the work of her Creator ? When will she cease to contemplate Him as a creature of thoughts and feelings like unto her own ; when lift up her head, and look for the redemption promised by the Faithful One, who spake as never man spake, and who left His blessed Word as a voucher for the truth of the assertion, that "they who seek shall find ;" that they who ask shall have, and that to those who knock, the doors of wisdom shall be opened, as well as those gates which lead to everlasting life ?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHANGES AND VICISSITUDES.

WISHING this morning to ascertain the precise meaning of the term '*vicissitude*,' we referred to Johnson's Dictionary, where we found the following elucidation: "VICISSITUDE, a change, a revolution;" and as this does not throw much light upon the subject, the liberal and candid reader will probably make every allowance for the disadvantage which we labour under in not having the benefit of his advice on such a most important topic, as well as for the dissatisfaction which must necessarily ensue upon being disappointed in an application to that unquestionable authority, the substantial and voluminous spirit of DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. So many interpretations attach to the term 'change,' that a vocabulary might almost be formed of this single word. Pass we these by, however, and let us take the term under consideration as Society applies it to the occurrences of nature, and the condition of mankind. Parents, teachers, (writing-masters, especially), evince a very considerable degree of laudable anxiety to impress the topic upon the youthful imaginations of their children or

their pupils: thus they head our first copy-books with some such wise saw as the following: "Nothing is certain in this uncertain world." If this be written in 'large hand,' it occupies two pages of the copy-book aforesaid; and by the time the lower end of the right-hand page is reached, our diligent little pupil has not only acquired a thorough conversance with the precept, but a decided certainty is fixed upon his mind that his little knuckles ache to that degree with the toil of travelling twenty-four times over the same "uncertain ground," that however true it may be that *every thing* is uncertain, ONE fact is most indubitable, videlicet, that he feels the pain in his knuckles, and that the cause of that pain is to him, manifestly 'a great bore.' Now, from the maxim just quoted, one might reasonably infer that it were wisdom to live in this world in a state of constant hesitation, balancing, as it were, in a Mahometan Paradise, betwixt the heaven above and the earth beneath; for if the maxim (which is a most favorite one of Society) be true, it were folly to do otherwise, simply because from the utter *uncertainty* of *every thing*, and the certainty (as she says) of *nothing*, the man who sowed a crop of wheat might just as rationally expect to reap a crop of carrots from the seed he sowed, as wheat. Here would be a "change," no doubt, but still by no means marvellous, *if* the axioms of Society be true. "Pshaw!" says Society, "how can you write such stuff? Are not the '*changes*' and *chances* of this mortal life most evident, to all who choose to see with open eyes? The *changes* are—but the *chances* are not; because, we acknowledge not the *chance* of any thing, either of occurrence, or of probability. We deem that

change, as we now term it, is but a developement of a fixed law in nature, whereby effect attends on cause, as inseparably as frost and snow on winter's hoary season. You cannot separate the two; and if you fail in the attempt, as in every effort to controvert the laws of nature you *must* fail, or reap the punishment attached to the attempt; why, then, not "change" your tactics, and by following nature's kind and faithful guidance, do away with what you now call "chance," then reverse the maxim of your copy-books, and write, "Nothing is *uncertain* in this *certain* world? We have heard good people say, "chances and changes are the lot of man;" and we have deemed the proverb must be true, because good men have told us so: and, satisfied with the fact, we never thought it worth our while to search and try how far such changes or such chance could be converted into certainty of blessing in the stead of doubt; uncertainty, and a consequent inaptitude for moral and energetic action. What is every change of life but the sure sequence of a regular chain of certain causes, laid down for the direction of nature by her Almighty Author, to deviate from which, would bring destruction on the world. And, knowing this, is it not certain kindness on our part, to persist in the endeavour to bring about an effect in other ways than, by the laws of nature, that effect is to be produced? "But," says Society, "don't you know there are *two* ways of doing every thing; your way may be very well; but I prefer my own, and liberty of choice you will at least concede." Two ways there are of producing change,—a wrong way and a right; but that the change produced will be the same in either case, would be folly to assume. The

aim we have in view is the improvement, and that not partial only, of Society ; we presume the same is hers ; and we leave it to the world to judge whether she has not had a fair trial hitherto, and whether she has reason to plume herself upon the result ? We have had no trial yet ; we have waited for our turn, and surely when we find her revelling in the intoxication of her present system, we may be forgiven if we plead the necessity of a "change," and urge a trial of our method of effecting that which she admits would be desirable, but denies the possibility. The "change" we seek is that of substituting good for evil, truth for error, ample provision for our fellow-men, in lieu of poverty, disgraceful to a nation of civilized Christians. We seek to "change" sorrow into joy : for the spirit of grief and heaviness to admit the spirit of life and light and happiness. We seek to substitute plain simple statements of the Gospel-truth for the formal mystification of the Papist, and his first-born son, the Puseyite. We seek to place the Bible in the hands of all, and say, this is your guide, your lamp by night, your direction-post by day ; attend unto its precepts, in their *literal* construction ; your way will then be clear ; and, if mistake ensues, you may know it to be wilful, and the effect of some deviation of your own from the straight, narrow path which it points out to you. We would "change" the workhouse to a Phalansterian palace, where the poor might find rest, the needy be supplied, the naked clothed, the hungry fed with all abundance. We would annihilate the dram-shop and the ale-house as we would the wolf, the tiger, or the scorpion. We would "change" the laws which now encourage that

dire curse of our present generation, "celibacy," and adopt the law of nature, as ordained by God Himself.—Matrimony should be looked 'up to, as an honour and a glory; not despised, as we now despise it, as a worthless and injurious thing. We have indeed "changed" this blessing to a curse; and worthily is Society now reaping the harvest she herself has sown. Again; the Almighty, in pity to the sufferings of our operative population, opened our eyes to behold the wonders and the beneficial changes which by the aid of machinery might accrue to us; how do we receive the boon? We "change" the blessing to a curse again; and senselessly imagining that the only reason for the gift was the increase of our individual wealth, we turn the gift against the very class it was pre-eminently intended to assist, discharge our working-people, and then complain that the "change," instead of being beneficial, is injurious! How thanklessly ungrateful is all this! How manifestly absurd! And how shall we answer for our stewardship, when the talent is required at our hands? A fearful "change" will then "come o'er the spirit of our dream;" we shall awake to certainty indeed, but an endless, unchangeable amount of woe will then be sure. It is certain, now, and will be then, and to the never-ending myriads of ages of eternity will be changeless, unless we, unclosing the torpid eye, and unstopping the deaf ear in *time*, at once produce a "change, a revolution," in our system, which may avert the dread effect that now impends over our once glorious land.

Bethink we now of those "vicissitudes" which, in the course of Society's progression, she is sure, while

following her present path, to meet with, soon or late. The school-boy feels them when he leaves his home; and ask the lovers what vicissitudes are theirs. The younger member of Society's family knows the meaning of the term, when banished from his early home, he "settles down" in life a "benedict," as some are wont facetiously to say, on a small curacy and a bare subsistence. Your tenants can give a much more satisfactory and practical explication of the term than did the cynic from whose dictionary we have quoted, when, bankrupt, they turn their backs upon the miserable farm-house, which however miserable it is, has been for many years to them a home. Your pauper's explanation is a true one; when you ask him the meaning of "vicissitude," he points to your prison-workhouse, to your separation-law, your dogs'-meat legislation, and, without a word, he passes on his way.

The daughters of your clergy can, if still further evidence you need, afford you ample information on this head: and the brave defenders of your native land are a host of witnesses against us; they know the meaning of "vicissitudes," for we have indelibly impressed the lesson on their hearts; and the deep scars of their honorable wounds are not more indelible than is the shame which rests upon our national brow for the small and paltry return we make to them for what they have undergone for us. Why is it that the official levees of Society are thronged with men who in their country's cause have fought and bled, and who, at the peril of their lives, have braved every danger, every climate, and all vicissitudes and hardships? How is it; that while they were doing thus for us, when we

remained in placid, calm enjoyment by our fire-side at home, we could not, for a single moment, pause in our usual occupations to reflect upon what we might do for them on their return ; and in the stead of waiting for them to solicit our charitable aid, have some reward prepared for their acceptance, which would alike confer honor on the nation which bestowed it, and the member of society upon whom it was bestowed ? Are our resources, then, so cramped, that the only reward we can bestow is exposure to "vicissitude," or an empty nominal reward, unworthy of the name, and alike reflecting anything but honor upon us ? Answering to all this, Society may meet us with her never-failing response on all occasions of emergency, "*What can I do ?*" Nothing, constituted as you now are ; nay, worse than nothing, for now you raise hopes which never can be realized ; you forge a fetter for your sons and daughters, which each succeeding revolution of the sun renders them less capable of enduring ; you confess your inability to relieve them of your chains, when once those chains are riveted ; you bid the sufferers live on hope, and tell them that of hope you have none to offer. Like Pharaoh, you command your paupers to seek work, when you say that work is not procurable ; and yet if they succeed not in the search, you threaten them with the workhouse-jail, or with wholesale expatriation, which latter measure nothing but your love of gold deters you from adopting ; but if you fairly own the difficulty, contrast your system of painful and inevitable "vicissitude" with that which the associative system holds out for your acceptance, and then say whether of the twain deserves adoption, or, at least, consideration.

Begin we with your elder sons :—*now*, your estates are burdened with contingent charges, which sour their minds, and harden every generous feeling of their breasts. The Phalanstery delivers the primogenital estate into the hands of your eldest son, free of all encumbrance, and considerably increased in point of value and of income. *Now*, your younger sons are born in mansions, and pass their earliest days and form their notions and ideas on vast estates, from which, just when those blessings are beginning to be appreciated, you shut them out for ever, and bid them rest “*content*” to retrograde in the social scale, instead of advancing from the point at which their career commenced, to higher and more noble objects still. The associative system, at the worst, ensures them every comfort and external advantage they ever were accustomed to, with every prospect of, and appliance to, a gradual progression in the upward road to improvement ; each “*vicissitude*” is then to them a “*change*,” not for the worse, but for the better. *Now*, you tell your labourer if he marries and fulfils nature’s law, as well as the Divine command, sorrow and poverty, with additional care, shall be “*vicissitudes*” he must expect, *because* you have rendered them unavoidable.—Association bids him marry, and ensures him both an increase of respectability, with advantages and benefits incalculable, as a necessary consequence of his taking such a step. *Now*, we offer to our soldiers and our sailors (the officers we principally allude to at the moment), a life of dissipation, a career of vice, the bubble reputation, falsely so mis-called, and as a reward for all the hardship which they undergo, all the risk of soul and body they are

compelled to hazard, a paltry half-pay, not equal to the salaries of our upper servants.—Association points them out a course of honorable employ, a reputation worth the winning, as their prize; and when fatigued with service, they, in the decline of life, wish to retire from the field, the Phalansterian palace opens wide its doors for their reception; a retiring pension is secured, which no Society could blush to offer to their acceptance; and they find a home prepared, in all respects worthy of themselves, and instead of being unjustly exposed to the “vicissitude” of soliciting relief, they are in a position to be looked up to by all, and to render aid where aid is needed. *Now*, your public streets, of which you so much boast, are crowded with the victims of your baneful system; thousands whom you compel to live a life of crime and profligacy, and die a death of horror or starvation.—Association clears your streets, and blots even the very trace thereof from off the page of memory; it provides for all the wretched outcasts whom you scorn; it raises them from the dire “vicissitudes” to which your cruelty has exposed them. With the Gospel in its right hand, it bids the mourning sinner hope for peace; it paves the way for rest; and by removing all incentive to temptation, at once does half the work you now pretend to wish were done, but which you assert to be “impossible.” Which, then, is the better way, that which, relying on our blessed Saviour’s promise, in simple faith seeks not to escape “vicissitudes,” but to convert them into blessings,—or yours, which inevitably makes each “vicissitude” a curse? The choice is thine, Society! Thy Maker has entrusted a talent to thy care; make the election, then,

while time and space remain ; seek to make reparation for the past, or " vicissitudes " will be yours, such as you little reck of now,—such as will make you curse the day on which first you saw the light of heaven. This is no idle dream, no visionary phantom of the brain ; your conscience owns the truth, and it tells you in language not to be mistaken, that if you seek the truth and practise as you seek, that truth shall make you free,—free from error, free from " change," and free from all " vicissitude."

CHAPTER XXIX.

EQUIVALENTS.

IN the course of conversation some few days ago with a friend, he alluded to our system as being one of *equivalents*; and although the idea had never during the progress of our work, occurred to us, it certainly may fairly be pronounced as one whose basis is that of just and equitable equivalent,—a system, as it were, of “give and take;” of “ask and have;” of “seek and find;” of virtue instead of vice; of love for hate; of mutual aid instead of competition; of fact for theory; of progression in lieu of retrogradation; of rising rather than of sinking; of looking forward, and not behind our backs; and, in fine, a system of true, vital, practical religion, which all can understand, and all, without mistake experience, in lieu of a formal, theoretical, incomprehensible doctrine which permits oppression, which tacitly and secretly encourages schism, and creates heretical opinions, even among the most earnest of its professors. Little are those professors aware how much they deviate from the plain, simple precepts of that blessed Word they say is their

only guide, or how much occasion they give to the enemies of their faith to doubt the sincerity of their profession, or the efficacy of the doctrine which they teach. If by educating the lower classes of Society, you give them to taste of the tree of knowledge, and having thereby opened the eyes of their understanding to discern between good and evil, you think your work is then complete, and you may take repose, and "leave the rest to Providence," you are grievously mistaken. When by education you have disgusted them with poverty, with suffering, and political chicanery, it is your bounden duty to provide an acceptable "equivalent" for all these. It is not by preaching on the seventh day, or by your weekly lectures; it is not by Sunday-schools and infant seminaries you can ever hope adequately to reform Society, so long as you expose her younger members to the crime, the profligacy, the distress and dire want of the six days' misery which they subsequently undergo. The Almighty may be pleased to bless the efforts of the faithful few, in here and there an instance, even now; but should we not rather view this as a sign of what might be done, if all would but unite in the good and great work of making virtue profitable and desirable, vice detestable and impossible? To say that the progress we now make is an "equivalent" for the talents we possess; to assert that the rewards Society now offers for the encouragement of her members are "equivalents" for their exertions, would be absurd; for every day's and hour's experience tends to falsify such an assertion. The equivalent we offer to our Creator for the talents He has vouchsafed to us, is as a drop of water to the

ocean: those we hold out to the acceptance of our fellow-man, are as a stone in return for a loaf of bread. Will He who made us what we are, who gave these talents to be employed for His sole glory in benefiting His creatures, be satisfied with such an equivalent? And if He who needs nought from fallen creatures such as we, to add either to His infinite happiness or glory, will not be satisfied, how can we expect our fellow-mortals to appreciate a system which they feel to be one-sided, which they know is anything but a just equivalent for their labour and their toil, and which nothing but dire compulsion induces them to submit to? With Society, the "equivalent" for their labour is your prison-workhouse; the "equivalent" for the sempstress' toil is crime or utter destitution; the "equivalent" for your miner's hardships, dangers, and endurance, is degradation, both of mind and body. When some one, bolder than the rest, and more alive to the bitter reality of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, dares to stand up in your legislative house to advocate the cause of the wives and daughters of those miners, and, by strenuous effort, succeeds in rescuing them from slavery, and partially erasing from our country's brow, the dark stain of defilement, what "equivalent" does Society provide for the absence of those wages which their manumission has occasioned? Is she so deplorably poor, so desperately 'hard up,' that she cannot welcome these poor, degraded, rescued females with the hand of friendship and the voice of love; when they rise to thank her for listening to the voice of their noble Christian advocate, and say "here we are, ready to do your bidding; only give us work,

and see what a return we will make for your kindness? Are we so utterly destitute of resource as to shrink from their joyful greeting, and assert that there is *nothing* left for them to do, but to enter our workhouse-jail or starve, as an "equivalent" for their emancipation? Truly we deserve the name of Christians! And are we not a pattern for all nations under heaven? Is not this a proof of the value of that equivalent we dare to offer in return to Him to whom the talents which we own, are justly due! Your needle-grinders, and your paint-works, your noxious trades are brave equivalents for the gold you give your workmen, and the sacrifice of half their lives! A curacy and a struggle for existence are a valuable compensation for your primogenital injustice! The filthy cottage of your labourer is a noble gift in return for a life-time of hard toil, hard living, and privation! Your "Service," maritime and military, do they not amply recompense the brave defenders of your nation's honour for all their toil, their early sufferings, whether scholastic or professional? Your imposing and magnificent gin-phalansteries, are they not an un-mistakeable equivalent for "comfort," "cordial," and "refreshment" after toil,—a rich equivalent for the millions of the poor man's pence, hardly earned, and asked for back again to swell the coffers of our treasury, and prove the wealth of England, who from such a source, can furnish so enormous a revenue?

And are these not "equivalents?" Do they not redound to the honour of our country? Take we not just pride therein; and, Nebuchadnezzar-like, can we not exclaim, "Was there ever such a nation as we now are?"—"Seven times" passed over the proud King of

Babylon, and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as the oxen."—Let Society, then, beware how she exalts herself, or how she continues to impose upon the helplessness or credulity of those to whom she, under the Divine Author of her being, is indebted for the position she now occupies,—for her prospect of maintaining that position, and for blessings, to render due compensation for which, her utmost efforts would be nugatory. Say not that our picture is too highly coloured; talk not of exaggeration, without duly scrutinizing every touch; accompany us to the dying-bed of yon sick child, who for months has been lingering on the verge of eternity, a victim to poverty and helpless sickness; come with us into the close, and, to you, almost suffocating atmosphere, of that upper chamber of your "picturesque thatched cottage," and ask yourself, Society, how could you endure health and vigour in such a place as that, and if under such adventitious circumstances, life was scarce worth having, how in pain, in hunger, poverty and distress, the "equivalent" would be supportable by your human nature? Nay, answer not as yet; we know the corresponding answer you have ready, "*They are accustomed to such things.*" We know they are; and to our utter shame and confusion of face be such a fact producible against us. But do we think that this equivalent will be accepted, when we survey our well-cultivated (as we deem them now) fields, our comfortable mansions, either metropolitan or rural; our vast estates, and still vaster funds? Is there not a 'still small voice' within, which whispers anything but peace, which bids us turn the picture to the other side, and

faithfully contrast the fearful difference of the two? Again, answer us not yet; we know the words which tremble now for utterance on your tongue, "Providential dispensations are to be considered, on occasions which you now allude to." And is this all? Is a stale dogma, worn even until it is threadbare, an "equivalent" for the light wherewith your mind is blessed, and which your conscience owns? We grant the doctrine of Providential dispensation, to its utmost limit. In every event of human life, we would see and acknowledge the working of an Almighty Hand; but are we sure these "Providential dispensations," as we choose to term them, are really such? Have we ever paused to ask if some of them, at least, are not remediable by human means, and whether the talent is not already ours to obviate and remove the sorrows and the sufferings of our brethren, if we choose to use the means wherewith our Heavenly Parent has so abundantly supplied us? To illustrate;—is our monetary system a "Providential dispensation" in its details? Is it based on firm unchangeable natural laws? If so, it is adequate to every emergency and each necessity of the human race. But is this the case? "Why, no; how *can* it be?" replies Society. Again, is our educative system a "Providential dispensation," or is it not mutable, and dependant wholly on the will and pleasure of mankind? Is it adequate to the teaching our children the true road to heaven, or of inducing them to practise literally, and in deed and truth, the precepts of that Bible, we tell them is to be their rule of action? We believe that, on due investigation, the very reverse of this will be found to be the case. Again; is the

workhouse an inevitable dispensation of Providence ; or are the thousands of wretched outcasts of Society turned loose upon our streets by *Providential dispensation*, or by the unjust cruelty of Society, which she on any day may abandon at her will ?

You ask what is our equivalent for the relinquishment of the miseries we complain of? We tell you that association furnishes it in abundance : the Phalanstery contains within its walls a refuge for the destitute ; a hospital for the sick ; an asylum for the aged and infirm ; schools for children ; nurseries for the infants,—every Phalanstery is in fact a School ; it is all and each of those institutions we have named, and, as far as human foresight can discern, it is the only just “equivalent” we have now to offer to the oppressed of our species for their toil and talents,—the only reparation for the wrongs which they have received at our hands. Do we seek to avoid the degrading scenes which occur at our political elections?—In association, the whole system is for ever banished ; the excitement at an end ; for the opinion of each institution could be obtained in the space of a few hours by the heads of the establishment. Do we *really* wish the poor degraded objects who patrol our gas-lit streets, once more to raise their heads and hope for better days ; to aim at a higher destiny than theirs is now ; and is it our desire, in *faith and truth*, to raise them from the depths of degradation into which, by our wretched system, they are plunged?—The Phalanstery has no streets for nightly perambulation ; the curse of celibacy is removed ; and the necessity (as you term it now,) for crime, is wholly done away with and eradicated. You

say that crime would still exist, and we deny it not; we merely say that the degree of crime would at once be infinitely lessened, and that those who could not exist without committing crime, would soon find that the Phalanstery was no place for them. Then would commence the overflow, of which we heretofore have spoken, as occurring in the natural serial order of affairs; voluntary emigration would begin, first, with those who, impatient of all control or surveillance, would by choice depart to other climes; then those whose inclination led them to research, or who possessed an instinctive wish for a wider range. The number of our convicts would be greatly lessened, and their place occupied by men whose characters were free from stain, whose means were adequate to their own support; and in the emigrating department, we should soon have to congratulate Society upon as improved a race of men, as we now have when we visit her Railway Institutions. We have said, that the number of convicts would be lessened—we most religiously believe it; for, from their earliest years, attention would be paid, not only to the education, but to the disposition of each child belonging to the Phalanstery; and it is our firm conviction, that if a disposition were evinced by a child to persist in deviating from the path of rectitude, and its parents, or the rulers of the institution, were, instead of sending that child to school, where every evil habit that exists is certain to be confirmed, to send him or her (the boys, especially,) to a distant colony, for a few years, the whole tenor of that child's disposition would be so altered, from the mere fact of a diversion being given to his normal thoughts

and ideas, that by the time he reached the age of manhood, you might then produce an honor to Society, instead of a convicted felon. Society may scorn at this, and, putting on a puritanical look, assert the thing to be impossible, and say she is convinced that "nothing but Almighty grace can change the heart of man." Sincerely do we subscribe to this doctrine, nay, we challenge her to proof of faith. But we ask, do you expect the divine grace to visit and to change the hearts of your children, when you supply every known incentive to corruption? Is this your "equivalent" for the Holy Spirit's work of grace? Or is not the measure we uphold, much more likely to aid that blessed Spirit, and draw down a blessing upon the measure, upon the objects which it seeks to raise from their corruption, and upon the furtherers and projectors of the plan? Are we not ashamed to bend the knee before the altar of our Maker, and hypocritically and presumptuously ask a blessing upon our worldly business, when we know it is conducted upon principles of rank injustice, ay, and downright cruelty besides? What is the "equivalent" which we then offer Him for all His present mercies,—all His expected blessings? Shirk the question as we will, conscience will be heard at times; and we are in danger of incurring that equivalent for our hypocrisy, which those will meet with, who, on being summoned to account for their use of talents, will receive, when surrounded by the spirits of the poor despised children of our mines, our factories, our miserable streets and suburbs of our towns, the Judge shall point to them, and asking what we have done for Him, shall say "*Inasmuch as ye did it not unto*

one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me!" O what will be our "equivalent" then, for the endless happiness we have lost? What compensation would we not offer then, for one brief hour of respite and repentance? How shall we dare to meet the gaze of those thousands of happy infant spirits, whom our accursed gin-shops, our degrading poverty, have murdered? Their equivalent is, we trust, through their Redeemer's merit, joy and happiness and bliss eternal. But what will ours be, at that awful hour? Where, where shall we then hide our overwhelming shame, or how listen to the sentence which the Bible tells us is certain to be pronounced? We may postpone the question now, and seek to stifle conscience on the subject of "equivalents;" but the day is fast approaching when the veil will be uplifted, and all mystery cleared away. The false notions, and still falser evasions, of Society, will be revealed before angels, and the assembled hosts of heaven; and it will then be shewn how far our duty to our neighbour has been done; how far the honor of our Maker has been sought; how far error has succeeded as truth's "equivalent;" and whether the system Society now pursues so fondly, is worthier than ours of the Phalanstery.

CHAPTER XXX.

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.

SAYS Society to us, "never do any thing by halves;" to which we reply, "certainly not, Madam; for we never yet saw the use or benefit derivable from such erroneous practice:" upon which she turns round upon her heel, and slyly whispers to her next neighbour, pointing with her thumb over the shoulder at us,— "though I told him never to do any thing by halves, still, between ourselves, I am of opinion that 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' whether you have any chance of ever obtaining more or not." Thus, a friend writes to us a critique upon our first 'Horse-Shoe Nail:' says he, "I partly agree with you in your sentiments, as regards the lower classes; for instance, the poor-laws *might* be improved; and if there were *fewer* public-houses, benefit *might* accrue; passion is wrong, as exhibited by parents towards their children, but correction is requisite; and, as dispositions differ, its application is most essential," &c. &c. &c. This is precisely what we had anticipated from a moderate well-thinking friend; all such admit the evils which we

labour under as indubitable; but they cannot make up their minds to part with all their old societal prejudices, neither can they bear to relinquish the whole estate they now possess, without keeping back a part of the price thereof, in secret:—evidently, then, *their* motto is “half a loaf is preferable to no bread.” They would give us the half-loaf, and when that was gone, they would neither furnish us with the remainder, nor with the means of manufacturing more bread. This is certainly in accordance with the decrees of Society, and the system they were taught; and the upholders of that system are not to be condemned as hardened reprobates, because they do not at once perceive the full force of our arguments: far from it; we would, therefore, merely request their calm attention to the facts which bear most obviously upon our system, and neither condemn them for adherence to their own views, nor wish to force a false assertion of conviction from them, until their views are changed, and they perceive the truth of Phalansterian arguments. Now it is quite clear that if we offer half a loaf, we are “doing the thing” by halves: of this there is no question; and, as a matter of course, Society, by her own words, is judged, without a sentence passed by us. We will now proceed to analyse the “half-loaf” system. We take a village, as now constituted, to begin with. Say we, pull “half” down; and leaving the remainder, build “half” a Phalanstery, and invite “half” our village population to inhabit it: now what is the inevitable result of this? Your first principle of an Associative Union is at once annihilated; you form two parties, on grounds of mutual competition; you

leave "half" your beer-shops to contaminate the whole of your population; feelings of envy, strife, and mutual dislike thrive most abundantly; and you place Society in the position of those who, each striving for possession of a rope, are pulling with all their might and main at each end thereof, until the rope separates in the midst, and both the pullers catch a fall, which it is well if one of them does not die thereof. If we wish to know the exact amount of good derivable from the "half-loaf" system, we have only to open both our ears and eyes, and look or listen around us now. Our poor-law is founded on this basis; no work, starvation, or a half-loaf and the workhouse-jail. Our school system is on the same.—Says Society to her younger boys, "there's a slice of bread, (no butter, mind you;) lots of work, and 'half-pay,' when you've done the work I set you." The tradesman owns the same direction: he sets him down in some snug nook, and begins a thriving business.—"That's not fair!" exclaims Society, his mother. "Halves!" cries she;—and sends a brother to divide the thriving trade; and thus she helps them both to jail.

Her eldest sons, too, have good reason to complain, ay, quite as good as we who are compelled to put up with a slice. Society says to them, "I'll give you all my estate; but mark me, I'll encumber it with mortgages, post obits, annuities, and what not, just as the fancy suits me; but still, I'm very generous in giving you the estate, and making such an ample provision for you, my favorite child; do'nt say a word, but remember *half a loaf is better than no bread*.—Look at your sister, and your brother; they are fain to be content with only a small slice!" Thus she goes on; and the

only plausible excuse which can be made for her, is this,—that her wits are so be-fuddled with the gin, the beer, the ale, and porter which she swills, to say nothing of those poisonous fluids in which she so much delights, yclept Port-wine and Sherry, that she sees all things double; half-loaves to her are whole ones; one loaf, an entire batch; and the batch a ship's cargo, at the very least. As she progresseth in her unsteady course, she goes about, exclaiming “never do things by halves; oh, no! never do things by halves!”

It is, then, when she has reached this most unseemly climax of intellectual intoxication, that the spirits of the Phalanstery, instead of mocking at, or ridiculing, her degradation, would take the garment of association, and, stepping backwards, hide the humiliation of Society from the gaze of wondering and surrounding nations. They would, when she awakes, point out the incongruity which subsists between her actions and her words; they would shew her that reformation can *never* be effected by division; that “half” a reformation is no reform at all; and that if the pestilential leaven be in the minutest portion left, the whole lump will be infected by it. Desperate disease requires desperate, or rather, we should say, an *energetic* remedy; no “half” measures will suffice us now; nor does your ancient regime now avail to rouse the torpid energies of your patient. By education and example, new desires have been created; and is not this the refinement of cruelty, if you never intended these desires to be gratified? You may tell us such an effect was not anticipated; but is this a sufficient reason? and think you that we shall rest content with such an “half-loaf”

as that? A mouldy crust, which you have kept for ages past, to use upon occasions of emergency, or when Society was too idle to bake fresh and wholesome bread? We dare to say, Society never did anticipate the true effect of education; and, what is more, she dare not ponder upon the ultimate result. Think not, however, that we deprecate education; far from it; we rejoice to watch its progress, for we see Society thereby compelled to rouse up from her intoxicated slumber, and employ her native energies, if not from sheer goodwill, and a wish to afford assistance to her family, at least, in self-defence. We entreat her, then, to waken up, and cast up her accounts; and we fear the debit side thereof will present a fearful catalogue of "half-loaves" still owing to her members,—to those who, while she has been revelling in luxury and indulgence, have been toiling hard for her support, and whose best energies have been wholly exerted, in the hope of saving her from the fate towards which her headlong course of infatuated dissipation has of late so rapidly impelled her.

But let the advocates of the "half-loaf" system handsel their own invention; let them go to Swan and Edgar's, to the "ruination-shop," in Regent Street, or elsewhere: let any one of these well-taught children of Society ask at these renowned Institutions, for a dozen cambric handkerchiefs; and receiving half the number, be told that "half a loaf is better than no bread," we opine the ruination-shop would soon be "ruinated," and that our friends the Cygnets and the Edgars of the colonnade, might join the squadron of "colonization upon an extended scale," and seek to sell their wares

upon the "half-loaf" system, to some more readily satisfied community than ours. "But," Society says here, "really I do not possess so much bread as you suppose ; and, in actual fact, I have not so much even as half a loaf to give to all my numerous applicants." More shame for you, Madam, then, is our reply ; for if you had been baking, instead of rioting and sleeping, not only would you have had bread enough for all, but some to spare by this time ; if you had spent your money in good, wholesome flour, instead of gin ; if you had built alms-houses instead of jails, which you dignify by the appellative of workhouses, and done the same by your public-houses and your beer-shops, it stands to reason and to common sense that the evils now accruing from these "cursed things" could not now exist ; for the cause removed, the effect itself must cease. Again ; had you set out upon the method of Association, your eldest son's estates would long ere this have been free from all encumbrance, and a provision for the younger members of your family made, which you now consider as visionary and impossible ; but the vision is entirely an illusion of your own brain, and the impossibility, of your own creation ; then both are quite removable at your will, and with the use of a little extra exertion ; only be assured of this, "half" exertion will not avail you in this exigency : turning round upon your bed, from one side to the other, is not getting up ; but if you prefer the slothful system, why then you deserve "half" a breakfast for your morning's meal, and to be compelled to hunt your dinner as you may ; after the most absurd and cruel custom you impose upon your children and dependants. You tell us that you don't possess the

means of furnishing a whole loaf, much less an abundance of loaves : granted ; upon your present system we can readily understand the argument, and we can also see why, if our baker laid in bed all day, and rioted all night, we should be minus the staff of life when the ladies summoned us to breakfast in the morning. Nothing is plainer, of a surety ; but if we can shew you not only how your customers may all and each be most abundantly and regularly supplied with *whole* loaves when they want them ; and, moreover, of a quality you say is not obtainable by you now, and how, instead of halving the *loaf*, we can afford to halve the *price* thereof, and supply any quantity of the article ; why then, is not the “ impossibility ” you speak of, wholly done away ? Society now inquires if she is to be kept close to the bake-shop all her life ; We say, no ; there are plenty of your members, good men and true, who are only waiting for your orders to commence the “ whole loaf ” system, and to render you the most strict account of material entrusted to their charge. Surely the principle on which we first set out upon the business, is some voucher for success. We seek but to exemplify, in literal fact, as well as words, that precept you so often quote, and which you so wholly disregard in practice, viz. this, “ Do to others as you would that they should do to you.” When our poor labourers ask for bread, we would not offer them the half-loaf of the workhouse—a literal stone in lieu of bread ; when they ask for fish, we would not say, behold the scorpion or the serpent, “ gin,” or “ ale,” instead ; we would say to them, when pointing to the Phalanstery, behold the mansion is prepared, the banquet is spread

forth ; partake freely of the one, and dwell within the other, just so long as suits your inclination or your circumstances.—There is our code of laws ; you are free to choose them or reject them as you please ; if you take them, you then also share in all our profits ; if you reject them, they are not forced upon you, but you are at liberty to seek a system more congenial to your taste elsewhere. We neither pick or choose our guests : all are free to the Phalanstery. Separate apartments for each class are found therein ; and none can interfere with or annoy the other. We likewise neither meddle with, or destroy, the smallest portion of estates already occupied ; and equality of grade, condition, or of means, is the very last thing we should think of ; all we ask is “live and let live,” not on “half a loaf,” but on a full and ample superfluity of loaves. Your semi-system has reduced more than one half your family to utter destitution ; your house is a patch-work fabric, propped up here, cemented there, until the whole threatens to fall headlong, and annihilate you in the fall.—You tell us to beware of “doing things by halves,” and in the same breath declare “religion may be all very well, in its proper place ; but as to applying it to politics, why the very idea is absurd !” And it may be equally adviseable to teach the children their catechism, and all that ; but as to expecting them to practise what they learn, in literal fact, you take good care to place impediments in the way to render such a consummation wholly impracticable. Honesty *may* be the *best* policy ; but Society says that mystification and crookedness *pay* her better. We are quite sure she only views “one-half” the picture when she makes

this affirmation, and if she could but see the vast amount of loss accruing from this fatal, single-sided view, her horror and dismay would overturn her faith in partial temporizing policy ; she would shake off the baneful mantle of procrastination ; she would cast out the demon of expediency ; and, rousing every energy, while time was yet permitted, she would hasten to repair her past neglect, and deem the hours all too short for the work she had to do. Work done by halves is never done ; a "half-good" spirit is an evil spirit ; "half" poison will suffice to kill ; "half" joy is but a shade of grief ; "half" life is, in literal fact, "half" death ; and—in heaven nought is "halved." Its gates can never stand "half" open ; its bliss is perfect and entire,—endless, boundless, freely offered. It bids us enter and partake that bliss, for the fountain is exhaustless. Shall we, then, refuse the boon ? Shall we risk this glorious hope, by stupidly adhering to our present system ; or shall we generously confess our error, and accept the guidance of the fiery pillar ?

CHAPTER XXXI.

EQUALITY.

DURING the past week, videlicet the third week of June, 1843, we have been honored with no less than three critiques upon our first "Horse-Shoe Nail," which has been subjected to the public opinion for a few days only: the first, from a father of a family, designating all works on education, which happen to be written by those unfortunate beings he scornfully terms "old maids and bachelors," as "*twaddle*." Of course our highly valued friends MISS MITFORD, SARAH STICKNEY, L. E. L., CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, and a host of glittering stars, of which our nation may be justly proud, are included in this sweeping condemnation, that is, in so far as their writings are concerned, previous to any matrimonial change in their respective conditions.—"*Twaddle*," too, must then be the works of the martyrs, both of this and preceding centuries: HENRY MARTYN, KIRKE WHITE, and a long, long line of worthies, reaching even unto the APOSTLES, who, as far as we can ascertain, were most of them single men, and on whose precepts our educational system professes to be founded.

Pass we this by. The second criticism is from a father also,—a thoughtful, judicious, serious-thinking man, whose valuable opinion we set much store by, but whose queries we have already replied to, in our last “nail.” The third and last critique is from the pen of a young lady, who furnishes us with the material for our morning’s work this day, for she taxes us with being a “leveller” in Society, and hints at national destruction as the consequence of the “equality” system. Now, though a greater mistake cannot by any possibility be made, than to designate an old Tory as a “leveller,” still we are by no means offended with the young lady aforesaid: she evidently mistakes the bent of our design; and as she has been brought up under the old system of considering that it is impossible to rise in the social scale, or climb up the ladder of Society, without either pulling some unfortunate wight off the ladder aforesaid, or trampling upon his shoulders, or his head, and thus taking his place from him, why it is perfectly natural when she hears us talk, or sees us write, about “raising” people in Society, she, as she is aware of no other method than the one in vogue at present, should imagine that we were advocating the trampling and pulling-down system. On due investigation, however, we trust it will be perceived, that nothing is further from our intention than such a measure: indeed the very first principles of Phalansterianism, according to our interpretation of the doctrine, most effectually prevent the possibility of the levelling plan from taking place. And herein consists, in our opinion, one of its chief beauties,—because this is NATURE’S way, and she has learned her lesson in

the celestial school of her Divine Maker. In endeavouring, then, to calm the fears of the young lady, who doubtless grieved much to think that we were drinking deep of the Radical waters of equality, we used the figure of a *ladder*, and we shewed her that all we wished to do was to let the people take their proper stations thereupon, and bidding them "hold fast," *our* system raised the *ladder*, and the people with it,—each preserving their own respective grade or stave ; and as Society's ladder is at present by no means long enough for all, we, instead of setting the people to scramble for places upon the former old stage-coach plan, whereby many a bruise and many a blow, many a cuff and many a curse, many a disappointment and many a disaster ensued, we would adopt the system of our admirable friends the Railways, and *lengthen our ladder*, just as they *extend their trains*, when more room is wanted. Where, then, is the equality? Again, as the railways do, we have our first and second, third and fourth classes of Society ; and we deem the system just as applicable to Society in a mansion as in a railway carriage. Your colleges, too, they have their Masters, Tutors, Fellows, Scholars, Stewards, Cooks, Gyps, Bed-makers, Scouts, and Scullions : just so would be the Phalanstery ; and as to levelling, or equality, the thing would be by nature utterly impossible,—the idea would be at once annihilated. There is no "equality" in heaven ; therefore, how can we dream of such a thing on earth? And equality of dimension, in every natural production, is just as rational a climax to be expected, as equality of grade, fortune, or condition : one is quite as attainable as the other, upon natural

principles ; and were either of them to be attained by any means whatever, the universe would be instantaneously dissolved. But because this is nature's law, and that of our and nature's God, are we then to use it as a "cloke of licentiousness," and make it the scape-goat of our many sins of injustice and oppression? Are we to palliate our senseless mode of kicking the poor climbers on Society's ladder from the post they gain, and trampling them in the dust when fallen? Far, far be it from English hearts to act thus wantonly, thus cruelly, thus devilishly! Why not place the poor creatures on the ladder, and if the ladder be not long enough, then lengthen it, or make more? We have material enow, and more than we can use; we have strength enow, and let us use the talent to our Maker's glory; we have nature's aid, and let us not despise it, lest the day should come when all these good things shall be withholden, and we in vain implore the help we now despise and disregard—we might almost say abuse and controvert. The very aim we hold in view should be our voucher for a better character. Look at your true leveller in Society; sift his motives well: ask him to assist you in the good work of reformation; what is his reply? "I care not what becomes of *others*,—only let *me* do what I like, and the rest may then look out for themselves." Who has not heard this? Your Conservative is a "leveller," for this axiom is in all their mouths. Your Whig (not he of the olden time), is a "leveller," for he abides by the same motto. Your Radical is a wholesale destroyer; for not only does he wish to reap an isolated benefit from every move, but in his heart he wishes the whole world were

his, and his alone. But what has made him thus? And what has influenced the rest? Society's unjust, cruel mode of action to her children has produced the evil; her deviation from the laws of her Creator has produced it; her indifference to the outcries of her suffering members has produced it; her base encouragement and pampering of vice has been a primary means of its production; her gross neglect of genuine worth, strict honesty and honour have helped her on her downward road. She has mystified the truth, Conservatism is but another term for Whiggery of a spurious nature; it bears no more resemblance to the Toryism to which it claims to owe its parentage, than Puseyism or Papacy to the true Protestant faith. Toryism repudiates it in toto; for it knows the thing attained its present stave upon the ladder by the Tory's aid, which, when afforded, was despised; whose dearest hopes were then annihilated, and his welfare disregarded. The Radical would legislate for self; the Whig would advocate class legislation; the Conservative legislates for party; but the Tory for his nation and his country,—putting self aside entirely,—raising every class in their present grade, and acknowledging no party but the doers of his Maker's will. The Radical would set the world on fire, if he thought that he might escape singly, and profit by the result; the Whig would slyly mystify the truth, and snugly scrape together all the wealth he could for himself, and a few selected friends or coadjutors; the Conservative would play at leap-frog, and placing his hands upon the Tory's shoulders, vault upon the ladder, mount the wall, then take away the ladder, and pointing to his humbled friend, tell him that his

day has passed. But the Phalansterian makes another ladder; and, taking his true friend, the Tory, by the hand, restores him his position, and calls him to his aid, to raise all those whom the Whig, the Radical, and the Conservative have left trampled in the dust, and wallowing in the ditch. The Radical talks loudly of equality—tell him to invite his footman to sit down every day to table with himself, his family, and his guests. The Whig declares himself an advocate for equality and liberality: ask him to share the income of his estate between his tenantry and his labourers. The Conservative boasts much of his purity of politics, and the good his creed produced to Society in the aggregate: shew him the workhouse and the Income Tax; ask him what preparation he has made to meet the exigencies of the coming winter, the deficiencies of the revenue, or the commercial uncertainties of the nation? Shew them each their respective ladders, and let them be compared with ours; but mark, we wish not to monopolize the boon which the new system of ladder-making would confer,—each and every shade of politics may adopt it, if they choose; but narrowly watch the result: if they choose to act with us, the Whig would then become a Tory; the Radical a Tory; the Conservative a Tory; *for in the Phalanstery no other political creature could exist; like tadpoles (as they now are), they would change their skins, and all come forth true, genuine, happy frogs,—some larger and some less, 'tis true, but still all frogs, and neither newts (qu. Whigs), toads (qu. Rads), nor tadpoles (qu. Conservatives), among 'em.* It is a singular fact in natural history, that if you shut a tadpole up in total darkness,

he continues to grow, but never becomes a frog, and at best is but an enormous tadpole. What a lesson does our instructress NATURE, teach us here ! If we keep our people in a state of moral and mental darkness, in mystification and in error, is it not just so with them ? But let them all enjoy an equality of *nature's* gifts, (mind, not societal or political equality), and is not the result exactly similar to that which takes place in regard to the tadpole and the frog ? It does not follow that *all* the frogs attain the same dimensions or position, but each and all have adequate provision made for them, and are happy in their way. Some emigrate, and some stay at home ; choice is left to all ; but if they choose, the pond is their Phalanstery, always ready and prepared for their reception. That nature never intended such an inequality to exist as we now find obtaining in Society, we do most firmly believe ; for we have only to look at the savages who live in a state of nature to strengthen this belief ; but the strange anomaly, which is now perceptible, of a nation rolling in wealth, and dying of starvation, seeking to evangelize the world, and committing wholesale infant murder, and every species of nameable and unmentionable abomination, at one and the same moment, is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of the world : it forms a topic which might make the wisest pause, and tremble for the consequence. As to levelling, we have only to ask nature her opinion on the subject ; she would tell you in reply, " You may do it my son, if you please ; but it is a step *I* never take. Look at the mountains and the hills ; the rocks and cliffs of your native land ; supposing I were to adopt the measure of your radical

friend, and level this beautiful island of yours, what would be the natural and inevitable result? Why, *the sea would overflow the whole, and your island would then cease to have existence among the habitable portions of the globe.* Again, look at the result of levelling one class only; and, for our example, take the vegetable,—I should, upon the equality plan, make thistles as large as the highest pine, and forests of nettle-trees would sting you all to death, or poison you with their effluvia. I should make dragons, then, in literal reality; for a wasp would be as large as a whale, and and a flea would measure with the elephant. To render an equivalent to man, he must then have the same proportion; and in this case, an acre of ground would not suffice for him to stand upon; the earth would be so burthened with the weight she had to bear, that she would deviate from her present orbit, and ‘confusion worse confounded’ would ensue among the starry hosts of heaven’s glorious firmament. But instead of this, I place all my creatures on their separate stave; my Maker bid me thus progress; and if I transgress His perfect law, confusion must inevitably result.” This, then, is Nature’s exposition of “equality.” We may be censured for dwelling so intently upon natural causes for the effects we see produced among us in Society; we do so purposely, for we are well assured that *no* evil exists *naturally*, and that for every *effect* there must exist a corresponding and specific cause. Shadow does not follow substance more inseparably than does effect to cause;—and it is as much in our power to remove the major part of our social evils, as, by removing any substance which causes shadow, we

can at pleasure take away that shadow. Now to our proof.—If you allow the levellers in Society to take the management of the Phalansterian or Associative system, the result is as certainly ascertained already, as if the experiment had been tried; and we will stake our reputation upon it, that if they adopt it, it will surely fail, that is, *unless they change their principles in the first instance*. The ark of the Living God slew and plagued the Philistines, while they had it in their keeping; the same ark was the cause of blessing to the house of Obed-Edom; and the chosen people of God were blessed by it also. And thus is it with every blessing of the Almighty. The Holy Name of our Redeemer was effectual in the mouths of His Apostles to cast out evil spirits: the seven sons of Sceva impiously profaned that holy name, in their pretended exorcisms, and met with their deserved punishment. Let the enemies of our faith try Association: while their present principles are maintained, we fear not the result; for we know and are assured that they are only hastening on their own destruction. But let the true disciples of the Saviour of mankind act upon the Phalansterian measure of Association, and we have no more doubt of their ultimate and triumphant success, than we have of the failure of their foes. If it were not thus, the two classes would be on an equality, and this we know can never be the case. Knowing, then, the absolute impossibility of equality, let us aim at what is in our power, viz. to raise the fallen; heal the sick, in mind or body; cleanse the leprous politician, socialist, and other deluded beings. As we have freely received, let us freely give,—not grudgingly, or of necessity, as

we now do, but willingly, and of our abundance. By doing this, all classes of Society will be raised, and yet none approach each other nearer than they now are. The Almighty gave us each our separate position; His Blessed Son bade us take our place, and wait until it was said to us, "Friend, go up higher." And that is now said to all who choose to hear, and move up in regular gradation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

 ENDINGS.

As an appropriate finish to our "Horse-Shoe Nails," we have selected the above heading. There are some of our readers who will object thereto, doubtless; and divers suggestions would present themselves in lieu of our choice: for instance, "The Finish;" "The Last Nail;" "Points," &c. &c. &c. The first puts us in mind of "Corinthianism," now exploded, happily for Society, at least, by name, though the Tom and Jerry shops still remain, to our utter disgrace as a community, be it spoken or written; the second savours too much of a street organ, grinding the "Last Rose of Summer" to pulp, infinitessimally divided and subdivided: "Points" remind us of "heads," and "heads" of "tails"—the two combined, of the title of other books that are already in existence; therefore after a week's deliberation upon this most important topic, we came to the resolution which induced us to adopt "Endings," (not "ends," for candle-ends, wax-ends, and all manner of vulgar notions would then have been afloat upon the brain,) as the most fitting finale to this portion of our literary labours. This point settled;

then let us now reflect upon "endings," as applicable to Society, and the world at large.

It must be evident to every reflective mind, that each and all of the human race must by necessity have some great end in view, as a guiding motive for their actions, and the direction of their general conduct, both as respects Society and themselves individually. Thus the savage passes his time in hunting and trapping the wild beasts of the forest, in order to supply himself with food, and to procure skins wherewithal to trade with more civilized communities than that to which he himself belongs. His motives then, are few, for his wants correspond with those motives. Not so with us of England's favored clime; our wants are many: our motives—what shall we say? Are they many? Perchance they may be; though we fear the "ending" here, is, in most cases, selfishness, and the ruling motive, gain, or gold, as the supreme idol, to attain which every effort of our human nature is exerted. Now, it is quite clear, such a course is not the result of nature's schooling; for if it had been, all nations under the sun would alike have been actuated by the same prevailing principle; and as nature never creates a demand, without at the same time furnishing a most abundant supply of the article in demand, it necessarily follows that *her* "ending," in this case, would inevitably have been to produce as much money as could by possibility be ever required by any or by all of her children, whether black, white, red, tawny, lead-coloured, or of that anomalous colour yclept creole. Society, however, have, by some uncommon process, arrived at an end they by no means anticipated; indeed

a doubt may be fairly raised as to whether they ever thought about the matter at all; and the "ending" in this case is that which we have so often hinted at of late, videlicet, that in their over weening haste to collect all the money they could, in any way, fair or foul, scrape together, they overlooked one little "horse-shoe nail," which we have picked up, and presented to their notice more than once: we allude to the fact, that, in their calculations, they omitted to consider, that as population now increases, the supply of cash by no means keeps pace with the aforesaid population; neither upon our present system can there be the slightest possibility in nature that it should do so; meanwhile, each hour increases the difficulty, and lengthens the horns of the dilemma. Nevertheless, so far from using every known exertion in our power to remedy the evil here, we stand in Society staring at the growing phantom, transfixed in mute astonishment and wonder,—like him, who, when visited by the night-mare, gapes in wondering horror at the vision, but seems bereft of every faculty which could aid him to escape therefrom. Says one, "O there is but one remedy; and if you don't adopt it, things will soon come to an end, of their own selves: and that remedy is, you must *alter the value of your standard.*"

Out of the frying-pan into the fire, say we; deliberate moral suicide in the face of the whole globe; running voluntarily upon the horns of the dilemma, and piercing yourself without waiting to be pierced, and taking the chance of escape; breaking the national faith, and kicking up such a hubbub, as has not been known in the world for ages past. Besides, at best, the plan is

but a palliative ; and palliatives we do not want ; neither will we have them, unless as in the case of the Income Tax, you absolutely force them down our throats, nolens volens ; and if you do that, you may rest assured that the palliative will do more harm than good. We want *remedies*,—*true, genuine removers of indisposition* ; and if remedies are to be obtained, have them we will, whether the source be quackery, or the legitimate M. D. F. R. Ss of Society. If the cold-water system cures the patient, what care we whether ABERNETHY or PREISSNITZ be the Physician ? The good “ending” is effected, and that is our sole concern.

Then says another, there’s “extensive Colonization for you,—take that and try it.” “Much obleeged to yer all the same ; but the physic suits us not.” In the first place, you have no right to send your paupers out of their native country unprovided for, as you now do, to your shame be it said : and in the next place, we don’t choose to part with our best labourers, as we deem they can be much better and more profitably employed at home ; at all events, we wish the experiment to be made, and fairly tried. Forced emigration is a last resource of a falling nation in civilized society ; it has but one *natural* ending, and that ending is the destruction of the nation which adopts the measure. A voluntary change of country has just the reverse effect ; and the simile of medicine here holds good again ; for medicine given against the patient’s will, generally does more harm than good ; whereas by pursuing an opposite course, good will usually ensue. According to the fatalist in Society, the end of every thing, animate or inanimate, is destruction ; and when, on every

occasion of difficulty or of trial, they raise the cry of "the world is coming to an end," and think they exhibit a superior degree of wisdom thereby, they entirely overlook the blessed promise, "Behold I create new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace." The true Christian steadily keeps this "end" in view : what matters difficulty to him, then? How can danger either affright him, or cause him to swerve from the path he has been enabled to attain? He rejoices in tribulation, knowing that the "end" of tribulation is happiness and peace. The "end" of life is not "death," to him, but life eternal; the "end" of toil and trouble, rest; the "end" of time, an eternity of joy. But he rests not here: his aim while on earth is to raise all his fallen brethren from the low depths of degradation into which they are so rapidly sinking. He knows the means we now make use of, are inadequate to the end, as much so as a single drop of water to extinguish a devouring flame. He knows, too, that you might as well attempt to keep the flame under by these means as effectually to provide for and control the passions and wants of twenty-seven millions of his fellow-creatures by the same measures which served the purpose with eight or ten millions. Palliation is worse than no attempt at cure; for as fast as we palliate for one class, another rises up which requires aid, and, before a third approaches, the diseases which affect the first have broken out again, and we are more perplexed than ever. The only remedy, then, is a thorough change of system from the first even to the last—a mighty change which shall affect all, and arrest the progress of decay at once. Strict, literal adherence

to the guidance of the sacred and inspired Book of heavenly medicine will be requisite ; and by the adoption of the remedies we find there prescribed, in a measure commensurate with the exigencies of our country, we shall find our constitution gradually renovated, our powers, mental, intellectual, and corporeal, strengthened ; simultaneously will our eyes be opened to behold fresh wonders ; new light will brighten up our path, and then instead of viewing all things in nature as tending to destruction, shall we perceive the mighty working of the Almighty Hand, in directing all to His eternal glory, to perfection, endless in duration, and faultless, because designed by Him. But can we hope to attain an “ ending ” such as this, by following the path we now pursue ? Can we dare presume to think, that a nation of professing Christians, sinning as we now sin, are fulfilling the intention of our Great Creator, or advancing the glory of His kingdom, and the name of His blessed Son on earth ? Are our seventh-day’s sacrifices adequate to produce an “ ending ” full of bliss, as that which we profess to seek ? Alas ! alas ! we are dreaming, instead of acting with open eyes ; we are satisfied with groping upon the earth for straws, while a crown of glory is offered to our acceptance, which we will not even deign to look at.

Truly the “ endings ” of Society’s best efforts are well worthy of ridicule, were the subject not too serious to be made a matter of mirth. What do we now hold out as the end of the poor man’s labour ?—The workhouse. What is the highest earthly attainment, even of the most successful among those of that class

of Society: is it worth a life of toil, of deprivation, and of hardship? Is there one among us who would voluntarily undergo what he endures, for the sake of the same reward? Again; instead of waiting to see what "end" will be produced by the quick and rapid march of machinery and human invention, why are we not in the field to meet it—prepared to turn the stream into a proper channel, and at once ready to receive the boon, as a gift from heaven should be received? Doubt we that we should not be taught by the same Supreme Giver of the blessing, the right and proper use thereof, did we but diligently seek for light and direction? If we do, we are not true Christians, but only infidel professors. So long as we look at machinery simply as a means of filling our individual coffers with wealth, in just an equal measure will the true and legitimate intention of the boon be withheld from us; and in the stead of proving a blessing to mankind, invention will prove a curse. Do we think this strong language?—Look around, and say if it be not fact. We boast much of our primogenital laws; and their intention, we freely own, was, in the first instance, good; but look at the "endings" of these laws, as now applicable to Society: two-thirds of those who are born in every possible degree of comfort, are doomed to lower in the scale of Society—to suffer hardship, poverty, and distress; and the remaining third are forced to live on estates encumbered as heavily as they can bear, so that none, in reality, reap the full and entire benefit which under a better system, might accrue; and this is richly deserved, while the laws remain as they now are. Let it not be thought that our

aim is to lessen the power of these laws: we have before stated our opinion on this head; but we deem an unencumbered estate a far more acceptable legacy to an eldest son, than a hundred with annuities and settlements; and one great source of animosity, jealousy, and antipathy would be annihilated, but which now exists, though hidden under the veil of expediency. We think, too, that a Governor or a Chaplain of a Phalanstery, with his income of from £1500 (the least it could ever be), to £3000, as a younger brother, or a son, would be a much more eligible person for your daughters, than a poor curate, or a half-pay officer, with as many hundreds only, even supposing the daughters had no portion whatsoever. There would be no searching for a home, then; no struggling with poverty for existence; no pinching, to keep up appearances; and if some, as many would, did choose to emigrate, you would then send out a race of men well calculated for the profession, able to provide amply for their own subsistence, and at once in a situation to trade prosperously with the mother-country. This, then, is one of our "endings," but one only; our chief ambition in the progress of this work has been not so much to exclaim against, as to point at evils, and then suggest an *adequate* remedy—not a palliative, or a disgusting medicine, but a plain, wholesome, simple, natural diet, one which would nourish the whole body corporate of Society, and cause each limb and member to increase and grow in just gradation and proportion. Is this Society's method? We trow not.—*Her plan is to fatten one great ox for the Christmas show, and leave the rest to take care of themselves, or give them just*

enough to keep them in existence. This she terms improving the breed! As well might we say that by standing on the first step of a flight of stairs, we should reach the summit of the building. The Christmas ox is *but one step gained*, to shew what may be done; and we have trampled on this step until it is well nigh worn out; and unless we press onward faster than we have done hitherto, we fear the portals of the building will be never reached, much less the glorious apartments which that building holds beneath its roof. Still, however, the fabric stands ready to receive us, if we please to enter; but then let us leave the contemplation of the step which so excites our wonder and our admiration. It is a beautiful step, we grant; but nothing more. Our destiny is something higher than to dwell thereon for ever, or even for a life-time. Let us look higher, then; and steadily progressing, take possession of the entire mansion, as it is so freely and so mercifully offered us, when we so much need its shelter. The procrastinator would bid us "wait and see." We have done it, and gone backwards in the act.—Stand still we cannot; for nature has forbidden us to pause. One of two things is absolutely inevitable—either progress or retrogradation; and even while we stop to make the choice, we are going backwards. We shall always find that the most strenuous advocates for procrastination are ever the most impatient, where their own interests are concerned; the most clamorous at delay of any kind, if it affects their individual selves. They are ever urging others to progress; but if you ask them to put their own shoulders to the wheel, they may perhaps go so far as to *promise* their assistance—

but that is all. The machine may sink if that is your dependance, and they will be the first to tell you that they anticipated the result, though to them, and them alone, is that result attributable. Now, if ten thousand rich men (a number easily obtained,) would set their minds upon making ten thousand others proportionably rich, it stands to reason and common sense we should then have twenty thousand rich men instead of ten, and ten thousand fewer poor. Again; if four millions were to set to work with the same determination, in respect of other four, it is equally indisputable that not one distressed man would be left among our population.—But what is our case as it now stands? Why, that we have seven, or nearly eight, millions of men, each striving singly to do the best he can for himself, at the expense of his next neighbour, or his “dearest” friend. We need not go to school to Oxford or Cambridge, to solve a problem such as this: a child of five years old can tell you what will be the “ending:” there can be but one, and that one—rain or destruction to the majority. Association puts an end to strife, not by opposition, but by the removal of all cause for strife. It discourages crime, not by punishment of our own infliction upon others, but by giving such rewards to virtue as render it the more profitable employment of the two. It supports and strengthens Gospel truth, by placing falsehood in its true light, and making falsehood utterly unprofitable; unmasking it in every shape, whether of procrastination, evasion, or duplicity. It causes good “endings” by removing *all* cause for bad beginnings; it says not to the poacher, “Now, if you can catch a dozen hares, and sell them,

without detection, I will give you twelve half-crowns; and if you are detected, you shall pay five shillings, or be kept in jail, at Society's expense, for a fortnight or a month;" but it tells the poacher, here is work for you, by which you may gain twenty-four half-crowns, if you will; here is a home, too, for yourself, your wife and children; and if you are fond of the pursuit of animals, we will not banish you for your natural taste, but come with us, and hunt the wild ox of the rocky mountains, or the stag; or if the watching of game be your delight, then stay at home, and help us to preserve and feed our game: you will then have no occasion to sneak out like a felon, on a dark, wet night, determined either to have game, or risk your life, or take that of a fellow-creature; you may openly and honorably pursue your natural bent, and aid us while you pursue it, without the dread of jail or penal colony. There is no ale-shop, or liquor-house to madden your mental faculty; you may peacefully sleep at night, and follow all your avocations in the broad light of day; you may employ your leisure time in making nets; and instead of being looked upon as a convicted felon, or one deserving of conviction, you will be an honorable producer in society, and may once more lift up your head as such. This again is another of *our* "endings," in contradistinction to those of "Society." Whether of the twain is better?

Again, we say to the poor persecuted sempstress,—here, too, is a home for you; here is work, and such as suits your taste and bodily powers; no longer need you be exposed to temptation or vicissitude; let him who seeks your heart do so honorably, and there is room

enough, and a provision for you both: instead of seeking to oppose or controvert the laws of nature and your God, we bid you seek a partner in the holy matrimonial bond, and we ensure to you provision, ample both for yourselves and your families. We ask you not to toil both day and night for us, for a pittance we dare scarcely name—for instance, *tenpence for the making of a dozen shirts*: we ask your aid; and for that aid will recompense you liberally, nay, we will trust you to fix your own just recompense, and your working hours shall be hours of joy; your prospects such as becomes the sons of England to offer to their sisters and their daughters, whose means may not be quite so ample as their own; and the “ending” such as shall redound to the credit of us both.

To the agriculturist we say, aid us in making machinery applicable to your profession, and look not upon it as an enemy, but a friend. Seek to raise your tenants first, in the social scale, and let your oxen be a secondary consideration. We will ensure the improvement of your cattle, if you will let us raise their owners first. Machinery can do as much for you as ever it has done for the operative or the mechanic: then help us to lift up your labourers next; let us take away the drudgery of their toil, and let them take the place which you have risen from, until you are bidden to “go up higher,” and room is made for them to rise another step. Think you that if the cultivation of a field of corn were made as easy as the nice arrangement of a flower border, your superiors in rank would scorn to cultivate the field of corn? Far from it: toil would be amusement then, and painful labour done

away. Is this impossible, do you say?—we state our full and entire conviction of its being practicable. To the operative we say, machinery can do all we require from you in *half the time* you now are working; and when that is done, here are fields and gardens for your relaxation; a home worthy of your reward; books wherewith to improve your minds, and incite your talents to renewed activity; no sedition to disturb or interrupt your thoughts, but respect to your mental powers, and full provision made for your corporeal wants, while you are labouring for the weal of the community. This is another of our “endings:” can Society improve upon it; or does she excel it now? Once more, we tell our Clergy, here is your charge; watch over it well; for you now have no excuse for being overburthened or under-recompensed for what you do; your flock are all around you now, and a temporal fold is provided, worthy of the flock committed to your care, and of you, the Shepherds of the flock, for which you have to thank the Chief Shepherd who thus lessens so much your labours, and adds even to your temporal reward. To the little children we would say, here is a fold, too, for the lambs, where you shall be no more exposed to dire want, starvation, or wholesale murder by the poor-law or the gin-shop; here are nurseries for you, and careful nurses under the eye of your now fond mothers. Thank God for this, little children; and in morning and evening prayer, thank Him for putting it into the minds of those who have your welfare at *their* hearts, to think of the Phalanstery for you; but above all, look upward and aspire to the home of heaven, for

this must be your final "ending," unless you miss of it, and attain another end, dreadful to reflect upon, but still more dreadful to endure. O ! look upwards, then, and think of the day when you may meet those who have been your play-mates here, in that celestial Phalanstery, where He who loved little children when on earth, still loves them, though He is now in heaven ; who stands ready to receive, to welcome, and to bless them throughout the numberless ages of eternity. "O will not that be joyful?" Remember, then, the hymn you sang in your sabbath-school ; for if you reach the heavenly Phalanx, all the joy you felt while singing it on earth will be doubly realized, in never-ending rapture there.

THE END.

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